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# THE CAMBRIAN.

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REV. GEORGE HEBER JONES.

Rev. George Heber Jones is a son of Charles Edward Jones, a native of Denbigh, Wales. He was born in Mohawk, a village a few miles east of Utica, N. Y., August 14, 1867. He spent his youth in Utica, to which place his parents moved when he was quite young, and where he attended the city schools. He united with the South Street M. E. Church when a young lad, and became active in church work. He was for two years Assistant Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Rochester, N. Y. In November, 1887, he was appointed missionary to Korea by Bishop Merrill of the M. E. Church. He arrived in Korea in November, 1888, and at once took up work in the Missionary College at Seoul, the capital of the country, and continued in this position five years, the last year as principal of the Col-

lege. Mr. Jones was then appointed preacher in charge of the Chemulpo Circuit, which position he still holds. Having obtained a year's furlough, he left Korea December 20, 1895, returning to America by way of India and Europe, and arriving here in March, 1896. He will return to Korea next March, to resume his work at Chemulpo. While in Korea he was married to Miss Margaret J. Bengal, Pomeroy, O., who was also a missionary, and is in this country with her husband. When Bishop Goodsell returned from a visit to Korea two years ago, he declared that Mr. Jones was the best linguist in that country, and that he was doing grand work for the church and for humanity. He has the entire confidence of the dignitaries of the church, and unless sickness or death intervenes, is sure to have a brilliant and distinguished future.

## KOREA AND THE KOREANS.

By Rev. George Heber Jones.

It is not an unusual thing to find men who are known abroad by an alias, but it is strange that such should be the case with an entire nation. Yet this is true of Korea and the Koreans, for it is no more proper to apply this designation to them than it would be to call New York New Amsterdam, or Lousiana New France. Korea is the dynastic title of a royal family that was deposed from power five hundred years ago. Since that time the legal designation of Korea has been Choson. The name Korea came from Chinese sources years ago, and the mistake is possibly due to the fact that China is about five hundred years behind Korea. It has passed into current use, and unless the Koreans object, will serve as well as Choson.

The territory occupied by the Koreans consists of a peninsula extending between 33 deg. and 43 deg. N. Lat., separated from China by the Yellow Sea, and from Japan by the Japan Sea. By the western route of travel, Korea is about 10,000 miles from our Atlantic seaboard, the journey occupying from four to five weeks, according to route and rapidity of connections. It comprises approximately 90,000 square miles of territory, very mountainous, but well irrigated by large rivers, which renders the soil wonderfully fertile. The mountains contain mines of great value, including coal, iron, gold, silver and lead, and the waters teem with fish. The climate resembles that of the Ohio Valley, and the chief productions are cotton and flax, rice, beans, vegetables and fruits. Two medicinal products for which the country is famous are the castor oil bean and ginseng, both of which are a government monopoly, yielding a large revenue. At present only four cities are open by treaty stipulation to residence by foreigners. These are Chemulpo, on the Yellow Sea, at the mouth of the Ham river; Seoul

he capital, 25 miles further inland; Wonsan, on the northeast coast, and Fusan, on the southeast point of the peninsula. The concessive and fostering attitude of the Korean government can be seen in the fact that so far it has facilitated the residence of foreigners at points in the interior, thus standing in notable contrast to the ordinary treatment followed by Asiatic nations in dealing with foreigners. Chemulpo is 21 hours sail from Chefoo, China, and Fusan 17 hours from Nagasaki, Japan. None of the great foreign lines of steamers touch Korea, communication being by means of Chinese lines from Shanghai, and Japanese lines from Kobe. The first official census of the people in many years, is only now being taken, and until its returns are completed, the number of Koreans can only be approximately stated; 12,000,000 is the number of the population as estimated by foreigners.

The Koreans are an ancient people, claiming a continuous history of 3,000 years. Of this they are proud, once arrogantly so, for when Admiral Shufeldt, of the American Navy, negotiated the first treaty Korea ever made with an Occidental power, he pointed out that the blessings of western civilization would flow into them, and the haughty retort was, "You are a nation of yesterday. We have a civilization 3,000 years old. We want nothing you can give." The people are small in stature, averaging 5 feet, 6 inches in height. Their features are those common to the Mongolian race. They dress in cotton cloth,

City of Chemulpo.

usually white, sheep and the fabrics of wool being barely known among them. Their garments are immense, being built on a plan to consume cloth—great quantities of cloth. The winter costume of an official friend of the writer contained 175 yards of material, cotton, silk and linen. I have seen a Korean, when turning in for the night, unfasten the garters which confine his trousers at the ankles, take off the girdle which held them at the waist, pull his feet up into the legs of the garment, and the body of it up to his shoulders, and turn over and go to sleep. This proceeding leaves me at a loss to decide whether Korean trousers were originally designed for a night-gown, or the nightgown pressed into day duty as a pair of trousers. The Korean bill-o-fare to an Anglo-Saxon palate is antipodal and antipathetic. Baked dishes are unknown, the food being either boiled or broiled. Raw and pickled dainties are much in evidence. The chief foods are rice, fish and soups. Of the latter there are at least sixty varieties, ranging from turnip top soup to soup of young dog. Some of the soups are very good, and the same may be said of the food at a Korean gentleman's home. Many are the pleasant memories we have of the kind hospitality of the mansions of the nobility, where the host thoughtfully substituted good fellowship for the usual allowance of pepper and salt. The food to be obtained at the native inns is abominable. Some of the dishes have an odor as bad as assafetida, and the pepper they contain would skin the throat of a man of bronze. Pepper is the ch flavor with the Koreans, occupyi the place of sweetness with us. "H as pepper" will serve to convey idea analogous to "sweet as hone A Korean friend once spoke to i of "the peppery consolations of t Book of Corinthians;" which was c tainly clearer proof that he had g ten some comfort out of Scriptu than if he had echoed the "sw consolations" of Occidental image Korean taste is not so vicious that of the Chinese, which enjc eggs belonging to last year's cr but the Koreans like their fish ri and their fruit green. As a matl matical equation over-ripe fish a under-ripe fruit, plus the he ed term, are equal to Asia cholera. It is a curious fact tl though living in the heart of the producing district of the world, t beverage is not found among t Koreans. They eat with chop-stic and spoons, and look upon it being inconsistent with civilizati and refinement to use such sava things as a knife and fork; for wl is a knife but the "son of the swor and a fork but a "four-prong spear?" Candor compels us to c fess that it looks that way.

Ancestral worship, with the C fucian code of morals, is the est lished religion. Its five cardinal p cepts are: (a.) There should be l tween father and child, relationshi (b.) between senior and junior, pr cedence; (c.) between king and r ble, etiquette; (d.) between husba and wife, difference; (e.) betwe friend and friend, faith. This s tem has the form, but lacking t

ver of a moral uplift. Buddhism popular, but has had a strange eer, having stood before the na- for five hundred years branded the misdeeds of the last dynasty. universal religion is that of nonolatry, or the invocation and pitiation of innumerable spirits, se multiplicity makes them well h ubiquitous. They are supposed e everywhere—in earth, sea and ; in the mountains and the for- , in the pools and lone trees, in house and behind the house. The ean can not go anywhere or do thing without coming in contact h them. They are the source of he ills of life, and when sickness alls Koreans, more money is spent propitiating demons than in pur- sing medicine. Marriage is al- s a matter of contract and not personal inclination. The bride groom never see each other l the moment of marriage, and h then the bride's eyelids are metimes glued together, and kept for three days. It is not per- sible for a bride to address her band until three days after the mony. A Korean once told me h young wife who could not be nced to speak to her husband l eight months after they were ried; "but when she did begin alk—oh, my!" added the Korean, ressively; which was a Korean !

Korean propriety excludes the es from all association with gen- ien, and such a thing as the joy- intermingling of the sexes at ies, concerts, banquets, enter- ments and socials is not known. Social functions are of the stag party sort, and it is usual, as is done sometimes in America, to hire a vaudeville company of performers, composed of men and women who have lost social standing, to amuse the company with songs, dances and recitations. Korean music is based on a scale containing five instead of

The King of Korea.

seven intervals, and the division into bass, tenor, alto and soprano is unknown. All voices sing in unison. In singing, the Koreans are as innocent of time as the soaring lark or the warbling thrush. The airs are sweet.

When Korean gentlemen meet for the first time, politeness requires that they should inquire for each

other's name, health, age, birthplace, rank, number of children, condition of parents, whence come, whither going, acquaintances and prospects. Thus did Li Hung Chang, while here in America, and Asiatic politeness would have required the asking of him the same questions that he propounded. Shaking hands is not a native custom, but His Majesty, the king, has introduced it into the court ceremonial at audiences with foreigners, and the writer had the unique honor of being one of the first to whom the high privilege of shaking the royal hand was extended. The wearing of a hat is permissible only to adult males. Children go bareheaded. Koreans would not call those beautiful structures worn by Western ladies hats; they would call them "I ams," which is as untranslatable as the object is indescribable. When indoors, the Koreans always keep their hats on, but take their shoes off. They look upon us as doing a very improper thing when we wear our shoes in the house and take our hats off. When we consider the amount of dust brought into the house and tracked all over it, as a result of our custom, and remember that physicians tell us that there are millions upon millions of disease germs in the dust, possibly the Korean plan is not a bad one, and we may come to it yet. At any rate, the Anglo-Saxon objection to it seems to be due largely to a fear that there is a hole in his stocking.

At first the Koreans found it difficult to understand Europeans and their ways. It is related that one of our most refined ladies had a new cook to whom she gave very definite instructions how to prepare a chicken fricassee; but she omitted one very important detail, and the poor cook, afraid of making a serious blunder, kept rigidly within his orders and served up the fowl, head, feet, feathers and all. We have also had our woolen socks starched by the washerman. A Korean nobleman once, in a moment of confidence, said to me, "When you foreigners first came among us with your black clothing, tight-fiitting to indecency, your yellow hair and eyes off color, your great protruding noses and strange jargon of speech, we thought, verily the barbarians are here at last." But he added that such a view is now laughed at as a funny misunderstanding. There is no country where foreigners are more kindly received, especially if they are Americans, than in Korea.

The days of intolerant ignorance and stagnation have passed away, and Korea has entered upon a new epoch. The old regime has been abolished. His Majesty, the reigning king, is the most enlightened, progressive and amiable monarc' that ever sat on the Korean throne He leads the way in introducing permanent reforms. Young noblemen who have visited, and some even who have been educated, in America, hold portfolios of state and have the royal ear. A newspaper has been started, published in both Korean and English, and edited by a Korean gentleman who was also educated in America, and is pos-

sessed of rare ability and sterling independence of character. Public works of a beneficial character have been begun, such as railroads, mining, telegraphs, and post-offices, municipal improvements, and the founding of large commercial concerns. The government is turning its serious attention to education. Evangelical Christianity has already achieved a success among the Koreans which eclipses the brilliant triumphs of other fields, and the prospect for Korea and the Koreans is of the brightest kind.

## THE GRIFFITHSVILLE EISTEDDFOD.

By Gertrude Henry.

Many a time had it been my good fortune to attend an Eisteddfod, but only as one of the audience; this time I was to go in the responsible and conspicuous character of an adjudicator on recitations. A coadjudicator was provided for me, one well used to the work, I was told, and fitted to share all its responsibilities and dangers, in the person of Mrs. Emrys Evans (pronounced E-vans, if you please),herself a writer of note, a reciter, a musician, and the mother of musicians, reciters, and writers, though the wife of a common miner.

It seeming advisable to consult beforehand with her, I went to Griffithsville, a large mining settlement cradled among culmheaps, where the butcher answers to the name of Morgan Williams, the baker to that of William Morgans, the preacher to Price Price, or James James—I forget which—and nearly everybody else to Jones. The place is rude appearing and horribly ill-kept; nevertheless it teems with poets and singers, and boasts at least one "bard," so becrowned, begowned, and bechaired as to make him the unquestioned social king of the entire region.

George Eliot, in one of her critical essays treating of French society in the seventeenth century, speaks of "the different circles of people bent on entertaining themselves either by showing talent or admiring it." The pure "Cymric" Celt knows no other way of entertaining himself; to him society means an opportunity for the display of learning or artistic skill, whether his own or his neighbor's. For this reason he cannot exist without an Eisteddfod in prospect. This curious institution has one result not generally appreciated outside. It makes the individuals of the curious race who keep it going in so lively a fashion known to each other the world over. You can never find a Welshman who does not know of every other Welshman living or dead. That cormorant publication Y Drych, which is slowly gobbling up all the little papers of its nationality in the United States, and which is read by all self-respecting Cymry, prints the reports of Eisteddfodau in every land, giving the names of the

prize-winners. Now a Welshman begins his career as a competitor in some line while yet almost an infant. Though he can but lisp or totter, he totters upon the stage and lisps manfully a simple poem taught him by his father or mother; his tiny sister, too, contributes her song or descriptive piece. Whether they succeed or not, these youngsters will try again next year, and will keep on trying when they are no longer youngsters. Thus the successful ones come in time to be known not only in their native place, but outside these limits—often far outside.

"David Davies? Of ——, Australia? You do mean David V.? No? David Q. Z., then? Yes, sure. He did take the prize for a musical treatise last year in ——."

If David Q. Z. Davis is unusually clever and ambitious, he will after a while send some composition, literary or musical, to the national Eisteddfod in the old country. Success there may gain him a title as well as a prize. He who owns a bardic title is recognized at once everywhere, and has no need, among his own people, at least, to assume queer middle initials to distinguish him from five hundred others of his name. The chances then are that in time his own name may fall away from him entirely.

Which brings me unexpectedly back to Griffithsville, where I left myself searching for my fellow-adjudicatrix. Nothing can better illustrate the unique custom just referred to than a little experience I had there. As Mrs. Evans' house was not upon a street, but in somebody else's back yard, there was some difficulty in finding it. While standing in the middle of a culmy road, making up my mind which house to enter for information, I saw a most undoubted Cambrian stop at a gate and pass through it with the air of being at home. I called after him, asking to be directed to Mrs. Emrys Evans'. He came towards me, but for answer gazed up and down the street. I put my inquiry again. "Mrs. Emrys Evans," he repeated and shook his head. Don't you know where she lives? It's somewhere on this street." No—looking still more confusedly from one house to another—he did not. Had he never heard of her? He couldn't say that he had. "Well," I exclaimed, decidedly vexed, for I knew it was a celebrity I was hunting, "you ought to have heard of her then, for she is to be one of the adjudicators at your Eisteddfod next week."

"Oh-h"—the blank face turned intelligent—"you do mean Eos Dyfrdwy (the nightingale of the Dee)?"

"Yes, I mean her."

"She lives yonder"—pointing opposite—"behind that house."

"Why did you not tell me at first?" I could not help asking. The blank look returned. He seemed not to know how to reply.

"Don't you ever speak of her as Mrs. Evans?"

"No, sure."

I confess I thought the man very stupid for not knowing his neighbors by their proper names, and yet, on reflection, I verily believe he

ed upon me as no better than an
lo-Saxon ignoramus, because I
ıot know enough to ask for Eos
·dwy when it was she I wanted.
s I passed through the back
· premises strewn with rubbish,
served the Evanses as front
·yard, I felt pity that a soaring
should be cooped in such
·ters; but comfort came to me
ıe thought that the Nightingale
)ee must possess a heavenly
scape within, wide enough to
out all Griffithsville; and sure
ıgh, when I saw the little jolly-
l, warm-mannered woman and
·d her speak (such a quaintly
·nced voice she had, full of high
sh inflections, modified now and
by a singular critical note), I
v that nothing so low and ordin-
as ash-piles could disturb her.
·act, she never apologized for
ı, though I felt obliged to make
e excuse for tracking ashes into
neat parlor.

n one side of the room stood a
o, on the other a "horgan," both
ı and covered with music. Here
there upon the walls, amid fam-
)hotographs in oval frames, and
·on portraits of deadly black-
·whiteness, hung bunches of
satin and velvet bags, three or
inches in depth, pouch-shaped
suspended by long narrow rib-
ś. In one group I counted
teen, in another twenty-three, in
her twelve. Many were trimmed
lace, some embroidered. One,
er larger than the rest, of
ıze-colored velvet, had a green
ıth upon it enclosing the inter-
l letters V. R. in gold thread.

"They do show how many prizes I have taken," said Eos Dyfrdwy, modestly, replying to a question from me. "That large one is from the National Eisteddfod at Caermarthen, where my name was given me. The prize was £10 and offered by the Queen. You will see her initials there. It was for the best penillion singing."

"I have heard of penillion singing," I said; (the word looks easy to pronounce, but it isn't); "I don't know what it is like."

"I cannot well tell you so that you should understand perfectly. It is the most ancient kind of singing in Wales. You will hear it at the Eisteddfod. There is no prize offered for it, but Alarch Mon she will sing to the harp some penillion."

"Who is Alarch Mon?"

"Oh! you do not know Alarch Mon? Why, it is Blodwen Myfanwy Rhys. She has just come over. It will be new to the young people in Griffithsville to hear her. In America there are no penillion singers, and not many in the old country. It is a gift, to sing penillion."

"And all these others?" I asked, pointing to the little pouches. "What do they stand for?"

"Oh, I did take them at different times for one thing and another, here and in Wales. Some do belong to my daughter though—a few of them; she is a beautiful singer, Maglona; she shall sing for you."

And before I left, Maglona executed for my benefit "Yr 'Hedydd" (The Skylark) with entire composure and a fine piercing voice.

"When she is twenty years older

she will be having more prizes than her mother," said Eos Dyfrdwy complacently.

The Eisteddfod held, professedly, three sessions, morning, afternoon, and evening; but for the adjudicators it was an almost unintermittent, day-long affair. At nine o'clock in the morning came the first "preliminary," when candidates for singing and recitation were to be examined as to their fitness for entering the competitions. The music judges took a small hall for their operations; Eos Dyfrdwy and I—being ladies—were gallantly allowed the use of the main auditorium. The first piece was a poem in Welsh—an ode to Wales, written by the many-chaired bard of Griffithsville. Eight candidates presented themselves, the youngest a plump youth of eighteen, the eldest, a stiff, bent man between sixty and seventy, emaciated, toothless, and so nervous as to be a really painful spectacle. He ascended the platform with hands tightly clasped before him, and kept them so while speaking, as if hypnotized into the belief that he could not undo them. His recitation was as bad as could be, judged by the lowest artistic standard, yet withal strangely effective by reason of the pitiful quavering voice through which thrilled an unmistakable note of tender patriotism towards "Gwyllt Gwalia" whose praises he recited.

By the time we had carefully chosen four out of the eight (Eos Dyfrdwy and I came nigh to quarrelling over one candidate whom I would have admitted for the fine spirit of his rendering, but whom she strenuously condemned on certain delicate matters of intonation and emphasis, wherein it ill became me to assert myself over a Welshwoman)—by the time, I say, that we had made our decision as to those who might enter the "final," the hour for opening the Eisteddfod had arrived.

The Welsh are packed full of virtues, but promptness is not one of them. When the exercises began, the hall was not a quarter full. Even the President came late, so that the conductor was obliged to apologize for him and make a little speech in his place. The conductor is the most important person in an Eisteddfod. Besides the ordering of the programme, an ideal conductor should be able to do almost anything.

For many reasons best understood by those who have attended such meetings, the competitions cannot always go forward without breaks—sometimes quite long ones. These gaps of time must be filled in, for the Welsh people make restless audiences; their minds are too alert for their bodies to be easily kept still. The conductor's duty is to keep these minds occupied. He is expected to tell a story, ask a conundrum, or make a timely impromptu address. The more Welsh he uses, the better he is liked. He may be as funny as he chooses—the funnier the better—only he must be genuine. Your Cymro is keen and critical; he does not rise to flat attempts at wit. One conductor I knew, a very ready fellow who had a fine voice, would strike up a song with refrain to cover the confusion and delay

caused by the passing to or from the stage of the great choruses. The audience, men, women and children, joined in the refrain, thereby quenching a vast amount of superfluous vitality.

Our Griffithsville conductor, the bard already twice alluded to, known only by his bardic title, Gwyfardd, represented the dignified, suave type. In manner he was sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. Such a presence is soothing in itself; no need for him to play the clown, or even sing a song; the apt word fell when it was needed, and all moved like clock-work.

Early in the morning session came a children's competition—the most interesting of all. There are no "preliminaries" for them—all who desire to compete are permitted to do so. Two prizes—$1.50 and a book—were offered to girls under fifteen for reciting a short dramatic poem; the same to boys for a poem of another description. None of the children who came upon the stage was over ten. I cannot tell which pleased me the most, the modest self-confidence of the little ones, or the intense interest shown in them by the elders. Several graybeards sat on the platform—one a perfect model for an arch-Druid—these all watched the performances of the small women and men with smiles and tears. When "Dwybach," who was but six, and had lost a front upper tooth, did his very "level best," yet failed to take either of the prizes (it cost Eos Dyfrdwy and me each a pang to decide against the little fellow), the arch-Druid handed out a quarter for him,which the conductor put into a pink silk bag, and Dwybach went to his place smiling as if he had won a hundred dollars.

It is impossible in these limits to describe the three sessions fully; it would hardly be worth while to do so. Some of the performances, viewed in themselves and judged severely, were indifferent enough. But from one who is able to judge relatively, they must compel a constant admiration and surprise. When it is considered that of those who sing, declaim, and offer verses, essays, or musical compositions, the large majority have had no teaching whatever, save what they may have picked up at their homes or by hearing others at the Eisteddodau, their work takes on a very notable character. The value of an Eisteddfod as a school of criticism was clearly brought out by an incident of the afternoon session.

At the second "preliminary," which took up a good part of our nooning, Eos Dyfrdwy said to me, as we were pleasantly disputing over a certain candidate: "You know we are not the only adjudicators. Every other competitor will adjudicate; the whole audience will adjudicate." I remembered this later, when the judge of music arose to deliver his adjudication on a soprano solo for which a single prize was put up. Five competitors had presented themselves in turn and sung, all very creditably, (one of them, by the way, was the daughter of Gwilym Gwent, a poor, uneducated collier, whose four-part songs have gone all over the world). The contest was evi-

dently a close one. The announcement of the winner is always received with unanimous applause, the friends of the defeated ones generously uniting to do honor to success; but now, when the judge, after pointing out the merits and demerits of each singer, declared that the prize went to No. 2, there was a dead silence. The judge stared about him, then looked back at his paper. "I meant No. 3," said he. Instantly the clamor broke loose. These collier folk knew just as well as the accomplished critic where the prize should go. They had not attended such contests all their lives for nothing.

In the middle of the evening session came the great treat of the day. Alarch Mon (the Swan of Anglesea) mounted the stage, followed by a harper and his harp. All the joys and the sorrows of competition were now to be forgotten in the exquisite novelty of penillion singing. In the words of Eos Dyfrdwy, "I cannot well tell you of it so that you should perfectly understand." I could not quite understand it at first myself. The blame of this must be partly laid to Alarch Mon, who was bewitching enough to confuse the mind of anybody—blonde-haired, brown-eyed, perfect in feature, form and voice; dressed in the simplest of black, yet with "une diablerie de coquetterie" in every line of her garments. In her hand she held a bunch of papers which contained the penillion, or verses. Sometimes penillion are improvised by the singer; these, as I learned, were composed by the beauty's father, several having been written that evening. Each penill, I will here say, must be complete in itself and epigrammatic in form. They are usually of a personal nature, but may treat of general subjects, and be sentimental if the singer chooses.

The harper began playing an ancient Welsh air, plain of harmony and of strongly marked rhythm. This melody he kept up as an endless accompaniment. After he had played two or three bars, Alarch Mon sailed in on an up-beat. She did not follow the air, only the harmony, obligato fashion, in measures that were half recitative, half warble—unlike anything I had ever heard, and in its essence absolutely indescribable. The trick—for there is a trick in it—appears to be two-fold: it consists first in catching up the strain at some unlooked-for place; also—and this is where the real skill lies—in adapting every conceivable metre to the one unvarying melody, by the rapid utterance or the slow lengthening out of syllables. The result is peculiar, often very amusing; and when, besides this musical feat, every penill emits a spark of timely wit at the end, Cymric enjoyment has reached its highest.

It was worth days of woe to witness the fury of delight that Alarch Mon and her penillion caused. She had a verse for everybody on the platform—conductor, presidents, adjudicators—turning round and facing each one she addressed, delivering her pretty epigrams in a way to turn a not too strong heart upside down.

It was all very fascinating and

er. The harper harping his nal tune—a quaint background ound for the fluttering, bird-like it; the wonderful voice of the er, the very quality of which ned modified bv the rich, strange guage in which she sang; the t of improvisation in the words, inding one of those days in the emorial past of Cambria, when gift of improvisation was not so rare as now; all these things seized upon me violently and carried me away from Griffithsville, away from all familiar places; I crossed the sea in spirit with the arch-Druid (who looked completely rapt), and crossed many, many ages too, while I sat listening to Alarch Mon singing penillion.—N. Y. Evening Post.

## ONE OF GOD'S CHARADES.

By Wm. F. Warren, D. D., LL. D.

his morning I witnessed a deed ought to be recorded and red. I had been enjoying an all rare treat, a morning gallop i Kitty—kindest of little beasts i ever bestrode. I had left her ie stable, and was walking home ig Broadway, when at a cross- I came upon a knot of twenty nore men, boys, policemen, and ding teams. A sewer main had ly been laid across the street and hind wheel of an overloaded k wagon had found in the new ement a soft place close by the k of the tram, and had sunken so ply that the horse, great, noble ding fellow as he was, could not e drawn it out had he been mul- ed by four. Drivers, policemen volunteers had been at work i great timber levers and planks blocking to pry up the sunken el; but the most they had acplished was to get the end of a itling nearly under the wheel in i wise that if it could be rolled forward at all, the scantling would make an inclined plane up which the wheel could climb until it should reach the pavement level. With everything in readiness, and all the "pries" at work, the men made a final appeal to the strong and spirited bay to pull once more. Once and again he responded generously, but without effect. Then he desisted and continued to desist, saying good-naturedly but as plainly as ever horse could, that it was useless and inhuman to put one horse, however strong, to do the work of four.

It was now nearly time for the electric to come whizzing down the obstructed track. Something must be done at once. "There is no help for it," said the boss of the trucking team—"there is no help for it; we shall have to bring on Old Whitey." So the well-groomed bay was led out of his shafts and Old Whitey taken from another loaded wagon. She had by no means the spirited look of the bay.

Her arching neck had long since sunken to the general level of her dorsal skyline. Her great ears seemed incapable of motion, and her face was pathetically heavy and sad. Each several hair lay just where the drying from unnumbered sweats had left it, and no two seemed to lie together. Her gaunt hulk was soon backed into the heavy truck shafts, and the tracechains made fast to the whiffletree—at first a little too short, then lengthened a bit to give her sea room. Then the driver sprang upon the load and stood in his place, reins in hand. There was no savage jerk upon the bits, no brandish of whip, no blow, no angry yell—nothing but a giving of free rein, and the projection of—what shall I call it? I have heard all sorts of sounds addressed to equine ears by men of many tongues and languages, but this I never heard before. It had for a basis the kiss-like sound so commonly used by American horsemen, yet some way it was peculiarly vocalized with an indescribable guttural explosion that was amazingly penetrating and human. It was at once coaxing, commanding, trustful, strenuous, kindly, authoritative, desperate, and I know not what else. Old Whitey at once lifted her heavy ears, and as another and another of these insistent kisses were thrown her, she suddenly took on the aspect of a new embodiment of life. She tested her tackle carefully, she felt the ground over with her feet, to find if there were the slightest points of vantage, she ascertained the central line of dead-weight draft and, swinging herself point off it to the left, gave a g generous one-horse power tug the immovable mass.

In vain.

Then swinging round two p to the right, she gave another, s ly a two-horse power lift at the rible load.

Immovable it remained.

Another coaxing, confident, ious kiss thrilled through her cited brain—another.

She now fully took in the s tion. It was an emergency. knew what an emergency m She had been called on before. knew she was counted on. She this man's only present hope. Sw ing once more a trifle on the kingbolt and drawing a deep, breath, she suddenly bowed sinewy neck and bony frame, with a lunge that would launched a world had creation her business, she dashed with st ing strides across the twenty fe treacherous pavement and, t bling in every fibre of her b landed her inhuman load upo solid street. Well might the c stand breathless, as it did. perfect intelligence as to ounce of help she could extort the lay of the street, and fron leverage of the kingbolt—I also perfect intelligence as t cruelty of the imposition. desperate power of will—such ingness to will desperately; ar —not to escape the lash—all ly to serve and please her mas his hour of need. I could not to pat her infinitely pathetic

even to see if her driver gave
ınkempt forelock one little ap-
ing pull—the tears were rolling
ı my cheeks and I had to has-
.way.
d Whitey had been counted on,
Old Whitey had met all expec-
ns.
ɔstscript.—The foregoing illus-
s so many things in human life,
s capable of yielding so pointed
a moral, that I fear some readers will be tempted to take it for a parable merely. To any such I wish to say that I have reported the incident exactly as I saw it on the open street. It is not a parable, but I strongly suspect it gives us an acted charade whose divine significance men should try harder to guess.—Independent.

## THE DENVER EISTEDDFOD.

### Adjudication of Judge H. M. Edwards on the Essays.

'he Political and Industrial Adıges of Arbitration."
·eceived six essays on this im-
.nt subject. The nom de plumes
he authors are respectively,
ıo, Q. C., Justice and Judg-
, Pitt, M. Sylvester and Homo.
:he competitors have adopted
ame conception of the subject,
ning the political advantages of
ration to the beneficent results
ternational arbitration, and the
ɜtrial advantages to the results
e settlement of disputes between
oyers and employees. These es-
as one would naturally expect,
in style and literary merit as
as in the thoroughness of treat-
expected in a prize essay on
an absorbing question as arbi-
ɔn. It often happens, in a con-
of this kind, that the ablest
r produces the poorest essay,
that a writer of only ordinary
y, on account of his more ex-
:ive treatment of the subject,
ɛs away the prize. The first essential of a successful essay is a thorough and comprehensive treatment of the question under discussion. Literary polish and vigorous writing, although essential to the complete essay, are not a sufficient compensation for the want of exhaustive and philosophic investigation and research. I will now make a few comments on the essays before me.

1. Homo. As there is another essay bearing the same nom de plume, it is proper to state that the one now under consideration is written on twenty-four pages of legal cap paper, and begins thus: "Every reader of the current news and literature of the day," &c. This essay is well written, and contains many facts pertinent to the subject. A few sentences here and there are lacking in finish and compactness.

2. Q. C. A short essay, of uniform strength in argument and expression, but necessarily incomplete in its treatment of the subject.

3. Justice and Judgment. Another essay similar in style and scope to that of Q. C., and containing but a slight reference to the political advantage of arbitration.

4. M. Sylvester. Original in thought, epigrammatic in expression and rich in suggestion—this is a correct criticism on this little essay of nine pages. It bears the touch of a master hand.

5. Pitt. This is not by any means an elaborate essay, but it is exceedingly well written, well arranged, logical and comprehensive.

6. Homo. This is by far the most elaborate essay in the competition and contains the most complete treatment of the subject. It is also written in fairly good style. While the author treats the question of international arbitration at as great length as any of the other writers, he excels them all in his discussion of the industrial advantages of arbitration, and he is the only one who discusses the feasibility of compulsory arbitration. One of the essayists says that compulsory arbitration is a misnomer. Technically he may be right; but much has been done in this direction already in other countries, and as it is one of the grave problems which future legislation must solve, no treatment of the subject is complete without a reference to it.

I award the first prize to Homo, the second to Pitt, the third to M. Sylvester.

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"The Nineteenth Century in Its Relation to the Past and Future."

This is the most important competition that has come under my consideration. I have receive essays, and they vary gre length, style, scholarship and od of treatment. The subje vast one. It can not be succe discussed within the limits of dinary newspaper article. serves patient research into th of history, a well-arranged an prehensive plan, a keen insig the relation of events, past, p and future, and a logical app sion of the tendencies of t throughout the civilized world essays vary in length from 11 of note paper to 280. I have difficulty whatever in deciding of the essayists is entitled to t prize. There is one essay u tionably superior to all others comments are as follows:

1. Topsy. This is a crude slovenly in style, faulty in thography and superficial treatment of the subject. It saving quality is a touch of which shows itself here and upon its pages. In writing wonders of electricity Topsy "Electricity looks into our sto to see what's 'upside down' i region, and the X-ray looks th our bodies to see if we have bullets, tumors or any such sirable things about us; our can 'be pulled without pain 'store teeth' fixed up for us to for a few dollars; our hea patched up with silver, and ou with gold." It is plainly ap that "Topsy" has made no ef be serious.

2. Brooke Lynne. Only pages of note paper; nevert

this little essay is pregnant with thought, strong in construction and graceful in diction. It bears the impress of a close thinker.

3. Q. C. A compact essay, of uniform strength, very readable, but treating important facts and events in a rather cursory manner.

4. Llenor o Walia. An elaborate essay, written in most excellent Welsh. I have derived much pleasure in reading such pure, fluent and vigorous Welsh. The radical defect of the essay is a too contracted view of the subject.

5. Donald McPherson. Brilliant, epigrammatic, passionate—and I could almost add—erratic. The writer's thoughts are clothed in burning language. I would have liked more system in the arrangement of Donald's essay.

6. Llwyn Copog. This author is a strong writer and an original thinker. He is as interesting when he rambles away occasionally from his subject as he is when he adheres closely to it. I followed him everywhere with much pleasure. He has a rich imagination. Some few of his sentences are of too flippant a character, and are in questionable taste. His political allusions at the end of the essay are out of place, and tend to mar an otherwise creditable production.

7. Gallofydd. This essay is written in the Welsh language, and, if printed, would make a book of respectable proportions. It contains 150 pages. The reading of it has been a laborious duty. On account of the character of the handwriting and occasional slight errors of composition, I was not very favorably impressed with the essay when I began to read it; but after reading it through, and considering the wealth of material collected by the author, and his comprehensive method of treating the subject, I became convinced of the meritorious character of the production. It deserves a high standing in this competition.

8. Columbus. Columbus has written the best essay. His discussion of the subject is exhaustive, his method of treatment admirable and his style, from a literary standpoint, is all that could be desired. The analysis on the first and second pages show the comprehensive character of the essay. The breadth of view promised by the analysis is fully developed by the author in his work. The first prize belongs to him, and I am pleased to make the award. The second prize must be given to Gallofydd.

An essay signed by "Welsh," received since the above adjudication was written, is entitled to third prize.

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"Characteristics of Welsh Music."

One essay, written by Gazell. This is a short, entertaining essay, written in a graceful, melodious style, and indicates beyond a doubt, the ability of the author to treat his subject in a more comprehensive and elaborate manner. Gazell evidently does not pretend to give us in this essay a thorough or complete discussion of his theme. The subject deserves such a discussion, and the Eisteddfod Association are entitled

to it. I can not award the author the first prize; but in recognition of the ability of the author and of the sterling merit of his spirited and i spiring monograph, I award to hi the gold medal.

## THE NATIONAL HYMN.

THE ORIGINAL HYMN.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our king.

WELSH TRANSLATION BY AP DANIEL

Fy Ngwlad! am danat ti,
Teg drigfan Rhyddid cu,
Rhof ganiad glan;
Gwlad beddau'n tadau mwyn,
I'r teithydd gwlad o swyn,
Rhoed clychau bryn a thwyn
I Ryddid gân.

Fy ngenedigol wlad,
Bro'r bonedd rhydd, mor fad
Yw'th enw di;
Hoff im' dy neint a'th wŷdd,
Dy greig a'th fryniau prydd,
I'm bron gorlonder sydd
Fel hwnw fry!

Cyd-ganed gwyntoedd nen
A'bloeddied pob fr bren
Glod Rhyddid cain;
Pob tafod dyn deffroed,
Pob perchen chwyth ymroed,
Pob ddystaw graig cyffroed
I chwyddo'r sain!

Duw'n tadau dewr, i Ti,
Awdwr ein rhyddid ni,
Boed moliant pêr;
Claer fyddo'n gwlad yn hir
Gan Ryddid-oleu clir,
Dy nerth fo'n nawdd i'n tir,
Dduw mawr, ein Ner!

## REV. EDWARD D. MORRIS, D. D.

Rev. Dr. E. D. Morris will shortly retire from his profesorship at Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, O. For 30 years he has been identified with the great institution, and many among the young men who sat at his feet and absorbed his theology have since become noted expounders of the creed for which the seminary stands. During his 30 years' service as an educator, Dr. Morris has seen all the gre preachers of one generation pa away and a new generation of great or greater men step forwa into their places. He has sat in h chair at Lane to see his fellow pr fessors pass out of the seminary a many of them out of the world. H himself is now about to retire make room for fresher men and spend the few remaining years of h

n that rest he has so well earned. ımbus, O., will be his future e.

n the evening of December 21, ', the Odeon, Cincinnati, con- ɛd an assemblage such as has aps never before been seen in city. The occasion was a fare- dinner given in honor of Rev. Morris on his retirement. It tendered to the man who for ɛ decades has been the head of esbyterian theological seminary.

Rev. Edward D. Morris.

ɔably nearly every Protestant ch denomination in the city was ɛsented—likewise were the He- 's and the Catholics, for among ɛ at the guests' table were Rev. ı Mackey, of St. Peter's Cathe- and the venerable Rabbi Isaac Wise, who is recognized by y as one of the Hebrew leaders ımerica. The toastmaster was of Ohio's ex-Governors, and speakers were shining lights in ministerial, legal, literary, medi- ınd social world.

ıe diners were representative innatians—patrons of higher ation. The table of honor was on the stage, extending the entire width of the same, while the main auditorium was reserved for the other guests. The balcony and boxes were given over to the ladies and others, while during the speak- ing the students of Lane Seminary at present occupied seats in the rear of the hall.

The programme of the evening was as follows:

General Jacob D. Cox, LL. D., Toastmaster—Our Pilot at the Helm."

"Invocation—Rev. John Mackey, Ph. D., pastor of St. Peter's Cathedral.

"Our Guest"—Rev. Howard A. Johnston, D.D., Chicago,

Response—Prof. Edward D. Morris, D. D., LL. D.

"Wales; the Land of Piety, Politics and Poetry"—David Davis. Harp accompaniment, Mrs. Fanny Polk Hosea.

"Old Yale; the Alma Mater of Our Guest"—Captain E. Morgan Wood, Yale, '56.

"Literary Associations of Lane; the Birthplace of America's Grandest Work of Fiction."—Rev. George M. Hammell.

Song—"'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," David Davis.

"Our City's University"—Dean P. V. N. Myers, L. H. D.

"Cincinnati; the University City of the Twentieth Century"—Hon. John H. Peasless, Ph. D.

"The Ermine and the Cloth"—Hon. George R. Sage, of the United States Court.

"The Healing Art"—Dean William W. Seely, M. D.

"Ars Poetica"—Prof. W. H. Venable, LL. D.

Benediction—Bishop Boyd S. Vincent, S. T. D.

The menu card read: "Iaith telyn ar ei thanau. Farewell Banquet to Professor Edward D. Morris of Lane Seminary, Dec. 21, 1896."

The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune says: "Dr. Morris looked a picture of contentment as he slowly rose and looked out over the guests. His voice was at first feeble, but soon grew stronger; but there was noticeable tremor—he was filled with deep emotion. He was greeted with deep applause. In his opening remarks, he referred to the old saying about 'sun high' and 'sun low'—the 'breakfast,' 'dinner' and 'supper'—and brought in gracefully and rather

jestfully the word 'sinner.' He said that he is much more conscious of his failures in life than of his successes and accomplishments. He felt that the compliment paid him by those present was more than he deserved. He said that he felt very much like the man who declared, "I have this day received more honor and glory than I shall ever know how to carry," and then beseeched the Lord to administer sufficient "supplies." When he came to Cincinnati he said that he found the city's suburbs scattered —scattered about the hills. Lane Seminary was two miles out, and hard to reach by an omnibus. It was situated in an isolated place. What was true of Lane was also true of all other literary and educational places in the city. They were difficult to reach. It is different now.

"Though my own work is at an end," said Dr. Morris, "I will not go form you forever. I will be back to lecture occasinally, but not to fill my old chair. Lane is dear dear for many reasons. that when a man reaches score and ten years he sh draw. I do so deliberately, now to enjoy the Indian s my life if God gives I still hope to be useful, b ways, but I shall never m while I live. If I have thing it is because I have est—I have done no more of you might have done i gone about it. Honesty a tion insure success in any in any profession. The young man will win in the world will recognize him a reach the top. I do not li farewell—I will not."

There was deep emoti voice as he closed his rem a poem—"Life, We Ha Long Together."

His recitation was a one, a fitting close, one th brought tears to the eyes of the guests.

## SHAKESPEARE AS A CELT.

Prof. Edward Dowden, fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and the distinguished author of "Shakespeare; His Mind and Art," while on a visit to this country, said: It matters little to mankind who the author of "Hamlet" may be, so long as we have that wonderful poem itself. The critics of the European continent accept the plays, and bother their heads not one jot as to the identity of their maker. To some extent I share th ments. Still, of course, o devote years of study to t of one particular man wit ing some little interest in t that man. Hence, while by any means a Shakespe tiquary, I keep myself f informed upon the chief ments in that field of resea

The embers of the Don troversy are still alight.

: very little to fan them into a rous blaze. Nothing important, ever, has to my mind been add- of late to the case already pre- ed with a view of proving that ıcis Bacon allowed his plays to to posterity under another's e. On the contrary, I think the present Burns revival and evidence of a great poet spring- from a point far lower in the al scale than Shakespeare did : somewhat strengthened the ds of Bacon's opponents. Cer- ly the onus of proof rests with latter, and, as yet, they have persuaded us.

curious and (to students of dity) an important discovery been made during the year by ıntiquaries who are ever at work ı the family history of Strat- 's greatest son. I refer to the ; line of Welsh ancestry with :h he has been connected. It is regarded as sufficiently proven Shakespeare's paternal grand- her was a Griffith, a member of ce the most intensely Celtic, or er Cymbric, in South Wales.

probably know that the last months have witnessed a great val in Celtic literature. Prof. p has startled the placid "An- Saxon" (so called) by the dar- ıssertion that considerable more than half of all that is great in his literature comes from Celtic sources and is the work of men with Celtic blood in their veins. The favorite answer to this theory has long been: "Well, you can take your Byrons, Goldsmiths, Scotts, Burns and Ben Jonsons, but you cannot claim Shakespeare. He, at least, was Sax- on to the finger tips."

This comforting opinion has been rudely overthrown by the discovery of a strong strain of Griffith blood in the Shakespeare family tie; and now we are asking ouselves how it did not hitherto strike us that the great poet's undoubtedly Celtic vein was his by right hereditary. Strat- ford is but a step from the Welsh marshes. The Shakespeares proba- bly made many other Welsh alli- ances. Nay, the name Shakespeare itself may be but a corruption or "Anglification" of some good old Cymbric patronymic. Already Prof. Sharp and his school, with the buoy- ant credulity of their race, have placed Shakespeare in their gallery of Celtic poets. You may imagine what a storm of wrath this is calcu- lated to excite among persons who think, with Dr. Goldwin Smith, that the leaven of the so-called Anglo- Saxon has thoroughly leavened the entire British lump.

## THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

. W. Stevens, the traveling cor- ondent of the "London Daily l," says of Chicago, in a recent r: "Not if I had a hundred ;ues, every one shouting a dif- ferent key, could I do justice to Chi- cago's splendid chaos. The most beautiful and the most squalid, gir- dled with a twofold zone of parks and slums; where the keen air from

lake and prairie is ever in the nostrils, and the stench of foul smoke is never out of the throat; the great port a thousand miles from the sea; the great mart which gathers up with one hand the corn and cattle of the West and distributes with the other the merchandise of the East. Where in all the world can words be found for this miracle of paradox and incongruity?

Go first up into the tower of the Auditorium. In front, nearly 300 feet below, lies Lake Michigan. There are lines of breakwater and a lighthouse on shore, where the water is gray and brown, but beyond and on either hand to the rim spreads the brilliant azure of deep water—the bosom of a lake which is also a sea—shining in the transparent sunlight. White sails speckle its surface, and far out ocean-going steamers trail lazy streaks of smoke behind them. From the lake blow winds now soft and life-giving, like old wine; now so keen as to set every nerve and sinew on the stretch.

Then turn round and look at Chicago. You might be on a central peak of the high Alps. All about you they rise—mountains of buildings. From this hight the flat roofs of the ordinary buildings of four or five stories are not distinguishable from the ground; planting their feet on these rise the serried ranks of the heaven-scaling peaks. You are almost surprised to see no snow on them; the steam that gushes perpetually from their chimneys and floats and curls away on the lake breeze might well be clouds, with the summits rising above them t sun. Hight on hight they away on every side till they a in a cloud of murky smoke in

These buildings are all iron and the masonry is only th that cases the rooms in them. can even be built downward may see one of them with stories of brick wall above, ar four of a vacant skeleton of below; the superstructure se be hanging in air. Broade more massive than the tall ings of New York, older als dingier, they do not appea them, simply boxes of wi Who would suppose that mere of iron and bricks and morta be sublime? Yet these are s and almost awful. You have ened like Gulliver in a land o —a land where the very hou instinct with almost ferocious and force.

Then go out on the cable the electric car or the elevat road—Chicago has them all, installing new ones with feve dustry every day—to the pa the boulevards. Along the Shore drives you will find the of the great merchants, the of Chicago. Many of the built in a style which are pe Chicago's own, though the b amples of it are to be seen business center of the city. great blocks of rough-hewn red or gray. Their massive is relieved by wide round ar doors and windows, by porc porticoes, loggias, and g over the whole face of the b from top to bottom."

## HOME RULE FOR WALES.

At a mass meeting of miners at Ferndale recently, Sir Charles Dilke, speaking in support of a resolution condemning the Government for ignoring the "aspirations of the Welsh nation," said the demand in Wales for home rule was stronger and more general than in Scotland, although he believed that in Scotland there was a demand for local institutions from the majority. It was not an essential factor of the case that the grant of Home Rule to Scotland and to Wales should be on exactly the same conditions as the grant to Ireland. If the nations were coming into a federal union like the sovereign States of the United States, or the formerly sovereign cantons of Switzerland, probably the federal institution granted to each must be pretty much the same. He himself, while he was a very strong and a very old Welsh Home Ruler, having advocated it since 1873, and having spoken in favor of it as long ago as 1885, it did not go to the extent of a true federal constitution, as between England and Wales. He was not in favor of five Cabinets in the kingdom, which Lord Rosebery seemed to support. Lord Rosebery supported the Irish Home Rule Bill of 1886, and if its institutions were to be conferred upon Scotland and Wales, there would be a Parliament in Wales and a Cabinet in Wales, and no Welsh members at Westminster. But Lord Rosebery supported the Irish Home Rule Bill of 1892, and if the institutions of that bill were to be applied to Wales, there would be a Welsh Parliament and a Welsh Cabinet, and Welsh members at Westminster for certain purposes only. Neither of these bills had been sufficiently thought out in advance before their introduction, and he hoped that the next Home Rule Bill would be carefully considered before it was produced. A very able Liberal member, Mr. Robson, had said that the machinery of five Cabinets—one for England, one for Scotland, one for Ireland, one for Wales, and one for the United Kingdom—was the only way to obtain Home Rule for Ireland. But he (Sir Charles) did not believe that the English people would consent to the adoption of so highly developed a federal system, although he believed they were in favor of any amount of separate legislation, that is to say, full legislation for Wales according to the dictates of Welsh opinion. There had recently been a revival of the proposal that the Irish members should form the Irish legislative body, Parliament generally accepting and endorsing their views. It had been revived in a form in which it applied to Scotland and to Wales also. He himself, while he pointed out the difficulties about a truly federal scheme in full development, was in favor of conferring upon Wales the fullest legislative powers.

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To insist upon what is unimportant is the mark of a narrow mind; to sacrifice good-will and pleasant relations to a whim or fancy or unessential notion is pitiable selfishness.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCELLANY.

### CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

A little girl, less than four years old, wanted permission to make a tidy on Sunday. Her mother asked her what she thought God would think of it. She said she would ask him, and so she did. Her mother asked her what He said. She replied, "He says 'How big is it?' and I said only a little thing, and He said 'Oh, that's all right.' "

The same little girl said, after her mother had reproved her: "I bet you God would have hard luck if He had me up in heaven. I'd be running all over, and He never could find me. And the sky's pretty thin, too, and the first thing you know, I'd be tumbling down here again."

A little boy who had been piously taught that God made him, was one day playing with a larger one, who pretended to strike him. The little one said, "Don't hit me, you may break me, and then Dod would have to make me all over again."

### WELSH INDIANS.

In an interesting article on the Navajoe Indians, in the "Cosmopolitan," William Crocker Duxbury says: "The Navajoes were, by long odds, the most intelligent of all the Western tribes. They were preeminent in their manhood, bravery and many other fine qualities. When first known to the United States troops they had some crude ideas of agriculture and carried on farming to a certain extent. This was probably one of the results of the Welsh blood that had been engrafted on the tribe in the early days of the development of the mineral wealth of Mexico. There had been brought into the Spanish colony a lot of Welsh miners, many of whom had married into the Navajo tribe, and exerted a strong civilizing influence. They taught the Indians how to use the loom, and in course of time, the Navajo squaws became very proficient in weaving blankets. Even to-day the Navajo blanket cannot be equaled in textile excellence. It is of such fine and perfect woof that it will hold water over a desert journey of sixty miles without shrinkage. The Navajoes are also very expert in making vegetable and mineral dyes, so that the colors in the blankets have never been known to fade.

### NOT SUCH AN UNDERTAKING.

Most of our great men were poor boys at the start. John Adams, second President, was the son of a farmer of very moderatemeans. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which the State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterward a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home a very humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

es Buchanan was born in a
:own in the Allegheny Moun-
His father cut the logs and
he house in what was then a
ness.
aham Lincoln was the son of
poor farmer in Kentucky,
red in a log cabin until he was
-one years old.

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DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

destruction of the oldest
of civilization and culture in
dan Valley and the Dead Sea
s, namely, that of the four
of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah
boim, is one of the fixed facts
iest tradition, and for the
geologist the phenomenon
ts no difficulty, as far as it
traced at all. The view that
ad Sea did not exist at all be-
is catastrophe, or that the
before this period flowed in-
Mediterranean Sea, contra-
all geological and natural
teachings concerning the
ion of this whole region. . .
he Pentapolis at one time was
d in the southern part of the
Sea, which is now called Seb-
proved also, among other
, by the probable location at
ace of Zoar, the place which
d destruction in the days of
n accordance, too, with the
of antiquity and of the mid-
es, including the Arabian ge-
iers. As yet nothing certain
determined concerning the
n of the four other cities, viz.,
, Gomorrah, Admah and Ze-
of which names only that of
Sodom, in Djebel Usdum, is found reflected in any place in these precincts. And even apart from geological and geographical reasons, this seems to be the natural thing, as the book of Genesis represents these places as having been thoroughly destroyed without leaving any trace or remnant behind. The fact that now these districts are a dreary waste, and by the Arabian geographer Mukaddasi called a "hill," is no evidence that in earlier times this was not different, and this valley not really a vision of paradise.—Dr. Max Blanckenhorn.

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SOME FRUITS OF THE SALOON.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, acting under the instructions of the Legislature, has made an investigation of the relation of the liquor traffic to pauperism, crime and insanity. The method adopoted was that of direct inquiry of the inmates of the State institutions, and of all persons passing through the courts of the State for a year.

The results of the investigation make a suggestive and important volume. As to the insane, so far as could be ascertained, seven out of every ten had intemperate parents; and one out of every four was believed to have been made insane by his own intemperate habits.

Of all the paupers in the State institutions, three out of every four were addicted to the use of liquor; and nearly one-half had intemperate parents.

Of all the arrests for crime during

the year, two-thirds were for drunkenness. Taking into account all kinds of crime, in about eight and one-half cases in every ten the intemperate habits of the offender led to a condition which induced the crime; and, excluding minors, ninety-six of every one hundred persons convicted of crime were addicted to the use of liquor.

Massachusetts has a local option law, under which the cities and towns vote annually upon the licensing of saloons. One branch of the bureau's investigation was directed to ascertaining the relative amount of drunkenness in places where the saloons were closed and in those where they were open. In the no-license cities and towns the arrests for drunkenness were only about one-fourth, and for offences other than drunkenness, less than one-half as many per thousand of the population as in license cities and towns. In five cities which were for a part of theyear under no license, a part of theyear under no license, the license months showed nearly three times as many arrests for drunkeness, on the average, as the no-license months.

These statistics, taken as a whole, seem not only to establish a close conection between the liquor traffic and crime, pauperism and insanity, but to show also a considerable curtailment of these evils when saloons are closed.—Youth's Companion.

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ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

It is not enough to-day to say that this or that boy is absolutely trustworthy in order to ge situation in a shop, a bankir or a law office, in the leath toy business. He must b worthy. It is taken for gra he is honest. This is not un ing honesty in the least. Ç reverse, in fact, because if not absolutely reliable, wants him, no matter how may be. But there are host est boys—in fact almost all are straightorward. But t place in any establishment r sides honesty and reliablity quired, and hence the good day School story type of boy w millions because—and only —he was honest, is unfai average boy reader, since him think that success is at if he is only honest.

That is the mistake man chap makes, and when after he does not get ahead, in sp honesty, he grows melanc disgusted. When you get a a boy in a store, as clerk in ing house, or assistant in a sional office, you must tak into your wn hands. Natur want to advance yourself, quickest way of loing this your own interest drop for and study out what is your er's interest. Having fou try every day in the year to you can improve, suggest, p ward his success. Pretty begins to notice you, to th your suggestions. In time thing comes up, and he wan for a certain purpose. Ter he will think you are the

because you have been keep- ›urself before him so much in · that helps him. And not ıfterwards you are the man he relies on. That is the beginning, and like all good thorough beginnings, it is more than half the battle. —Harper's Round Table.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NEWS AND NOTES.

TOPICS FOR THE MONTH.

**›unday, January 3rd.**

—"What prayer should do for Christian." 1 Kings, 8:22-40. neeting of preparation for the :k of Prayer.)

yer is the communion of the ·ith God, where one makes his known as a child, and the grants as a Father, in such ıs will best befit the spiritual ion and spiritual needs of the ant. When a person rightly there comes a sweet trust lis pels gloom and casts out nd sorrow. The sunlight of ›m and faith comes into the

ore prayer can do this for us, ust lose sight of ourselves, :e nothing but the infinite love ompassion of God. He must erything, and we nothing. nust part with our pride be- e can come into the fullness of ıheritance in this world, and ıe companionship of the Holy . Prayer is the sinking of self rist, a submission to God's will, ingness to accept what he ; best, but a yearning for all le will graciously grant.

should study the examples of ıal prayer found in the Bible: ob (Gen. 32:21-32); of Moses (Ex. 33:22-23); of David (Ps. 142: 1-7); of Jonah (Jonah 2:1-30); of Elijah (1 Kings 18:25-39); and especially of Christ (Heb. 5:1-10).

Topic—"Whence it comes, and how to get it."—Phil. 4:4-13.

**Sunday, January 10th.**

Spiritual power comes from on high, but it must be manifested through human agencies. "All power is given unto me," said the Master; and coupled was the promise, "Whatever ye shall ask in my name" shall be given unto you—power as well as everything else. A peculiarity of this God-given power, is unconsciousness of its possession. The Christian knows that God has the power, and knows that he is a partaker of it, when he sees the fruit of it in blessed results. No man gets this power from below, by looking at himself; he must look up to the great source of all power, both spiritual and natural. You should look around and see whether you are a power for good among your fellow-beings. Are you exercising spiritual power among them? That is the supreme test.

Spiritual power is one of the most important topics treated in the Bible, and the most important in the activities of the Christian life. It

comes from the Father (Ps. 16:28-35); from the Son (Acts 3:1-16); from the Spirit (2 Cor. 2:1-16); through prayer (Isa. 37:14-38); through faith (Luke 7:1-9); through obedience (Josh. 7:1-12).

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**Sunday, January 17th.**

Topic—"Revivals at home and in mission fields." 2 Cron. 30:13-37. (A missionary topic.)

The greatest need of the present age is a revival of religion. The greatest revival in the natural world is the waking up of the earth in the spring—a process more mighty than earthquake or volcanic eruption; and yet how quiet it is! It is thus that Pentecosts come. The revival God means you to start may not be in your church; it may be in your Christian Endeavor Society, or in your Sunday School class, or in your home, or—most likely of all—in your heart.

The first step is a genuine revival is thorough consecration on the part of Christians. The greatest foe to revivals is the sense of self-satisfaction. Christ would have you a "highway-and-hedge" Christian; a "highway-and-hedge" Christian; Christian?

Revivals must start from within; an outflowing of the joy planted in the soul by the spirit of God. When Christ, who is the life, takes possession of us utterly, we shall have no need of revivals. Is your life wholly the life of the Life? If not, you need a revival. The humblest of Christians in whom that Life has a home may start a revival. can start a revival that doe pect one.

A good preparation for is to study the accounts o given in the Bible; the r Josiah's time, (2 Kings 2; Ezra's time, (Neh. 8:1-12); time, (Matt. 3:1-12); at Ca (Mark 1:35-45; 2:1, 2); at (Acts 8:4-13); at Antio 13:13-44).

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**Sunday, January 2**

Topic—"Our Failures a cesses." Luke 5:1-17.

We may fail, but we sh expect to fail. We should the "sure promise." If w we should confess it fr ourselves, and see why v failed. Some of the grea tories in human history h the results of apparent fai

It is a great mistake not to do our work well. It great mistake to set our hea success. The first is ours mine; the second is God's. good thing to assist other their failures. That is on best ways to keep from fal them ourselves.

It is not always a terrib to fail; it is sometimes a terrible thing to succeed. pends on whether God wa succeed or not. Looked at divine side, the Christian wh with God always succeeds, to the eye of the world he n to fail. Success never come that has not prepared himse

loes not in a measure expect it.
ect great things from God."
ilure sometimes comes through
of faith, (Mark 9:14-29);
igh fear, (Num. 13:17-33);
igh pride, (Gen. 11:1-9). Suc-
comes through earnestness,
k 10:46-52); through wisdom,
m. 18:10-16); from God, (Judg.
).

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**Sunday, January 31st.**

c—"Endeavorers loyal to
rist; what will they do?" John
31-38; 8:31. (Christian En-
ivor day.)

Endeavorer should endeavor
e time, and with all his powers.
hould put his whole soul into
ervice of his Master; not one
te a day with the Bible, and a
nce prayer at night, and half
our a month of committee work,
verse read at the prayer meet-
out his whole soul, just the very
that is in him.

yal soldiers not only march
dly when the regiment is on
le, but run for the cup of cold
when the band is not around
he crowd has all gone home.

in for Christ all the time, take
tian projects with you to bed
lream over them; have no am-
, no desire, no study, apart from
t's kingdom. We must con-
Christ in the first place. This
ssion can not be made once
ll, when we join the church,
must also be made day by day
our by hour.

hands are not only stretched
ward heaven in prayer, but out
toward men in helpfulness and in cheerful greeting. A loyal Christian is never too busy to be busy for Christ. He always counts his Father's business as his own most presing business.

Our loyalty to our pledge and to our Master should be shown in love, (John 21:15-24); in obedience, (Matt. 7:21-29); in truth, (Mal. 2:1-7); in earnestness, (Isa. 62:1-7); in toil, (Ex. 18:13-24); in praise, (Ps. 147:1-11).

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NOTES.

We invite those interested in Christian Endeavor work, to send us brief items of news bearing on the work of the societies among the Welsh people, or that of the Epworth League, or any of the other young people's societies.

The Welsh Christian Endeavorers of Wisconsin and Illinois, held a convention in Cambria, Wis., Dec. 26, 27, 1896. Revs. J. C. Jones, Chicago, David Davies, D. D., Oshkosh, and H. P. Howell, D. D., Columbus, O., were expected to take part. The people of Cambria gave the Endeavorers a royal welcome, and much good is expected from the convention.

New Mexico now has a Christian Endeavor Society in its penitentiary.

During the fifteen years of the Christian Endeavor movement, more than five million Endeavorers in all have been enrolled, with two million others in denominational societies that are Endeavorers in all but name. Ten million Endeavor meetings have been held.

Everywhere the prayerful interest of the Endeavorers has been enlisted this year for Armenia. Especially after the stirring Armenian mass meeting at the International Convention has this interest been roused to the greatest activity.

Creation goes from the wing to the nest. It begins with the Spirit moving, and it ends with the Spirit resting.

With all our high art, the common daily sun searches a man for one revealing moment, through the camera, and makes a truer portrait than the most laborious painter.

The roll of Christian Endeavor societies in Great Britain and Ireland has now passed the 4,000 mark.

If your prayer meetings are more devout than brilliant, and the participation more prayerful than eloquent, then your society is making true progress.

Young men, why are the other young men of your neighborhood not in the church and Christian Endeavor Society? Why not? You can answer the question; will you?

A Baptist Christian Endeavor Society in England recently held an intensely interesting meeting, consisting of reports of members who were sent out two by two to visit the different city missions.

A speaker before a South Australian convention declared that "the Christian Endeavor movement wants to extinguish religious tramps —people whose religion is mostly in their heels."

The temple of God must be pure, free from all that defiles, or Holy Spirit can not abide in u

Spiritual power is nothing than the power of the God "It is God that worketh in you.

"The Endeavorer's Daily C panion for 1897," by Amos Wells, is an invaluable aid in conduct of Christian Ende prayer meetings.

———o:o———

Policemen vs. Teachers.— York city pays some of its po men $1,400 a year, some of its men $1,200, and some of its st sweepers $720. The average of its school teachers is no from $500. It is not to be dered at that the athletic curric seems to be more inviting to s minds than the classical course

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Customs of all kinds need tinual revision to find out whe the real meaning that once gave to them is still retained in the m of those who practice them. usages have a tendency to lose spirit which once animated an talized them, and to remain dead forms, to which we are pected to render allegiance.

The successful man is by no m helpful to himself alone; he hel number of other people as There is not a healthy, vigorous ergetic, self-reliant, successful whose example does not breed same qualities in others, and sonal contact with such a man i active stimulant and direct aid success. He awakens new stre and arouses ambition.

## THE LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

In old wild Wales, there is a legend told,
How an old Welsh dame the devil sold,
It was on the Alps of Ystrad Ffiur
His majesty found her old and poor;
She had climbed from the valley deep below,
Up to the moorland in search of a cow.
"Ha, ha," laughed he, "there is your cow," said he,
"Go fetch it woman." "Sir, I can't," says she,
"No, indeed, sir, look—see that chasm deep?
How can I cross the wild water's leap?"
"I'll build you a bridge to cross it," said he,
"Its name shall be celled in honour of me,
Who'll make it the wonder of all your vales,
A bridge that shall be the talk of all Wales.
But a condition I must make and bind
Before I would build a bridge of that kind;
The first living thing to cross it must be
Mine, mine," said the devil. "All right," said she.
The devil happy, cock sure of his prize,
Built up a strange bridge in front of her eyes;
No need to go back to the vale below
To climb the hill on the other side now.
"Come, cross by the bridge for the cow," said he,
"In a moment, I will, kind sir," said she;
When out from her pocket she took some bread
And threw it across the bridge instead;
The dog by her side ran over the bridge;
And he chased the bread adown the ridge,
"Dear, dear! my poor dog is yours," said she.
"Curse the old dog, I m sold," said he.

## LITERARY MATTERS.

### NEW BOOKS.

ory of the Calvinistic Metho-
ists of Utica, N. Y. By T.
lomon Griffiths. Utica: Press
T. J. Griffiths, 1896, pp. 147,
mo. In Welsh.

iere is much of romance sur-
ding the history of the Welsh
le in the United States, and
y of the fascinating tales that
been told as history have no
dation in fact. Perhaps some
bro-American Thomas Stephens
yet sift the true from the false,
and give us a view of ourselves free from the glamour of egotism on the one hand, and the belittling sneer of disdain on the other. We have suffered from a good share of both. Some have claimed too much, and some have conceded too little. Any one that contributes the materials for an unbiased history of the Welsh people in this country renders a service to this generation. What has been our influence as factors in the formation of the American nation will probably remain a debata-

ble question for many years yet to come; but our influence in one direction at least, considering our numbers, has been positively beneficial. The Welsh people are above all else religious; and their influence on the moral and religious life of every community they have either entered or founded, has been beneficial. It is all-important that all accessible facts bearing on this phase of our national character should be collected and preserved, so that the future historian may avail himself of them.

For this reason, among others, we welcome the volume by T. Solomon Griffiths, from the press of T. J. Griffiths, Utica. The first Welsh churches in America were founded by those who came with and followed William Penn to Pennsylvania. These had a somewhat chequered career, owing to the cessation of immigration from Wales, in part; but mostly, we judge, owing to political conditions and the encroachment of more aggressive neighbors. After the lapse of nearly a century, the tide of Welsh emigration started westward again; and the character of the immigrants can be pretty accurately determined by church records. We find that religious services were held about the beginning of this century, probably a little earlier, in Utica and Steuben, in Oneida county, N. Y.; in New York city; in Ebensburg, Pa., and in Licking county, O. Welsh churches were organized in these localities between 1795 and 1802.

Mr. Griffiths deals with the history of his own denomina Utica, mainly, but gives the points of Welsh church his the county, in so far as th upon the origin of the Ca Methodists here. It is rem that the first sermon in a Ca Methodist Church, was preac earlier than August 1, 1824, l W. G. Pierce, in Pen Church, Remsen. The chu Utica was organized six yea being the third Welsh churcl lished in that city. We ha the volume with keen intere can testify to the fairness witl the story is told. It is not recital of facts, but an ani narrative enlivened with in tending to portray the chara the faithful men and wome labored to build up what l come the most flourishing church in Utica. The volu embellished with about thi portraits of men who are ac some department of church We should have been pleased more of the old familiar fa both the fathers and motl Israel.

The church was organi 1830, with only twelve meml now numbers four hundre Rev. J. Hughes Parry as There are but few Welsh settl in the United States that contain persons who have ch memories of the Utica either personally or by assoc Those interested in it are nu in Wales also. Its history have a large sale. The bc handsomely printed with larg

:, on good, thick paper, and tially bound in cloth, or in aper covers for those who ı cheaper edition. We trust ıers will undertake a similar ork for the other denomina- ı Utica, as well as in every ;ettlement. The materials for stories are being rapidly lost; ıatever work of this kind is one, should be done quickly.

———o:o———

of the Heavenly Rest, New :. Decennial Year Book. :nt, 1896.

of the neatest and completest ;ooks that we have seen in a hile, is that issued for 1896-7, corporation of the Church of :avenly Rest, of which our uished countryman, Rev. D. Morgan, D. D., has been rec- sixteen years. Rev. John ns, M. A., is the assistant :r at present. The book is :mely illustrated. It contains y full resume of the work of rish for the past ten years, a record of marvelous growth, l and untiring labor on the f rector and parishioners, as ; wonderful liberality. Money to have poured into the treas- the Lord, under the persua- fluence of Dr. Morgan and the tion of love for the Master.

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BRIEFER NOTICES.

ı the January number, the ll" begins its fiftieth year. It )unded by the late Rev. W. nds, D. D., in New York, in ınd is the oldest Welsh pub- ı in America. It is now ably edited by Rev. H. P. Howell, D. D., Columbus, O., and T. Solomon Griffiths, Utica, is its business manager. It is devoted to the interests of the Calvinistic Methodists.

The "Cenhadwr Americanaidd" begins its thirty-eighth volume with the January number. It was established in 1840 by the late Rev. Robert Everett, D. D., and was published in Utica for a few years. Mr. Everett then moved it to Steuben. Rev. Edward Davies, Remsen, has been its editor and proprietor for many years now. It is the organ of the Welsh Congregationalists, and has an able list of contributors. Mr. Davies himself is a pungent writer, and always says something worth reading when he handles the pen. The "Cenhadwr" should receive the loyal support of Welsh Congregationalists.

We have received the first number of "Y Lamp i Ieuenctyd America yn Gymraeg a Seisonaeg," published by the "Wisconsin Calvinistic Methodist Gymanfa." Rev. D. Davies, D. D., Oshkosh, edits its Welsh department, and Rev. R. T. Roberts the English. Its size is 32-page 12mo. Among the contributors to this number are Revs. Griffith Griffiths, Columbus; Rev. Daniel Thomas, M. A., Wild Rose; John Hammond, M. A., Pittsburg; Owen O. Jones, Wales, Wis., and W. E. Evans, Mankato. We welcome "The Lamp" into the journalistic field, and wish it abundant success. The Wisconsin Calvinistic Methodist Gymanfa also publishes the "Daily Reading and Weekly Topics" for the year, in Welsh, in

a convenient form for those who desire them in that language.

We understand that W. R. Williams, L'Anse, Mich., contemplates publishing the novel he wrote for the Granville Eisteddfod, and for which he was awarded the prize, provided he gets the consent of the Eisteddfod Committee. Mr. Williams is one of our most entertaining Welsh writers. If he publishes his book, he will get valuable experience—more experience than cash.

The December number of the Dysgedydd completes the 75th volume of that popular magazine. For the last 22 years the editorship has been vested in Principal Herber Evans. May the versatile and genial principal live to turn out interesting volumes for many years yet to come.

Harper's Weekly for January 2, contains the first installment of "Jerome, a Poor Man," by Mary E. Wilkins. This is thought to be the strongest novel she has yet written. Col. George E. Waring, Jr., writes of Street Cleaning in Paris. A striking short story of Spanish-American life, entitled "Guardian to His Majesty," is contributed by Edgar Mayhew Bacon, and illustrated by T. de Thulstrup.

The first number of Harper's Bazar for 1897, contains the initial chapter of a very noteworthy series on "Infancy and Childhood," written from the standpoint of advanced modern ideas by Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood.

"How Ute Jack was Taken, the title of a story published in l per's Round Table, December Among the other features in same number, there is a desc tion of Siberian schools by W. Jackson, the famous photograj of the Rockies. Mr. Jackson lately returned from Siberia, wl his camera did active service. M fine photographs illustrate the cle. Sally Nelson Robins cont utes a sketch, entitled "The Cr of an American Queen," and J Kendrick Bangs another funny venture of the popular Sandb There are installments of the serial stories entitled "A L Traitor," by James Barnes, "The Boy Wreckers," by W. Stoddard.

Dafydd ab Gwilym, the g love poet of Wales, died 528 y ago. When we realize that his mains have been lying buried the last five and a quarter centu it is strange that his language i easily understood in the pre century.

A new work is announced Wirt Gerrare, entitled, "The Me Harlech: A Romance of the \ of the Roses, being the story o most gallant defence, by the n Sir Dafydd ap Evan ap Einio the last castle in the Kingdor hold out for the lost cause of caster; also the true history of surprising adventures that bef forgotten son of the Royal H and of the strange fortunes o beauteous lady-love in Wales elsewhere; an account of the fa

by the King's Own Master
, and the wreck of his mighty
before Harlech Castle; of
ning stratagems of the cruel
:s happily foiled by the
and prowess of our Welsh
nen; together with other
us happenings both within
hout the castle walls, now for
time set forth."

Thomas Gee has just com-
he index which he has pre-
or the new edition of the
loniadur Cymreig." A list
principal contributors to the
included.

ıe publication of Mr. Charles
's collection of the poems of
ch, the Cymrodorion Society
dered a great service to the
; of Welsh poetry and Welsh

Elliot Stock is about to pub-
English edition of the "Life
)ld Tailor," by the late Dr.
Rees (Gwilym Hiraethog).
ok, it is said, depicts Welsh
life with wonderful pathos
nor, and represents native
:ristics in a way that no
ork has done. The trans-
Mr. W. Rees Evans, of Ches-
the book is to appear under
of "Gwen and Gwladys."

Rev. H. Elvet Lewis is pre-
for publication a volume of
ıons. A second volume of
on Elfed" (the Songs of El-
l be issued early in the new
Mr. Isaac Foulkes, of Liver-

Llwyfo has been writing his reminiscences, and as a literary curiosity it may be noted that it was the late Rev. John Phillips, of Bangor, who sat as a "model" for the bard in the "pryddest" that was adjudged worthy of the crown at the Llanelly National Eisteddfod. "He was constantly in my thoughts," says Llew Llwyfo, "as I composed the poem on 'John, the Beloved Disciple,' which won the crown at Llanelly." But the Cymro critic will have it that this identical poem was originally written on Dewi Sant.

Some curiosity has been aroused as to the identity of "Gracie ap Rhys," who is contributing a Welsh novel to the pages of "Young Wales." The Cymro ventures upon the guess that she is a member of the family of the late Gweirydd ap Rhys, the eminent Welsh bibliographer, who often used to jocularly remark that he had been endowed with the three graces—Grace his mother, Grace his wife, and Grace his daughter.

There is a dispute in South Wales as to the correct gender of "llith," the Welsh word for a "lesson" in the Prayer-book sense. Canon Williams has used it as if it were masculine, and has been severely rebuked by critics who contend that, according to South Wales custom, it is feminine.

Mr. Gomer Williams, a well-known Welsh journalist, residing in Liverpool, is about to publish a sumptuous volume, entitled "Historical Records of the Liverpool Privateers and Slave Ships."

## NEWS NOTES FROM WALES.

Carnarvon means to fight hard for the Welsh university offices. Provision for the acquisition of a site for these offices forms one of the causes of a bill about to be promoted by the borough in Parliament, and it is understood that should this bill pass a proposal will be made to spend some thousands of pounds to make a portion of the ancient castle habitable for the purpose of the university.

"Craig y Nos," the Home of Madam Patti, near Swansea.

Recently the goods and chattels of the renowned anti-tither and Welsh patron, Mr. John Parry Llanarmon, were sold for tithe due to the rector of the parish. Mr. Parry was one of the first to refuse paying that tithe, and he has probably delivered more addresses and written more articles on this question than any living Welshman. He knows everything about the tithe, and at a recent county court he was more than a match for the rector, and was able to argue a point with the judge himself.

Interesting statistics are now

ming as to the progress of ermediate school movement in

There are at the present t 81 schools open in the va- Welsh counties. Of these, 19 /s' schools, 18 are girls' , all the rest being dual —that is, with separate de- nts for boys and girls. Of erent counties, Glamorgan- eads the list with 17 schools k, while Carnarvonshire, omeryshire and Pembroke- llow with eight each. Angle- yet has only one school, and shire alone of all the 13 coun- without an intermediate

h churches in Liverpool have hed classes in connection with apel for special teaching of reading, grammar, and liter- This has been found neces- prevent the "leakage" which lace in Welsh churches in a localities by the young peo- oming more familiarized with a than with Welsh, and conse- being unable to benefit by services.

long and interesting letter d in Wales from Gutyn of Chubut, he alludes to the visit of Lloyd-George, M. P., Herbert Lewis, M. P., to Ayres. "After receiving in- n that Messrs. Lloyd-George erbert Lewis had landed in Ayres," the letter says, "we ut preparing to give them a reception, and get an oppor- of listening to the voice of nored sons of our mother- land. The disappointment of the colonists was great when they learned that they had abandoned the intention of visiting the Welsh colony."

December 9, an inrush of water took place at the River Level Pit, Abernant, Glamorganshire. When the manager, Richard Howells, received the first intimation, he immediately descended and sent men through the return air-way to warn the colliers to work their way outward. This suggestion proved successful, and 120 workers were promptly released from the mine. The water emanated from old workings that had not been used since 1872, the source being the old workings of Yscuborwen Colliery, which were discontinued about a year ago. A number of men were working at the bottom of the drift in Gellideg, a mile or more from where the water came pouring in. All but six escaped in a marvelous way, the water having risen to their necks. Boys and men of short stature had to be carried to keep them from drowning.

A Christmas Eisteddfod was held in the Rand, South Africa.

Last year the British postal correspondence with the United States was second only in magnitude to that with all the great Powers of Europe combined, being about 41,000,000 letters, &c., as against about 65,000,000 for Europe. If letter writing goes for anything, it ought to make America and England firm allies.

## CRYSANTHEMUM.

BY GEORGE CORONWAY (*Shenkin Shadrach*).

[Read by Geo. E. Francourt, Esq., at the annual banquet of the florists of the United States, which closed up the horticultural show at Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1896].

A pilgrim from the Orient far,
For beauty loves, betimes, to roam,
Came to our fond and happy shore,
And with us stayed—here made its home;
Chrysanthemum!—you know it well—
Or "Golden Flower"—a happy name;
Imperial emblem of Japan—
A thing of beauty and of fame,

We found this stranger bright and fair,
But science, friends, with patient care
Hath added to its worth and grace,
And holds it in her fond embrace,
And claims it as her own; and, pray,
Who dare her chide?—this grand display
Of floral beauties view to-day,
Which made our hearts so light and gay;
We owe to her—her fondlings fair,
The golden stamp of beauty bear.

Now autumn frets upon her throne,
No rose illumes her garden lone,
And faded have the bluebells gay,
The merry birds have ceased their say;
There's sadness in the sighing breeze,
No more we hear the hum of bees,
Nor leaf the woodlands now adorns:
The aged year she sits and mourns
The absence of her fond ones fair—
Her flowerless fields and branches bare.

Amid the gloom, kind Love, so wise,
She sends an angel in disguise—
In flower form—most gorgeous clad,
To make the heart of autumn glad.
Chrysanthemum! O flower bright,
What fragrant joy, what pure delight—
What happiness dost thou impart
To many a weary, lonely heart?
The lonely cot, the palace fair,
Are brightened by thy beauty rare!
We'll place upon thy regal brow
A crown—be thou our queen—may'st thou
Reign long to cheer the heart of man—
Thou stranger fair, from far Japan.

## THE DISCOVERIES OF HERSCHEL.

By Henry Smith Williams, M. D.

In the field of astronomy the central figure during the closing epoch of the eighteenth century is William Herschel, the Hanoverian, whom England has made hers by adoption. He is a man with a positive genius for sidereal discovery. At first a mere amateur in astronomy, he snatches time from his duties as music teacher to grind him a telescopic mirror, and begins gazing at the stars. Not content with the first telescope, he makes another and another, and he has such genius for the work that he soon possesses a better instrument than was ever made before. His patience in grinding the curved reflecting surface is monumental. Sometimes for sixteen hours together he must walk steadily about the mirror, polishing it, without once removing his hands. Meantime his sister, always his chief lieutenant, cheers him with her presence, and from time to time puts food into his mouth. The telescope completed, the astronomer turns night into day, and from sunset to sunrise, year in and year out, sweeps the heavens unceasingly, unless prevented by clouds or the brightness of the moon. His sister

lways at his side, recording
)servations. They are in the
air, perched high at the mouth
: reflector, and sometimes it
cold that the ink freezes in
ottle in Caroline Herschel's
but the two enthusiasts hard-
tice a thing so commonplace
:rrestrial weather. They are
in distant worlds.
: results? What could they be?
enthusiasm would move
tains. But, after all, the mov-
f mountains seems a Lilliput-
ask compared with what Her-
really does with those won-
telescopes. He moves worlds,
a universe—even, if you
, a galaxy of universes; at
he proves that they move,
seems scarcely less wonder-
nd he expands the cosmos, as
conceives it, to thousands of
the dimensions it had before.
mere beginning, he doubles
ameter of the solar system by
'ering the great outlying
: which we now call Uranus,
vhich he christens Georgium
, in honor of his sovereign,
which his French contem-
ies, not relishing that name,
to call Herschel.
s discovery is but a trifle com-
with what Herschel does later
ut it gives him world-wide
ation none the less. Comets
noons aside, this is the first
on to the solar system that
een made within historic times,
t creates a veritable furor of
ar interest and enthusiasm.
:ntally King George is flat-
at having a world named after
him, and he smiles on the astron-
omer, and comes with his court to
have a look at his namesake. The
inspection is highly satisfactory;
and presently the royal favor en-
ables the astronomer to escape the
thraldom of teaching music, and to
devote his entire time to the more
congenial task of star-gazing.

Thus relieved from the burden of
mundane embarrassments, he turns
with fresh enthusiasm to the skies,
and his discoveries follow one an-
other in bewildering profusion. He
finds various hitherto unseen moons
of our sister planets; he makes
special studies of Saturn, and
proves that this planet, with its
rings, revolves on its axis; he scans
the spots on the sun, and suggests
that they influence the weather of
our earth; in short, he extends the
entire field of solar astronomy. But
very soon this field becomes too
small for him, and his most im-
portant researches carry him out
into regions of space compared with
which the span of our solar system
is a mere point. With his perfected
telescopes he enters abysmal vistas
which no human eye ever pene-
trated before, which no human
mind had hitherto more than vague-
ly imagined. He tells us that his
forty-foot reflector will bring him
light from a distance of "at least
eleven and three-fourths millions of
millions of millions of miles"—light
which left its source two million
years ago. The smallest stars visi-
ble to the unaided eye are those of
the sixth magnitude; this telescope,
he thinks, has power to reveal stars
of the 1342d magnitude.

But what does Herschel learn regarding these awful depths of space and the stars that people them? That is what the world wishes to know. Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, have given us a solar system, but the stars have been a mystery. What says the great reflector—are the stars points of light, as the ancients taught, and as more than one philosopher of the eighteenth century has still contended, or are they suns, as others hold? Herschel answers, they are suns, each and every one of all the millions—suns, many of them larger than the one that is the center of our tiny system. Not only so, but they are moving suns. Instead of being fixed in space, as has been thought, they are whirling in gigantic orbits about some common center. Is our sun that center? Far from it. Our sun is only a star, like all the rest, circling on with its attendant satellites—our giant sun a star, no different from myriad other stars, not even so large as some; a mere insignificant spark of matter in an infinite shower of sparks.

Nor is this all. Looking beyond the few thousand stars that are visible to the naked eye, Herschel sees series after series of more distant stars, marshalled in galaxies of millions; but at last he reaches a distance beyond which the galaxies no longer increase. And yet—so he thinks—he has not reached the limits of his vision. What then? He has come to the bounds of the sidereal system; seen to the confines of the universe. He believes that he can outline this system, this universe, and prove that it has shape of an irregular globe, obl flattened to almost disclike pro tions, and divided at one edg bifurcation that is revealed eve the naked eye in the forking o Milky Way.

This, then, is our univers Herschel conceives it—a vast axy of suns, held to one center volving, poised in space. But here those marvelous telescope not pause. Far, far out beyond confines of our universe, so far the awful span of our own sy might serve as a unit of mea are revealed other systems, c universes, like our own, each posed, as he thinks, of myriad suns, clustered like our galaxy an isolated system—mere islan matter in an infinite ocean of s So distant from our universe these new universes of Hersc discovery that their light reach only as a dim nebulous glow most cases invisible to the una eye. About a hundred of t nebulae were known when schel began his studies. Before close of the century he has dis ered about two thousand mor them, and many of these had resolved by his largest telesc into clusters of stars. He bel that the farthest of these neb that he can see is at least 30c times as distant from us as the r est fixed star. Yet that nearest is so remote that its light, trav 180,000 miles a second, req three and one-half years to r our planet.—Harper's Magazin

## PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

the evening of the last day
6, occurred the death of the
and able R. T. Daniels, at
me in Pittsburg. Mr. Daniels
printer by trade, and pub-
"Y Wasg" for many years.

Richard T. Daniels.

is only 51 years of age at the
of his death, but had not en-
good health for some time.
will be general regret at the
g away of this whole-souled,
ie son of Cambria.

urin Fardd will receive the
thy of all his fellow country-
n his bereavement by the
of his wife, which occurred
ristmas Day. Mr. Jones' son-
, Thomas W. Thomas, Spring
, Pa., died Dec. 12, just two
previously.

The announcement of the death of R. P. Davies (Llawddog), Cleveland, O., will be received with general regret. He died at the residence of his daughter in Madisonburg, O., December 1, from a stroke of apoplexy. He had recently published a small volume containing a collection of poems he had written from time to time for the "Drych."

The Baltimore American of October 9, 1896, contained an appreciative illustrated four column article on Rev. Dr. J. Wynne Jones' work among the laborers of Highlandtown. It is a very interesting story of a life devoted to the poor and needy. From a small beginning his work has grown to large proportions, and the good done has been incalculable.

Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans's friends will hear with regret that his old enemy—pulmonary affection—has again laid its hands on him. Mr. Evans has for some time been confined to his bed at his London residence, whither he had gone to pursue his work at the British Museum.

The late Mr. William Williams, her Majesty's chief inspector of schools for Wales, graduated high among the wranglers at Trinity College, Cambridge, at a time when the older English Universities were closed to Nonconformists. He became in later life a firm and staunch Congregationalist, and for over 20 years was a deacon of the Aberystwyth English Congregational Church. Mr. Williams was married

to a daughter of the late Professor Stephenson Hunter, of Carmarthen, and was, therefore, a connection by marriage of the well-known Oxford palaeographer, Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans.

There are many Ben Davieses in and of Wales—Ben Davies the singer, Ben Davies the bard, Ben Davies the colliers' federation champion, and Ben Davies, of University College, Liverpool. In the electrical world, however, the "Ben" may be dropped, the surname Davies being enough. Davies's Patents seem almost to fill one section of an electrical engineering firm's catalogue, leaving a small corner for Lord Kelvin's. By the way, according to "Nature," the same Davies and Professor Lodge think they have seen much further through the mists of copper and other metals than any mortal heretofore.

The subscription list for the proposed Welsh national testimonial to Mr. Thomas Gee, in recognition of his life-long services to Liberalism in Wales was to have been definitely closed at the end of the year.

Rev. Griffith Davies, Calvinistic Methodist minister, Cardigan, died suddenly Dec. 12. The day previous he attended a funeral, and then appeared to be in his usual health.

The death of the venerable principal of the Brecon Memorial College, the Rev. Dr. Morris, which took place on the 5th of December, has produced a keen and widespread regret in Wales, for, owing to his retiring disposition, he never occupied that prominent place in the public life of Wales which he might otherwise have attained, he was justly garded as a powerful force in W education, and as principal of only South Wales college of the nomination, his influence has b widely felt. He was 84 years of when he died. He never learnec talk or read Welsh with any pleas to himself.

Dr. Enoch Davies, Llandyssi well-known anti-tithe leader, diec Porth-y-Cymmer, recently. T news of his death has been recei with profound sorrow through South Wales. Dr. Davies was v well known in the Garw and Ogm Valleys, having spent about 20 ye of his life at Glynceiriog as med officer of the collieries.

The Duke of Devonshire, l president of the Privy Council, offered the seat on the Council the University College of No Wales, vacant through the death W. Williams, H. M., to Ven. Sh rach Pryce, Archdeacon of C marthen.

John Daniell, of Llanelly, reached Johannesburg, South rica, and entered upon his du there as lecturer on chemistry, saying and physics to the Johan burg Council of Education. Daniell will have a good deal of ganizing work to do in connec with the chemical, metallurgi and physical laboratories, which will have to superintend.

Griffith J. Griffith, who was b in Glamorganshire, about th miles from Cardiff, in 1852, has sented the city of Los Ange Cal., with three thousand acres land, to be used for a public p

he largest public park in the
Such acts on the part of
y men, make us think better
humanity.

ı Owen, who died Oct. 23,
at his home in Caledonia,
was born Aug. 14, 1836, at
y Garnedd, Llanelltyd, near
lley. He came to America
is parents in 1846. This was
st family that settled in Cale-
township. Mr. Owen was
highly respected by his fellow-
s, and active in all good

. Tecwyn Parry, Llanberis,
of a "Biography of Lewis
rds, Bala," is seriously ill.

mas A. Morgan gave a very
sting account of his visit to
, France, Belgium and Ger-
before the Cambro-American
Columbus, O., Monday even-
Dec. 7.

n. Anthony Howells, our Con-
Cardiff, is spending the holi-
at his home in Massillon, O.
are a good many aspirants
e position of consul at Cardiff
the Republican administra-

liam H. Hughes, Granville,
, has been appointed Quarter-
r General on Governor
's staff. Hereafter our genial
will be known as General
es.

f. Edward Broome has ac-
l the leadership of the McGill
rsity Glee Club, Montreal,
This club has among its
ers the finest singers in
real.

Miss Eluned Morgan, daughter of Lewis Jones, of Patagonia, is on a visit to Wales, and the guest of Rev. M. D. Jones, Bala.

Hon. Pritchard Morgan, A. S., who is at present visiting this country, will return by way of China.

Rev. W. S. Jones, Scranton, Pa., will return to Wales in April. The Priory Church, Carmarthen, refused to release him, as requested by his Scranton church.

The well-known Welsh missionary, Rev. Bowen Rees, who has been laboring under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, at Inyati, Matabeleland, South East Africa, is on a visit to the home of his youth in Glamorganshire.

Humphrey H. Evans, a well-known citizen of West Bangor, Pa., died recently.

Hon. W. R. Jones, Judson, Minn., has an exceedingly interesting article on the trials of the early pioneers, in the "Drych" of Dec. 24. It would do some of the present generation good to read it.

W. Moreton Owen, son of the late W. M. Owen, Utica, will enter Oberlin College the next term, with a view of entering the ministry.

W. M. Griffith, Utica, has been appointed private secretary to Governor Black, of New York. Mr. Griffith is well qualified for the place, having filled a similar position with Congressman James S. Sherman for a number of years.

Rev. John R. Williams, Scranton, Pa., died, January 5, from paralysis. He was a brother of Gwentydd Fardd.

## EISTEDDFOD NEWS.

A successful Eisteddfod was held in Pittsburg, Pa., on Dec. 25, 26, 1896. A. J. Edwards was the conductor. John Jarrett, of Pittsburg, presided the first evening, and C. M. Schwab, of Homestead, the afternoon and evening of the second day. Prof. Protheroe, of Milwaukee, Wis., adjudicated the singing. Six males choirs sang "The Crusaders" and "The Beleaguered," for a prize of $100, with a gold medal to the leader, and a second prize of $50. The first prize was given to the Gwents of Girard, O., W. S. Evans, leader; and the second to the Calcotts of Cleveland, J. Z. Jones leader. Three ladies' choirs sang "The Chase for Butterflies," for a prize of $100, with a gold medal for the leader. The prize was awarded to the Pittsburg Ladies' Chorus, Miss Olive Beach leader. The Painesville Vocal Society, J. Powell Jones leader, was the best of four mixed choirs that sang "Rest, Soldier, Rest," for a prize of $100. The same choir won $300 and a gold medal for the best rendering of "He Watcheth Over Israel" and "Who is Sylvia?" with the Ada Choral Union, H. W. Owens leader, second. A vote of thanks was extended to C. M. Schwab for his liberality to the Cambrian Literary Society.

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The Ivorites of Fairhaven, Vt., held an Eisteddfod on Christmas eve and Christmas day. Harry E. Jones, Philadelphia, and G. H. Humphrey, Utica, were the adjudicators from abroad. E. D. phrey, William M. Owen, Dr. erts, A. N. Adams, W. H. Hu D. J. Edwards, E. H. Phelp Rev. D. M. Jones were the loc judicators. The chief choral were awarded to the Fair Choral Union, D. W. Thomas er, the South Poultney Brass and the Green Mountain Party, R. W. Davies leader.

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Sardis Church, Chicago, he Eisteddfod Christmas evening. adjudicators were Rev. John Jones, R. Williams (Syllog), J Rosser, John P. Jones, Rev. J. son Stephens, Rev. John W Jones, John C. Jones, and Rev Reese. A large number of r prizes were awarded; also $50 choir led by Gomer D. Jones.

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The thirty-eighth annual Eisteddfod was held on New Y eve and New Year's day, in large State Armory. The at ance was very large. Pro Marks Evans was the adjudicat the singing, and W. B. Parr recitations. Prof. D. Gc Thomas was the chief soloist male choir from Granville, N won $40 by singing "Rhu Marsh." Its leader was R. Roberts. Only two ladies' c competed on "The King's Rc by Parson Price; and the of $35 was given the Nordica C Miss Jennie E. Williams, W boro, leader. In the male cl competition on Dr. Parry's "D

' the prize of $100 and gold
l was divided between the
armonics of Granville, R. W.
rts leader, and the Cymrics of
, R. H. Hughes leader. This
ıe gold medal the property of
ymreigyddion Society. In the
choral competition on "The
et," by Protheroe, and "Ye
ms Offer to the Lord," by
lelssohn, three choirs entered,
nly two from Utica sang. The
was given to the Gwents, led
van L. Griffith. The prize was
if three choirs competed, $175
y two, and a gold medal to the
ssful leader. The committee
e Cymreigyddion presented J.
illiams, leader of the unsuccess-
hoir, with a gold medal as a
nition of the splendid singing
; choir, though coming short
e prize.

e first Utica Eisteddfod was
January 1, 1856. It has been
annually ever since, with the
ıtion of 1863 to 1866 inclusive.
ıs suspended then on account
: civil war. The "Utica Morn-
Herald" published a series of
es, recently, giving a history
e Utica Eisteddfod from 1856
76, and a statement of its an-
receipts and expenditures from
to 1896. It shows the total
ıts to have been $26,169.32,
the expenditures $25,277.49,
ıg a balance of $891.83 in the
ıg fund, March 1, 1896.

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evel of the Welsh," was the
ng the "Chicago Inter-Ocean"
ver an account of the Racine
ddfod, held on New Year's
day, under the auspices of the St. David's Society of that city. The grand choral prize of $500, chorus of 70 voices, was awarded to Racine, Lewis Evans, leader. The other entries were: Milwaukee, Waukesha and Chicago. The male chorus prize, $75 and a gold medal valued at $50, was won by Milwaukee, the leader being Carl Haase. The best on "The King's Roses" was the Milwaukee female choir, led by Mrs. Hayden, prize $25. The adjudicators were: Music—W. S. B. Matthews, Chicago; F. A. Parker, Madison, Wis.; Iorwerth Daniel, Glens Falls, N. Y. Essays, Poetry, and Translations—Rev. T. C. Edwards, Kingston, Pa. Recitations—Revs. R. T. Roberts, Thomas Evans, and N. W. Rowlands, Racine. The morning session was presided over by John H. Lewis. W. E. Powell acted as conductor. In the afternoon Rev. J. C. Jones of Chicago was the conductor. In the evening W. E. Powell was conductor, and W. T. Lewis presided. At all three sessions the Lakeside Auditorium was packed to its utmost capacity, and in the evening it is estimated that there were no less than 3,000 present, and a thousand or more were turned away.

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Our space will not allow us to more than mention the principal prizes at the several Eisteddfods. The details will be found in the "Drych."

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None of our natural desires are in themselves evil; but they all need wisdom and firmness to control, to

guide and to grade them. To make the best also the most powerful is the secret of all moral progress. To bring this about no factor is so efficient as conduct.

———:o:———

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The mining fraternity will doubtless be interested in the fact announced by the London Times, that an English syndicate has recently taken up an "ore atomic reduction process." The outcome of this undertaking will undoubtedly have an important bearing on more than one industry. The new invention, it is claimed, does away with all the crushing and stamping and pulverizing, within an hour enabling a miner to reduce the hardest quartz to the condition of sand, and even of fine flour, without slime, and perfectly free from the various deleterious substances which are the enemies of the gold miner all the world over.

The production of wood pulp carpet lining is mentioned in the "Manufacturers' Gazette" as an additional novelty to the many already furnished by that material. The chief factor in this process is a special preparation of the previously worked pulp, which requires the use of a series of cylinders. During the passage of the pulp through these cylinders it receives the ingredients which render it porous, firm, pliable, and efficient for the purpose intended.

According to the annual general report upon the mineral industry in the United Kingdom, the number of persons employed in connection with coal mines in North (Flintshire and Denbigshir 1895, was 12,236, a decrease c and in South Wales (Pem shire, Carmarthenshire, Gl ganshire, Breconshire, and mouthshire), 126,135, an incre 1.602. South Wales, in fac the only district in which crease took place. The tonn coal raised was 27,973,647 value being £10,014,203. Le was produced in Wales in tl lowing quantities: Brecon, tons, £1,188 value; Cardigan £4,591; Carmarthen, 1,272, £ Carnarvon, 44, £241; Denbigl £3,380; Flint, 7,042, £52,017; gomery, 1,500, £10,210. The ber of deaths from accidents North Wales coal fields w and in South Wales 245, the being a much larger figure that for any other district. I it is pointed out that South which employes 18.3 per ce persons, is accountable for 2 cent. of deaths. The retur shows that Wales produced tons of iron ore, 9,261 tons c ore, and 140,607 tons of slate. mining, it appears, is only c on in one county in the U Kingdom, Merionethshire, in county 15,266 tons of gol were raised.

———:o:———

THE STRANGE LETTER "S

Did you ever think w strange letter "S" is? It is pent in disguise. Listen—yo hear it hiss. It is the wizard alphabet. It gives possessior multiplies indefinitely by its

anges a tree in trees and a
: in houses. Sometimes it is
spiteful and will change a pet
a pest, a pear into a spear, a
into a sword, and laughter
slaughter, and it will make hot
every time. Farmers have to
i it closely. It will make scorn
s corn and reduce every peck
speck. If he needs more room
is stock it will change a table
a stable for him, and if he is
of hay he can set out a row of
. It will turn them into stacks.
nust be careful, however, not
t his nails lie around loose.
serpent's breath will turn them
snails. If you ever get hurt,
he serpent to your aid. In-
y your pain will be in Spain.
ure to take it with you the
time you climb a mountain if
lesire to witness a marvel. It
make the peak speak. But
let it come around while you
eading now, for it will make
ale stale.

———:o:———

## THE BOOK OF JOB.

attentive reader of the Book
b can rise from its perusal
ut a new sense of revelation,
t all unlike the consciousness
w knowledge which a pious
houghtful and candid Greek
l have derived from witnessing
resentation of "Prometheus"
ie stage, and from contrasting
ssons with the old mythologi-
re in which he had been in-
inated. A Hebrew student or
dern student of the Book of
an hardly fail to be struck with
sublime belief in absolute jus-
tice as a sovereign power in the universe, however much its due manifestation might be impeded from different causes; or with the fact that it was precisely this which formed the basis of Job's invincible trust in Jahve, or rather in the goodness and justice which Jahve personified in his spiritual consciousness. Nor can such a student fail to notice the subjective side of the preceding considerations, to wit, Job's unassailable conviction of his own integrity, and, therefore, the virtual infallibility which he assigns to the human consciousness. We should observe, too, as the outcome of these two principles, the distinct sanction of honest doubt, free inquiry, and free speech, which is presented by the words of Job, and, thereby, the justifiability of all questioning and research based on the pure love of truth, especially if attended by unselfishness, intellectual candor, and religious reverence. Recognized, also, by any thoughtful student would be the greatly enlarged scope assigned, both in Job's speeches and Jahve's discourse, to ancient Hebrew notions on the subject of God and his government of the world; nor can any one fail to perceive the effects of these broader conceptions in enlarging man's own views both of himself and of his true place in the universe. In short, to a candid and intellectual Hebrew, the study of the book might not inaptly be defined as a liberal education, especially if he had been nurtured on theocratic notions and on ideas of national exclusiveness. But such a

reader would be ultimately brought to a conviction of the drawbacks of human search after truth, drawbacks proceeding from the unbounded scope of knowledge, as well as from the limited powers of man.

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## DR. JOSEPH PARRY ON MUSICAL EDUCATION.

Dr. Joseph Parry's annual musical evening was held Dec. 15, at the University College, Cardiff. In the course of the evening Dr. Parry made an address. He said the University College of South Wales now offered facilities for the study of music such as had never been offered before in the history of Wales. Music formed an important part in the curriculum of the dozen or so intermediate schools which that body was now opening, and it would also, doubtless, establish evening classes in some 70 or 80 centers throughout the country. That committee had decided to offer early next year two scholarships, each of the value of £40 per annum, and tenable for two years; also five scholarships of one year's free tuition; while three musical scholarships were offered by the Technical Committee of the borough of Cardiff.

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## MICE AS ENGINEERS.

Mice are good engineers. In digging holes for telegraph poles one of the workmen became greatly interested in watching the ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse which had fallen into one of the holes. It was four and one-half feet in depth and twenty inches in diameter. The first day the little prisoner spent in running round the t of the hole and trying to means of escape. The secon he had got over his hysteric settled down to a steady bu He began systematically to spiral groove round and rou inner surface of the hole with form ascending grade. He w night and day. As he got f from the bottom he dug little ets where he could lie anc The interested witnesses kept supplied with food. After a the mouse struck a rock; he to get under, around and ov obstacle, but without succes therefore reversed the spira finally reached the top.

———o———

An extraordinary story c credulity of Russian peasants from Slavyansk, in southern sia, where a woman whose ten old girl had sore eyes consu witch doctor and was told to gunpowder to the child's eye touch it off with a match. obeyed, blinding the child a juring herself.

It is recorded of Margaret ] who was accounted one of the brilliant conversationalists o day, that every one who held course with her went away sur that he had been able to say so and to say it so well, as he had presence. She united with he remarkable gift of expressio rare power of drawing out th that was in her companions. two capacities seldom exist t a degree, side by side, in the person; but every one may cu the latter power, and, throug charm, may spread pleasur benefit on whatever company ters.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

A National Monthly Magazine.

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THOMAS J. POWELL.

Thomas J. Powell, of Coalburg, Ohio, one of the best of the very few really good Welsh poets and fiction writers of America, was born at Tredegar, Monmouthshire, Wales, December 25, 1848, and came to America in 1869. He is descended on his mother's side from Rev. William Edwards, the self-educated mason who built the famous old single-arch bridge across the Taff, at Pontypridd. Mr. Powell inherits much of the genius of his celebrated ancestor. In boyhood he enjoyed the advantages of the Town Hall School of Tredegar. He then went to work as a collier, like many another talented Welshman, and followed this occupation until 1873, when he took a course of study in the Iron City College, Pittsburg, Pa. Since 1874 he has been in business in Coalburg, his present home, and has been postmaster since 1890.

He early developed a taste for literature, and while yet a boy, took part in Eisteddfodic and other contests. Few Welsh-Americans can show a better record as winner of Eisteddfodic prizes than Mr. Powell. At the Liverpool National Eisteddfod, in 1884, he was awarded a prize of seven guineas for the best poem, "A Pastoral: The Farmer's Daughter;" in 1885, he won five guineas for the best novel, at the Aberdare Eisteddfod; in 1887, twenty guineas at the London National Eisteddfod, for a novel; in 1888, ten guineas (half the prize) for a novel at the Wrexham National Eisteddfod. Among his American trophies may be mentioned, $50 for the best poem on Grant, at the Iowa State Eisteddfod, in 1885; in 1886, $25 and bardic chair, for a poem on Belshazzar, at the Granville, N. Y., Eisteddfod; in 1891, $100 for a poem on Hugh W. Hughes, at the Middle Granville, N. Y., Eisteddfod; in the same year, $25 for the best poem on the Star Spangled Banner, at the Colorado State Eisteddfod; $25 for a poem on Phil Sheridan at the Washington State Eisteddfod; $25 for a poem on W. B. Jones (Ap P. A. Mon) at the New York City Eisteddfod; in 1894 $20 for a poem on Rev. J. Morgan Thomas, at the Youngstown Eisteddfod; and in 1895, $20 for a poem on Glory at the Utica Eisteddfod.

Mr. Powell has been active in Eisteddfodic circles, outside of the competitions, either as adjudicator or conductor. He has acted as conductor, adjudicator or secretary, of every Eisteddfod but one held in Youngstown during the past ten years. At the last, and largest Eisteddfod ever held in that city, he acted in the triple capacity of conductor, adjudicator and secretary. This honor can best be appreciated when it is remembered that Youngstown is not deficient in literary men of exceptional ability.

Mr. Powell is an active member of the American Order of True Ivorites, and has held the highest offices within the gift of that organization. He is also an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias, a Dewi Santist and Secretary of the Society of Old Pioneers of Trumbull and Mahoning Counties, O.

Thomas J. Powell belongs to a gifted family. His brother, Rev. D. Powell, is pastor of a Baptist church in Liverpool. Another brother, Evan, now deceased, published a "History of Tredegar." His father, T. J. Powell, was a deacon in the Baptist Church over which Rev. Robert Ellis (Cynddelw) was pastor, in Sirhowy. His most prominent personal trait is modesty; but it is the manly modesty that commands respect and confidence, as the writer can testify from personal knowledge.

## THE CAMBRIAN FOR 1897.

By Shenkyn Shadrach.

My! have you seen the Cambrian? why?
He's so improved—looks very fine,
He's larger grown—he's tall, and high,
My! in the literary line,
He's up to date, in ev'ry sense—
No monthly issue can excel
The Cambrian, now—he is immense,
I'm proud to see him look so well!

Good boy! friend Cambrian, grow on, still,
In wisdom, knowledge, and in wit;
The "Drych" has dressed you up to kill,
Your new coat is a perfect fit!
Y ddraig goch ddyry gychwyn—yea,
Ye foes of truth, beware his wrath!
And liberty shall light the way—
None, but the brave, shall tread her path.

Wilkesbarre, Pa

## A JOURNEY THROUGH THE SKY.

By John E. Lewis.

Let us in imagination take a journey through space. We shall need first of all, wings, strong enough to lift us from the earth and overcome its attraction. We shall need to have different breathing apparatus from that which we now have, for we shall find very soon after the commencement of our trip that the atmosphere will fail us. We shall need courage and nerve more than was ever asked of mortal man to contemplate calmly the immensity of the depth which we are to enter and the incredible swiftness of the speed which will be necessary.

Supposing that we are equipped therefore in all ways sufficient, we spring from the earth and mount upward, slowly at first, gaining speed rapidly. Familiar objects soon lose distinctness, and the eye takes in a state instead of a city, soon a continent instead of a state, and before long we are really convinced of the fact that the earth is round, for now we are up far enough to watch it hanging like a ball suspended in the air. We can see it turning on its axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour and traveling in its path around the sun at a rate of eleven hundred miles a minute.

But it is rapidly growing smaller; soon it is but a point of light showing itself to us only as the sun's light strikes it. We leave the sun behind us as we start on our long journey, and reach first of all the planet Mars. We have a chance now to see whether the foliage is really red; whether the markings that we have watched so long from the earth down there are really canals or not; whether there is snow at the poles, and perhaps in swiftly passing may be convinced that there are inhabitants; but we can take only a mo-

mentary glance, for we are swiftly dashing on our way.

Next we reach Jupiter, the giant of the system; that enormous body which is more than twelve hundred times as large as the earth. Around it we see circling five moons; we see it covered with clouds, a mystery to the earth, but a mystery to us no longer, because we can catch glimpses through their heavy folds and really see the surface and shape of the planet.

Saturn comes next in sight. Saturn the beautiful, with his rings of circling satelites, so many and so close together that from the earth they look like a solid ring. We must be careful now in passing, lest we come in collision with one of his moons. We can imagine some of the beauty which the inhabitant of Saturn beholds as he sees that gorgeous ring stretch over him, and watches the moons traveling in their orbits around the planet.

We are approaching the confines of our solar system now. It is intensely cold; the sun has shrunken to insignificance compared with its former splendor. We pass Uranus and Neptune, those far away planets which mark the boundaries of our system, and we note the time in which we have come this enormous distance of nearly three billions of miles, as twenty-four hours, the time necessary on the earth in traveling from New York to Chicago. But we must not stop; our journey is one not of a day, nor of a week, nor of a year. We are out now, far away from any heavenly body. On all sides of us we see the stars in their courses,but apparently no nearer than when we were on the earth.

We travel five, ten, fifteen, eighteen weary years, and we are near enough now to be dazzled by their light and appalled by their enormous size. Larger and more brilliant than our own sun, they shine in overwhelming magnificence. Each of them has its train of planets circling about it. Who shall say that these are not inhabited? Here is a red sun; there a blue one; on this side a yellow, on the other a green; each sending out its rays into space, until the universe is flooded with a gorgeous combination of colors beyond anything we ever dreamed, and still as far as we can see lies before us nothing but space. Apparently we have not begun our journey. Where is the end? Shall we ever find it? Where is the central sun of the universe, around which all of these orbs, now lying in apparent confusion, make their everlasting circuit? Where shall we find God? We have come from the east to the west, we have traveled boundless realms of space, yet God's universe still shuts us in on every side. We look and are overcome. We are but human, and even the visible works of the Eternal overwhelm us. Surely He whose thoughts it was that created these things, must be above all and beyond all; must be far beyond mortality to comprehend.

We rest and wait in hope that some day our minds will be so en-

larged that we may at last, in some degree at least, comprehend what is the length and breadth and depth and height of the thought of God.

Derby, Conn.



## MISS HELEN'S DRUM MAJOR.

By Emma P. Treat.

"Some one to see you in the library, Miss Helen."

"What name, please?"

"The gentleman," and there was a marked accent upon the word gentleman, "did not send up his card, Miss Helen. It's one of them boys of yours, I guess."

"Thank you, Margie, I will go down at once."

When, a moment later, Miss Helen Maxwell entered the beautifully furnished library, she saw, sitting in the most gingerly fashion upon the edge of one of the heavy oak chairs, a lad of some fourteen years, small of stature, his round head surmounted by closely-cropped, sandy hair that the boys styled "brick-dust," and balancing upon his knee a common splint basket, filled with matches, gingham kitchen aprons, and toilet soap of a common grade.

It was Ben Robinson. "Poor Ben," Miss Helen sometimes said to herself when thinking of him, and again "Odd Ben," when she recalled his homely speech, often full of a quaint wisdom. Sickness in early childhood, and hard poverty all through his brief years of life, had isolated Ben from the ordinary pleasures and companionship of boyhood, and tended to the more marked development of strong individual traits of character. He always interested Miss Helen, and sometimes he puzzled her.

In reply to Miss Helen's cordial greeting, Ben Robinson entered at once upon the object of his call.

"I've come for one of them boxes, Miss Helen, them mercy boxes, you know. Of course I can't put in much, but we've talked it over, mother and me, and we think I ought to give a 'tenth,' too, just like the other boys in the band, for even if it does seem pretty up hill-work some days, we've lots of mercies, too."

"But Ben, I didn't mean you. I meant the boys who have so much, the ones who can spend money just as they please, and never need to save for any one else."

"Yes, Miss Helen, I understand. Of course they can give lots more for their mercies than I can for mine, but when you read the directions to us about the 'tenth,' and how each one was so willing, there wasn't anything said about the size of the tenth, was there? I was thinking the Captain wouldn't expect everybody's tenth to be the same size. I thought He cared more about us dividing up exactly even,

doing the square thing, you know, than anything else. But I guess I must be wrong."

"Oh, no, indeed! Ben," said Miss Helen, much struck by his quaint wisdom. But you have so much depending upon you. You must, if possible, keep in school. And then there is your mother and the little children. Really, I believe the Lord will not expect a tenth from you."

"Of course, Miss Helen, I couldn't give a tenth of what I get for aprons, matches and soap, for they all belong to mother. But I always take my organ along, and when I go in to rest a bit, I ask the people to let me play them a tune. Sometimes they give me a nickel or a dime, and that's mine, you know, and it's the tenth of that we want to give to the Lord."

"Yes, Ben, but I do not feel that you ought to give even that. I'll give you one of the boxes just to keep to look at. The Lord wants us to pray, too, so you might make it a rule every time you look at it to ask the Lord to open the hearts of those who have money that they can spare."

"I'll try and remember to do that, but if you'll excuse me, Miss Helen, for saying so, I think I'd feel mighty mean asking the Captain to make the other fellows do what I won't do myself. You know you said we were the Lord's soldiers, and joining the band was just like enlisting, and so when I went in, I meant to help on in the fighting as well as in the praying. It seems to me a fellow could pray better after a good square whack at the enemy."

"Oh! Ben, I didn't mean we were really to fight, to try to kill any one. I meant that we were to try to drive out and kill the selfishness that makes us want to keep every good thing for ourselves."

"Yes'm, I know what you meant, but I'd like to get a whack at the meanness in me; I'd like to do something hard, like a real soldier. It makes me feel meaner than nothing to have the Captain feed me, and clothe me and give me everything, and then, when He needs help, I just sit down and say, I can't do anything. So I made up my mind I'd take my organ along and play for Him. Perhaps you'd like to hear me, Miss Helen?"

"Indeed I would, Ben."

Putting his basket down Ben drew out his mouth-organ, and with head thrown back, one coarsely shod foot beating time as if a whole army must step to its taps, he began with the air the band boys like so well, "Onward, Christian Soldier." Miss Helen had a little justifiable pride in her knowledge of music and her culture in its execution, but she found herself intensely interested. And at last, as the player changed off into the notes of "Sweet Bye and Bye," she could not quite keep back the tears that welled to her eyes. He was so in earnest, and the notes seemed to speak out the boy's love for his Captain. But what should she do with him?

"Indeed, Ben, I'm sure people will

like to hear you play, and I think you can make quite a sum with that wonderful organ of yours, but you must never forget the children at home. You know you must work like a father for them."

"I never forget them, Miss Helen, and to-morrow is baby's birthday. She'll be three years old, and I thought perhaps you'd let me take the box to-day. I'd give it to her for a birthday gift."

"Would she like it, do you think?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to let her have it to keep, you know. I'd just show it to her on her birthday, it would be something new and bright in the house, and then I'd explain to her that we started the box that day, because we're so glad we've got her; and mother thinks that if the matches and things go well to-day, that we can give her a whole orange all for herself."

"That's a nice idea, Ben. You shall surely have the box. It is a real help to me to know you care so much for the band, and that you really want to follow close after the Captain."

"You see, Miss Helen, I can't do much; I can't stay in school all the year like the other boys, or read and study like they do, and I told mother I was afraid you'd not want me to join; but she said an army must have privates as well as officers, and that I could, at least, march with the rest. And then I have my organ."

"Yes, Ben, an army can't march without music, and I think you understand better than some older folks the kind of music the Captain wants His soldiers to march to. No matter how dark the way seems, He likes to hear brave, joyful strains. He calls it in one place in the directions, "songs in the night," so keep on with your music, Ben; perhaps you'll be a drum major some day, and set the time for the other boys to march to."

"I'd like that! The drum major walks near the Captain, doesn't he?"

"Why, he's at the very head of the line. You know he marks the time for all the others."

"I'll try for it mighty hard, Miss Helen."

"Ben, how would you like this? You may be my drum major in the band; we won't say anything to the boys just yet, but you keep on, do all you can for the Captain, ask Him every day for orders, and no matter what He tells you to do, do it. And my dear boy, don't be afraid to go up to Him with all your troubles, for He is just like a father to His soldiers; and don't forget that if the drum major grows careless, that the soldiers will soon straggle along out of the line. How do you like the office?"

"I like it, Miss Helen, and I'll try my very best."

"Bravely said, Ben. And here is the box."

"Thank you, Miss Helen. Maybe I ought not to have come, but to-morrow, you know——"

"That's all right, Ben. Remember you're an officer now, and when I can help you, you have a right to call on me."

With a most military bow, Ben took up his pack and made his way out. Then Miss Helen Maxwell sat down to think. She had been so discouraged with her band. Such bright, active boys, full of latent power for good service that she had been powerless to stir into life. Indeed, the time spent with them often seemed wasted. And now, here was Ben, poor, ignorant, simple-hearted Ben, the only son of a destitute widow with three younger children, whom she had invited into the band, thinking that the heroism with which he bore the poverty and hardness of his life, would teach her boys, who, with every want supplied, seemed to care nothing for the numbers in our land who are hungering for want of the Bread of Life, to be at least pitiful toward the Lord's poor. And the lesson she had meant him to teach the others, this odd boy, with his literal interpretation of her teaching, had learned himself. "Perhaps, like Uzzah, I thought my hand was needed to steady the Ark," she said, "and I have made his life harder, instead of brighter, as I hoped."

But Ben! How was it with him? Miss Helen's teaching had been accepted by him in perfect faith. She had tried to enthuse the boys by calling the Saviour their Captain, and them enlisted soldiers. Ben's heart went out with gladness to the thought that somebody cared enough for him to want him for a soldier. He had felt so alone, so fatherless, and here was one who needed him, just poor Ben Robinson. "And I'll march through thick and thin for Him," he said. And the relationship grew to be so real in his heart, that often, when on his rounds, he would halt, pull off his cap, and salute, in obedience to what he thought was his Captain's word of command.

"I'd like Him to know I'm always listening for Him," he said. And his mother humored the conceit, if it was a conceit, and was glad for this sunshine in her boy's heart.

Leaving Miss Helen's home, Ben's first call on his rounds was at a house that betokened wealth in its owner. Ringing the bell, the door was opened by a gentleman whom Ben had often seen.

"Well, my lad, what can I do for you!" he kindly asked.

"Any matches, soap or aprons needed to-day, sir?" was Ben's reply.

"I am not in need of anything in just that line, but if you'll step in, perhaps you may find a customer."

Doffing his hat, Ben followed the gentleman to the large sitting-room, and into the presence of the lady of the house.

"Here is some one who wishes to see you, my dear," was his introduction.

"I hardly think I know the lad. May I ask your name?" The lady's tones were sweet and kind.

"I'm Ben Robinson, ma'am, I sell matches and soap, and my mother makes these aprons, all good fast colors, and well sewed; would you like anything to-day?"

His honest, freckled face was so full of earnest desire to make a sale.

that the gentle lady could not refuse his pleadings, and so made a generous selection from the basket. The sale concluded, Ben drew out his organ, and asked permission to play for them. Receiving a hearty consent, he began at once.

Of course he played the band tunes, for he was an officer now; and then, some of the sweet but plaintive airs his mother sang in the Sabbath twilight. As he put the organ away his host dropped a dime into his basket. "You have well earned it, my lad," he said, "and if you do all your work in life as earnestly and well as you play your mouth-organ, you'll be sure to succeed."

Thanking the giver, Ben took the silver, and carefully wrapping it in a bit of paper, put it in his pocket.

"Why do you wrap it up so carefully?" the sweet-faced lady asked.

"I keep this separate from the rest," Ben replied.

"Oh, that is for candy, or a toy, I suppose," said his host.

"No, sir," Ben replied, coloring deeply, "this isn't all mine."

"Not yours? Why, I gave it to you. Whose is it, pray?"

"Why sir, you see I belong to an army, and I promised the Captain I'd give a tenth of all I got to help the other fellows on. It takes a good deal, sir, to keep up a big army, and there's a good many fights by the way."

"I think I do not quite understand, my lad."

"No, sir, a good many don't. But it's like this. We belong to a band, and Miss Helen says—she's our leader—she says we are to act just like real soldiers, and do just what the Captain says, whether it just suits us or not. Just now we've got an Indian boy way out West, have him in a school there, and the Captain wants to make a soldier of him, and He asks us to give a tenth of all our very own money to help do it. That's fair enough, for you see, He gives it all to us, anyway."

"He didn't give you that dime you just put in your pocket. I gave you that, and I wan't you to use it all for yourself."

"Then sir, if you'll pardon me, I'd rather not take it, because if it's mine, then one-tenth of it is His, for I've promised, and 'twould be stealing if I took it." And Ben held out the coin to the giver.

The gentleman took it, but in its place slipped a bright new quarter into the basket.

"My boy, I don't know much about your Captain, or your army, but I like a boy that's honest even with himself. The boy that is not honest with himself, and his own money, won't be honest with other people and their money. If you have promised your Captain a share, then give it to Him, to the last penny. To be honest is the way to rise."

"Thank you, sir, for your kind words. I'm trying hard to rise, and Miss Helen thinks I may get to be drum major for the band." And Ben took his departure, happy in

thought of the large "tenth" that night would find in his "mercy-box."

And now six months have gone by, and the time has come for the opening of the boxes. The church parlors are well filled with friends of the band, a pleasant programme having been arranged for the occasion. Standing on a table before Miss Helen are twenty-five boxes that the boys have brought in. With each box is a verse of Scripture to be read as it is opened, this being the only clue to its ownership.

You are interested, I hope, in one of these boxes. It was quite heavy. Indeed, its weight made one suspicious of its contents. First the text was read, "His banner over me was love," and queerly enough it was signed, "One of the soldiers." Then the box was opened, and twenty pennies rolled out upon the table. It was the smallest sum that had been given, and a half-suppressed laugh went round among the boys of the band. Poor Ben's scarlet face revealed his ownership of the box. Indeed, it was hard to keep the tears back, for his heart was loyal to his Captain, and he longed so to do some good service for Him, "but," he said to himself, "He knows, and mother knows, that I've never gone back on my word to Him, though I've been hungry many a time. But He's told us a soldier must expect to have it hard sometimes. That's what they're for." He had forgotten everything but his own grief until Miss Helen's voice recalled his wandering thoughts; the flush on her face, the ring in her voice made him forget his shame and sorrow.

"I hold in my hand," said she, "a letter that I expected to read to but one member of our band. But it may be well to read it to you all, as well as to those who are our guests. It is addressed simply to the "Leader of the Boy's Band," and reads thus:

**"I hope you will pardon the stranger who addresses this note to you, but I know not how else to accomplish the object I have in view. I enclose ten dollars that I wish you, in some way, to add to the amount a lad who sells matches, and who calls himself your drum major, has saved for his mercy-box. I think that is what he called it. And will you please tell him for me that his loyalty to his Captain, his self-denial, which I know of—for I have been on his track for nearly six months —have been such a reproof to me that I could not rest until I began to pay what I really owe to the one whom he calls his Captain, and who is now my Captain too. There is no such word as fail for an army of such soldiers. May God bless you and the boys, is the prayer of your friend.**

**Samuel J. Mathews."**

For a minute or two there was perfect silence. But boys are true to the right, and generous in their impulses, and unmindful of time and place they broke out into three rousing cheers for Ben, with three more and a "tiger" for his friend Mr. Mathews. And the audience joined in their jollity. But as the cheering began, Ben slipped out, and before his absence was noticed, was far on his way home.

Somehow the programme grew dim before Miss Helen's eyes, and she bowed her head upon the desk. Quickly her pastor stepped to the front, and with outstretched hands poured forth a plea to God for the dear young boys of our land. "Help them, O Christ," he prayed, "to do faithfully the work Thou hast for them to do in saving this beautiful land for Thee, and give them, through their service, the right to emblazon upon their banners the words Thou hast given us—These are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus. Amen."

## GO, WINTER, GO!

By Sallie A. Lewis.

Go! winter, go! upon your way,
I want the leaf and flower,
I want to hear at break of day,
The blue-bird in his bower.

Go! winter, go! you've tarried long,
I sigh for the clover nook,
The new mown hay, the woodland song,
The running, laughing brook.

Go! winter, go! and haste away,
I want the April shower,
To crown the earth in garlands gay,
And court the summer bower.

Go! winter, go! the maple sighs,
For the robin's roundelay,
The daisy calls for warmer skies,
For the meadow's bridal way.

Go! winter, go! you've done your best,
You've kept my darlings warm,
And ev'ry bird will find its nest,
When the trees in bloom will charm.

Cincinnati, O.

## THE CHARTIST OUTBREAK AT NEWTOWN.

Half a century, says a writer in "Wales," has passed since the first indications of an outbreak amongst the chartists of Newtown took place, and during those fifty years many, if not the whole, of the most active of the chartists have long since gone to their rest, and have found that peace which their Celtic blood refused to grant to them whilst they trod the land of the Cymry. They were then living in days when their thoughts were smothered with one great desire, one great ambition—that of becoming their own masters at the cost of the comfort of others, and at the risk of their own lives.

But although the principal characters of the movement have passed out of sight, there are those still living who have a lively recollection of many incidents which then took place.

Newtown, like Llanidloes, was full of handloom weavers, and at this particular period there must have been as many as 1,500 in Newtown alone. The organization of the Chartists' League was followed by

the introduction of military drills, under the captaincy of an old pensioner. These drills were carried out on a grass plot in the vicinity of the Dingle Waterfall, a place sufficiently secluded to prevent detection from the prying eyes of Blenkhorn, the local policeman, detective, etc. The drills being concluded, the youthful chartists would march in regular order into the town, where they would disperse. This sort of amusement was especially pleasant to the younger members of the League, and served to fill up the time which the early spring evenings placed at their disposal. Jolly days they must have been—playing at soldiers, safely secured from cannon ball, and with the smell of gunpowder still far afield. This sort of thing, however, was not to last long. The turbulent spirits of the chartists at Llanidloes had been scented by the law officers, and London policemen were despatched to the scene of operations. The scene was now changed. Llanidloes was in an uproar; and before the evening of the 30th of April, 1839, had closed round the Montgomeryshire hills, the order for the despatch of soldiers to the spot was being carried out.

Newtown chartists were soon made aware of the change of affairs, and as the mounted troops passed through the streets, the men who composed the rear guard had their movements accelerated by a heavy shower of stones. One of the troopers living in Mochdre, a village near to Newtown, complained of having a bad leg, and of being unable to obtain a horse, to join his comr in their gallant raid. He was a ( ard at heart, and was tauntec his neighbors upon his wan pluck. The following day in gence was received that the ri were quiet at Llanidloes, and was the opportunity for this da trooper to show his bravery. must have a horse at any pric was indispensable that he sh proceed to the scene of action, amidst the jeers of his compar he sallied forth to war.

The rioters at Llanidloes dispe upon the approach of the mili and the disturbances were at an The soldiers were now employe hunting for the fugitives, and a tachment of mounted men wer dered to Newtown. Most of chartists had escaped among hills, and the village of Moc was a general rendezvous. At time Mochdre was a thriving m factory and fulling village, and numbers of men were employe the production of flannel. The l est situated mill to Newtown manded from its windows a vie the line which joined the coach about half a mile away, and weavers were soon made acqua with the presence of the appr ing soldiers. The men in the knew that they were heade Jack Horton, the local bailiff, one of the younger hands dec that he would take a rise o "ould Jack." When the sol came sufficiently near to get a view of the factory, he dashed hatless and in his weaver's a

through the brook, and skirted the base of the mill across a field, and disappeared in a coppice. He could hear the bailiff shouting—"Yander's one; yander's one." And away the soldiers rode up the lane for the purpose of cutting off the supposed chartist's retreat, whilst Jack and some of his comrades followed the course taken by the fugitive. Puff-

Newtown, the Center of the Welsh Flannel Industry.

ing and blowing in their exertions they at last reached the summit of the knoll at the rear of the coppice, and to their astonishment came upon the supposed fugitive quietly sitting down upon a grassy mound. "What's thee be such a fool, mun," was all "ould Jack" could say, and the rest of his comrades laughed heartily. Jack never heard the last of this adventure. The soldiers were now recalled, and they proceeded to the Foxes inn, where every room in the house was searched, and even the barrels in the cellar were probed with the sabre to see if any of the chartists were hidden within. All the inns of the neighborhood, together with many of the farm houses, were searched. At one of the last mentioned places a chartist had a narrow escape of discovery, he having hid inside a grandfather's clock which stood in the same room that the soldiers searched. Haystacks, barns, and cowhouses were similarly treated, but they failed to make a capture, and returned to Newtown.

The gorse-covered hills of the Vastre were also a favorite retreat of the chartists, and they safely hid themselves in the day time, at night creeping out to beg for food. A

publican named Nicholls, residing at a back street public-house in Newtown, was the armorer for the company, and in his charge were deposited about twenty long iron spears, which it was the intention of the men to make use of in the general rising throughout the country.

The spears were kept in an old clock case, and were exhibited by the same man some years afterwards. The presence of these weapons added a certain amount of earnestness to the actions of the chartists, but the premature movement of their Llanidloes allies was the means of frustrating their designs, and in many cases dispelled the dreams of some of theirs number who had already fixed upon the neighboring country seats as their future place of residence. In recognition of the efforts made by the officers to quell the disturbances, a letter of thanks was addressed to them by the magistrates of Newtown.

* * *

## GOSPEL ETHICS IN POLITICS.

By Rev. G. James Jones, M. A., Ph. D.

All those believing that the Lord Jesus Christ, in establishing his blessed Kingdom in the world, intended that by means of that Kingdom men and women should possess the fruit and joy of righteousness in this life, see the dawn of better things in the agreement just made between the United States and Great Britain that all difficulties arising diplomatically between the two governments for a period of five years shall be settled by arbitration. By reason of that agreement all talk of war between the two countries is at an end, at least for the time covered by the agreement. It is an advance step—there is inspiration in its contemplation. Some of us may believe that in it we see possibilities opening for agreements on other vital and important questions, such as the standard of money and protective tariff, and immigration laws. As long as we trade in the markets of the world, it seems that the money honored in those markets must be used by us, or we must suffer as a consequence of our differences. Building a political wall around ourselves to protect us from goods manufactured in foreign countries, may seem rationally fair on the surface, but when the Christian philosophy of the thing is sought, it seems nothing other than a jargon of words arranged on purpose to catch the ears of the unthinking. Tariff we must have, but it ought to be just, fair, and beneficial to all parties concerned. "No man liveth to himself." No nation liveth to itself. The ethics of the gospel recognize the law of love governing the relations of nations as well as individuals, culminating in the highest good

ll parties as the fundamental law vell being. That law is recog-d in the agreement to which I e referred. That agreement has le more tender and sacred the binding the two nations togeth-The United States gains nothing trying to belittle Great Britain, Great Britain gains nothing by ng to belittle the United States; y are two separate governments, s true, but they are one in their inner life and higher interests. The agreement just made may culminate in the two nations standing up together before all the world, insisting that the principles of the sermon on the mount be inculcated in the social functions of civil government, and thus, hastening the day of the coronation of Christ as the king of the world, and let all the people say, Amen and Amen.

noxville, Tenn.

## THE DENVER EISTEDDFOD.

djudication of G. H. Humphrey on the Poetical Compositions and Translations.

### I.

Welsh Poem, "Eangder, Dyfn-Uchelder."

eceived five compostions on this ect, subscribed respectively, yr Ysgwrdd Gwyn, Mab An-Evan Pugh, Bardd Breuddwyd, o Tarsus. The first one named mis-spelled many words; has r rhymes and incorrect syntax and there throughout his poem, t his thoughts seldom rise e common-place. The labor, ver, upon this production is , and the author is worthy of for his effort.

b Anian seems to have no other than to follow the Scriptural y with interspersed thoughts own; which thoughts are gen-of an ordinary character, and arrative and prosy form. Oc-ally, however, we are given a raph partaking of the nature of true poetry. Here and there mistakes in spelling and syntax appear in his work; but as this is not an elementary school, I will not stop to mention them one by one.

Evan Pugh has given us a scholarly production, suggesting that he must be familiar with such works as Proctor's Lectures, Dick's Treatises and Chalmer's Astronomical Sermons; he has given us a scientific, thoughtful, and not infrequently, fascinating, poem. He has written Sirus where it should have been Sirius. His copy is neat, his taste chaste, and his attitude reverent. He ranks high as a poet.

Bardd Breuddwyd has composed a fine poem, which, excepting his prelude, is in the same metre as Tennyson's "In Memoriam." His poem is divided into three parts, the first treating of space

and duration; the second, of the depths, resulting from wrong-doing, ending in Gehenna; the third, of the exaltation and heights resulting from virtue, and culminating in Paradise. He is a very thoughtful author, with a mind well trained, well informed, judgment well balanced, rich in fancy, skilled in his descriptions, and striking in his illustrations, as well as forceful in his applications. This poem in its entirety is a noble work.

Saul o Tarsus has taken a broad view of his subject, combining symmetrically the historical, philosophical and theological, and all interwoven with poetic ideas of various character, but always fresh, pleasing and wholesome. It is true that once in a while he lapses into a prosy frame of mind; but he makes amends for the same by many majestic flights in the realms of sublimity and lofty suggestions. He has misspelled Arcturus, and more than once used the words "peirianau" where "offerynau" would have been more proper, that being the Welsh equivalent of instruments. He varies his metres quite often, and thereby avoids monotony. He sustains himself well throughout, and gains strength toward the last, closing with elegant and appropriate stanzas. He is very worthy of the first prize, with Bardd Breuddwyd a close second, and worthy of the second prize, and Evan Pugh in their company very worthy of the third prize.

2. Prospective View from Pike's Peak.

Seven have competed on this ject, namely, Llais Athrylith, ] ton, Gwenno, Jean Leroy, O Wendell Holmes, Bernard Rice, and Alta Vista. They star merit in the order of their nam given. The first has compose Welsh, but seems to be lackin an eye to see nature, a heart to nature, and a courage to accom nature. If, however, he is a be ner, he should take courage, and try again.

Merton has given us an En ode which combines scholar enthusiasm, elegance in diction, smoothness of rhythm. The scriptions are somewhat too gen as if the author lacked famili with the varied scene. But pri no prize, Merton need not ashamed of this composition.

Gwenno is also scholarly, a rich in fancy, quick and pointe wit, with superior descri powers. Her penmanship is leg her punctuation correct, thoug complete. She brings in a silver politics, which, under the cumstances, is quite pardonabl it does not mar her ode. She is tainly an authoress of culture uncommon ability. By revising work she might remove some ities, and polish other ones to g er brilliancy.

Jean Leroy has given us an quisite copy. She has used the "weird" rather too often, and misspelled it every time. She has given us Titantic for Titanic. metre occasionally suggests By

Childe Harold. Her descriptions are in the main very good, though they partake somewhat of the character of a guide-book; but taken all in all, this ode is very creditable to Jean Leroy, and very satisfactory to the reader.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has given us a remarkably nice copy, and a composition indicating a master of the Welsh language, and a poet of high degree. He divided his poem into two parts, viewing the subject physically and geographically. He seems to be familiar with the grand views from Pike's Peak.

Bernard Lea Rice has given us an ode in the metre of Longfellow's Hiawatha, which is a good selection for the theme. His descriptions are all vivid, distinct, and apparently correct. He is possessed of a rare poetical mind.

Alta Vista has also given us an elegant type-written copy, with very few blemishes upon its face. We have noticed that the word Palisades is misspelled, as is also the word synonymous; but the word-painting and descriptions of this author are masterly, and indicate the hand of genius. In this competition, Alta Vista stands first; Bernard Lea Rice second; and Oliver Wendell Holmes third, each being very worthy of his prize.

## DANIEL L. JONES, THE ANTIQUARIAN.

There is, perhaps, not a better example of a successful life well spent, says the Brooklyn (N. Y.,) "Eagle," of recent date, than the career of Daniel L. Jones, a nonogenarian, who lives in the old-fashioned mansion at 70 McKibben St., in the eastern district of this city. Mr. Jones has lived there for nearly sixty years, and he has become so attached to the place that he will probably pass the remainder of his days in the old house, despite the fact that the character of the neighborhood has changed materially since he settled in old Williamsburg, way back in the thirties. Mr. Jones is still in good health, and it was only recently that he discontinued his daily trips to his business in New York. Mr. Jones was born in Wales in 1807. He came to this country when 25 years old, and after ten years of energetic work purchased the McKibben street house. He has always attended strictly to business, and that is, perhaps, the chief reason why he is comfortably well off to-day. Mr. Jones was one of the organizers of the St. David's Society of the State of New York, and he served as President of the Welsh association in 1863. Mr. Jones still takes an active interest in the affairs of the society, and he is now chairman of the committee on literature, with which Ellis H. Roberts and Henry Parry are also associated.

Mr. Jones has made frequent trips abroad, and there are few parts of

the old world that he has not explored. He has for years been gathering rare and curious historical relics, and the McKibben street mansion is filled with an interesting collection.

One of the most interesting relics in Mr. Jones' collection is a Welsh poem, which shows the Welsh way of chronicling history. The poem is written on a frame chart, called peithynen. It consists of a number of four-sided sticks written upon, and put together in a frame, so that each stick may be turned round for the facility of reading; devised, in all probability, says Dr. William Owen Pughe, about the time of Owen Glyndwr, when writing materials were prohibited to Welshmen. On the peithynen in the possession of Mr. Jones a line is carved on each of the four sides, and so a complete englyn is found on each of the sticks. This series of englynion was read at the banquet in honor of the Queen's jubilee in London, and presented by the author, Nathan Dyfed, to Mr. Jones in both peithynen and manuscript form.

Hanging in one of the spacious rooms in Mr. Jones' mansion is the sword carried by Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The sword was given by Francis Lewis to his son General Morgan Lewis, who was at one time Governor of New York. General Morgan Lewis was also the first President of the St. David's Society. He and Mr. Jones were close friends, and the sword was presented to the latter a few years before the General's death. Mr. Jones also has an oil painting of General Lewis, which was made from life. He considers the picture one of the most valuable in America.

## THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

It was Commencement Day at X. Female College. The sun shone warmly into the hall,which was filled with a brilliant assemblage of visitors. The girl graduates were ranged on the dais. The other students, numbering three hundred, were grouped around them. As the Principal took his place to read the standing of the students for the past year there was an eager stir in the audience.

"I have little fear of my girls," said Mrs. Waring, a complacent smile on her thin lips. Mrs. Waring was a sharp-featured woman in a shabby silk dress. She had published one or two long poems, which no one read. But on the strength of them she gave herself to litera-

ture and lumbago for the rest of her life. She was talking now to a stout, jolly-looking, bearded man, whom she called Cousin George.

"I intend each of my elder daughters to study a profession. They must be independent. Their father can make no provision for them—as you see," nodding significantly totoward a dark, moody man who sat near, his fine face flushed from drinking. "They must find their own careers, as men do. And they can do it!"

"But you have three daughters, Maria."

"I have. But Catherine, the youngest, is—I will be candid about it—she is a dunce. She does not inherit even her father's intellect. He had a certain ability once. He is altered since you went to California."

"Yes, greatly. He was a noble fellow when I knew him."

"While you were amassing a fortune, he was going down—down. He began by hating his home, and then came drink."

"I am afraid he hears you," warningly.

"Serve him right if he did! There, listen! That's my Maria!"

"Miss Maria Waring, one hundred being the highest mark attainable, has received ninety-nine."

A round of applause followed.

"What does she study?" whispered Cousin George.

"Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics," said the proud mother. Jane has these studies also. But her specialty is science."

"Miss Jane Waring. One hundred. Miss Waring is also gold medalist for the year."

Another outburst of applause.

The list of other pupils followed, the rank going lower and lower, Cousin George Justus listening with twinkling eyes, for the name of the poor dunce of the family. Fifty, forty, twenty, ten, five. At last, "Two, Miss Catherine Waring."

Her mother's thin lips shut like a steel trap; her father nodded stupidly, for he was bored with the whole affair. When the exercises were over, Mrs. Waring found her disgraced daughter and dragged her up before Mr. Justus.

She was a plump little girl of seventeen, with a turned up nose and a round, ugly face, swollen with much crying.

"It is a mere waste of money to keep her here," said Mrs. Waring, severely. The Faculty informed me that she was not indolent, that she exerted herself conscientiously. The bald fact is that she is good for nothing. She is a"——

"Nothing of the kind!" interrupted Cousin George, compassionately. "Nothing of the kind! I will wager you a diamond ring that my little cousin will yet prove herself good for nothing. She is a"——

"You can return home with your father this afternoon, Catherine," said Mrs. Waring. "I will wait during the week for the concluding exercises. Jane and Maria," turning

to Mr. Justus, "will remain here during the vacation in order to take a private course in geology."

Catherine cried all the way home, and most of the night after she reached home. She had been for four years at school, making an honest, vain effort to conquer quadratics and other like mysteries. Besides, there was little at home to soothe the ache of disappointment in her heart.

In these years of absence, while her mother had been growing into a complaining invalid, and her father into a drunkard, the house had become bare, almost shabby and miserable. Carpets were becoming worn, almost ragged, windows clouded with dust, blotches of hair-filling were bursting from some of the chairs and sofas. The day after her arrival Catherine made a tour of inspection. Her eyes, though still swollen, were keen.

Then the servant was startled from her long dream of indifference and idleness to find herself actually at work. Two helpers were brought in and paid from Catherine's little store of pin money, that came from a small property of her own. Catherine herself was behind them. They could no more lag or dawdle than could a train of cars with an engine at their back. Dust flew out of the house, windows shone. Carpets were mended, curtains washed and prettily draped; pictures came out of their long obscurity of cobwebs and smiled down from the wall; vigorous, blooming plants filled the windows.

When Mr. Waring came home, at the end of the second day, he found a sparkling fire in the grate, the table drawn close to the hearth, a dainty meal ready, and a saucy little girl, with curly hair, laughing eyes and a tip-tilted nose, waiting for him at the door with a kiss.

"Why—why, Cathy, my dear! It is Cathy? Really, this is pleasant!" looking about him. "Something as it was when we were first married. I'll go up and change my coat, my dear." It was long since he had changed his coat for dinner.

Cathy watched him moving slowly up the stairs with a great gulp in her throat. But she was smiling bravely when he came down, and offered her his arm to lead her to the table. Something of the old instincts and habits of the days when he was a gentleman among gentlemen awoke in him as he sat facing his daughter.

He had not lost his power of appreciation, and he saw that she was bright, sincere and gentle. He grew more watchful and more courteous and tender. It was a gay meal, however. John Waring had been a famous conversationalist and a wit; and Cathy, if she were a dunce, had that fine tact which made her the best of listeners.

As the week of Mrs. Waring's absence passed, her husband discovered that his little girl had learned one or two other things well. She was a dexterous seamstress. His clothes were put into perfect order. The girls had had a cooking club, and Cathy showed a positive

genius for compounding dainty, appetizing dinners day after day.

"Bring some of your friends home, and I will give you a game supper," she said.

The friends came. The supper was delicious. The old fellows all fell in love with the cheerful little girl who listened to their stories, and untiringly sang them old ballads and ditties in a voice which, if unskilled, was sweet as a bird's, and full of pathos. They went home in high good-humor and—sober.

Mrs. Waring came home at last, so ill that she was carried to bed. Instead of Martha's sour visage, Cathy's rosy face beamed down on her. Something in the changed appearance of the room startled her.

"So you've been playing housemaid?" she said. But she soon grew too ill even to grumble. When after a month's tedious suffering she recovered, her physician said, "You owe your life to the care of your daughter as much as to me. Miss Cathy was born to be a nurse."

"She was unfortunately not born for anything better," said her mother. "My ambition has been terribly thwarted in that girl, doctor. She is no scholar."

"It is something, after all, to be a woman," said the doctor, dryly.

But when the disease returned, and Mrs. Waring rapidly sank under it, it was to Cathy she turned, and on Cathy's breast she leaned while dying. Cousin George was there, strong, quick and kind. He seemed to know by intuition all the plans that Cathy wished to carry out in her little world, and silently helped her in them.

In the year that followed, Jane and Maria began their careers; one as professor of Greek, the other as a student of medicine. They did not come home again.

"What with the habits of their unfortunate father, and poor stupid Catharine," they said, "the atmosphere of home was stifling. All mental life died in it."

But home and poor stupid Cathy grew every day dearer to Mr. Waring. His old tastes and habits, his finer nature, revived under the sunshine of his daily life. He sought out old friends whom he had avoided for years, and brought them to the house to present to his daughter. He struggled desperately during all that winter to break loose from the yoke he had carried so long.

His property had been largely spent, some of it lost in poor investments, and his income had become quite small. Catherine discharged the two servants, and took the whole management of the house. Yet with the sharpest economy she found herself not able to keep it up.

"If I were not such a dunce!" she said to herself. She could not teach. She was not a musician, nor an artist. She could not write anything but letters, and she was very anxious about the grammar and spelling of them. She knew nothing about fancy work or art embroidery. But she was an admirable seamstress. She took in some plain sewing that

winter and worked at it at night, and so paid the bills.

One evening in May Mr. Waring came home late. He was pale, and his eyes shone with repressed excitement. But Cathy did not observe it. She kept herself in the shadow of the coffee-urn, and spoke but little. Cousin George, who had that very day returned from California, saw that her little round face was red with crying, but said nothing.

"Why, what is the matter, my child?" exclaimed her father, as they rose from the table, and came into the light.

"Oh nothing, father. Only a letter from Jane. She and Maria are doing so much, "filling a place in life," she says; and she asked me if there was no work for me in the world, no talent which I could cultivate. There don't seem to be any, really," looking up at her father with quivering chin. "It seems as if I never could learn anything, no matter how hard I tried. Jane says I spelled 'psalm' in my last letter 'sam.' I must have been in a great hurry, for I do know that word."

"Let Jane find her own work," said her father. "Book-learning is a good thing, Cathy, but there is wisdom and work, too, outside of books and the schools. As for your work" —his voice grew hoarse. He stopped, came up to her, as she stood before the fire, and held out his arms —"your work has been—O Cathy, you have saved me! I was going down into hell, and you have brought me back. I have drunk my last drop, with God's help."

Cathy held his head close to her breast, patted and stroked the gray hair and worn face with unutterable tenderness, kissed and cried quietly over him, but said not a word.

"Tell her your plan, George," said Mr. Waring, in a broken voice. "Such good news, Cathy!"

"Your father is not in any business here, Catherine, as you know. I proposed to him to go with me to San Francisco, and begin life over again, as my partner. He was very kind to me when I was a boy, and I feel sure we can work well and happily together."

Cousin George watched Catherine keenly as she nodded and smiled and bent over her father with glad, shining eyes, the tears still stealing down her cheeks. He felt that the time had come for him to speak.

"I prophesied once," he said, "that the 'little dunce' would be good for something. We all have found that she is worth so much—she is so true, so good, so necessary to everybody who comes near her, that I am sure she will be as highly appreciated in California as she is here, and so must keep house for me, as well as for uncle. What do you say, Cathy?"

"Well, if it's necessary," she said, smiling through her tears, "I will keep house for both of you." And with her arms still about her father's neck, she held out her hand to Cousin George.

## ANOTHER YEAR.

By Lizzie Owen.

Another year, alas, is spent,
With all its charms and pleasures bent,
With anxious pain the heart isfraught;
With anxious pain the heart is fraight;
The year whose advent brought good cheer,
Prospective hopes to far and near,
Infused new life in young and old,
And richest gifts it did unfold;
Un-numbered blessings to us brought,
Akin to all; no ill besought;
But kindly bade each one to share,
In common of its bounties rare.
But Ah! with all its glad and cheer,
Was mingled oft the sigh, and tear,
The joyous mirth in sorrow hushed,
And gallant hearts beneath it crushed.
It greeted millions that to-day
Lie covered by the moldering clay,
And niney-six denotes the spot
Of slumbering hosts! one common lot,
Its time is spent, the year is dead,
And ninty-six no more is said.
Its reign in calmness, pomp or rage,
Is only found on history's page.

Time still rolls on, and now the sound
Of ninety-seven is echoed round,
In mystery wrapped it doth appear,
Unraveled not by sage or seer,
But darkness clothes it in disguise
Till time reveals it to our eyes.
Mayhap to some of us it brings,
Some gladsome pleasure on its wings!
Perhaps it sheaths a fiery dart
That soon will scathe and pierce the heart;
Through flowery vales our paths may wend,
And peace and joy our steps attend.
Perhaps dark clouds of anguish loom,
To snap life's cord and seal our doom.
It matters not for us to know,
What this new year may yet bestow,
'Tis ours to do and live, and be,
What conscience, duty, asks of thee.
We sow and reap just as we go,
If we plant thorns, no flowers grow,
If we sow seed of truth and love,
The fruit we'll reap with joy above,
Then let us live with rightful aim,
The evil shun, the good maintain,
And with this motto ever clear,
Improve each moment, hour and year.

Denver, Col.

## THE RUINS OF ANCIENT TROY.

The question of the site of Homer's Troy has been discused in ancient and in modern time. On the site now proved to be the place where Homer's Troy stood the excavations have revealed nine strata of earth and ruins representing recognizably distinct periods in the history of the three cities that have there been built—first the prehistoric, before Homer's time; then the Greek, the city of Priam; lastly, the Roman city. In the uppermost, or ninth stratum were found a temple, theater, and other buildings of unmistakably Roman construction, with many inscriptions which show that the name Ilios is historic. Below this, in the eighth and seventh strata, are the remains of small houses of the Greek city, with evidences of fortificatios of no great magnitude. In the sixth stratum is an acropolis, with many buildings

and storehouses, strong fortifications, marked by towers and gates. Mycenaean vases, the painted archaic terra cottas that are not later than 700 B. C., found in this stratum determine its date to be that of the Trojan war, as told by Homer—that is, between 1500 and 1000 B. C.. In the fifth, fourth and third layers, period unknown, pre-historic objects occur. Still deeper, in the second stratum, are the foundations of the acropolis hill, with sum houses built of unburned bric wall of the acropolis is massiv towers and gates, and shows s having been several times r Here is the "treasure house o am," about which Schlieman so much to say. In the first st the lowest of all, the town wa upon the rock. Other articl covered are of an unknown quity.

## A TALE OF THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

Nestling under one of the hoary peaks of Snowdonia lies the little village of Eurog. Sequestered from the hum of busy towns and cities, its inhabitants live in a state of blissful content.

But once, in days long gone by, the step of grim tragedy was heard even there.

Fairest of its fair daughters was Bessie Evans, and noblest of its young men was Tom Jones.

Such a pair seemed to be born for each other, as the village gossips used to say, and they were admired by all but by Will Tomos.

Will was the son of a flourishing farmer in the neighborhood, and was one of the many who had fallen victims to Bessie's charms, and the sight of another in her company was gall to his jealous heart.

* * *

Pen Cribog separates Eurog from its companion village, Dinas, and at the foot of the mountain the busy little Cantffrwd winds its way sea.

Over this mountain Bess returning home, late on Chr night, 183—. She had b Dinas to an Eisteddfod, one o literary meetings which fill a man's soul with rapture.

Her lover had been called earlier in the evening to a m deathbed, and so she was ret alone.

Half way over the mounta was met by Will Tomos. ever, she sweetly wished "Good night," and passed on. followed. Renewing the co tion, he taunted her about h sent lover, but Bessie was sile

Then little by little he er his own claims to her lov finally asked her to marry h

Bessie had listened quietly, last her pure soul rebelled the tempter's wiles.

How lovely she looked th

the still pale moonlight. Silvery as the ripple of the Cantffrwd beneath was her voice; her modesty like unto the blushing mountain flower at her feet, her radiance vied with fair Luna's reflection on the water below—but above all was the sublime purity of her faithful love.

One haughty glance through those flashing eyes gave to Will Tomos an unmistakable answer. But still he continued his amour.

And still Bessie was firm.

While their talk had been thus protacted, their steps had wandered almost to the brink of a precipice which stood frowning on the clear pool below.

Will had been driven to desperation by Bessie's firmness; and as they now halted, he seized her arm with a fierce grip.

Once again he asked her love, but Bessie, now awed and almost fainting, still answered "No."

With a wild thrust he pushed her from him. Bessie reeled, stumbled, and fell over the rocky cliffs to the waters below.

Cae Braich y Cafn, the largest Slate Quarry in the world.

For one brief moment Will Tomos stood, surveying his foul deed, as if half-inclined to follow, but his coward heart failed him, and he turned away.

He sought the seaport at Aber and a little steamboat leaving that harbor that grey December morning had on board Will Tomos, the murderer and the exile.

* * *

Forty years had passed since the above events, and it was Christmas again. A stranger had been seen to visit the little churchyard of Eurog during the day. Some of the gravestones seemed to have a special charm for him.

Towards evening he had been seen to ascend Pen Cribog; and early next morning a hat, recognized as belonging to the visitor of the day before was borne to Eurog by the flow of Cantffrwd.

Search was made, and a body, fearfully mangled, was found in the very pool where forty years ago the lifeless, yet beautiful, corpse of Bessie Evans had been found.

Thus was the murder of an innocent girl avenged, and to this day the simple dwellers of Eurog look upon that pool in Cantffrwd with respectful awe.—Wales.

## SHAKESPEARE'S CELTIC MEN.

By Beatrice E. Boone.

There is no trifling or evasion with nature. The law that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap," holds good as well of the spiritual as of the material world, and as well of the history of nations and races as of individuals. When, therefore, we find that in the struggle and stress of existence one race has increased and multiplied until it overshadows the earth, and that another race, at one time equally fitted to outward appearance, for the conflict of life, has dwindled till little of it remains, the different conditions are not to be attributed to chance, but to inexorable law. It is not true that

> "Nature, with equal mind,
> Sees all her sons at play,
> Sees man control the wind,
> The wind sweep man away."

At the very outset some are handicapped in the race. Laws, over which man has no control,—heredity, temperament, environment,—hold them in their pitiless grasp. It is as impossible for him to evade these as to decide whether or no he will come into existence at all.

> "Born into life! we bring
> A bias with us here;
> And, when here each new thing
> Affects as we come near.
> To tunes we did not call, our being must
> keep chime."

Some such reflections must inevitably be made by anyone considering to-day the widely different histories of the Celtic and Teutonic races. An old Irish ballad, touching off the distinctive characteristics of various nations, celebrates

> "For dulness the creeping Saxons,
> For beauty and amorousness the Gaedhills."

Must it not have seemed at that time that the latter had been far more highly favored than the former by nature, and that in the long run the advantage would lie with them. But time has proved differently, and the susceptible beauty-loving Celt bore in his nature a flaw that was to prove his undoing. Nature had work for him to do which he has done; his influence remains inex-

tricably woven into the character of the victorious races, but he himself has almost passed away. The question now to be settled is, whether Shakespeare, whom fame has allowed to be the "mouthpiece of nature," was aware of this fact in his treatment of Celtic character.

The best answer is, perhaps, to place side by side Fluellen and his "fellow-countryman," Henry V., as set forth in the play which bears the name of the latter. Wherein does Fluellen differ from "his kinsman," —for so Henry denominates himself? He is a noble character, valiant by general report, generous, quick to appreciate merit, just and merciful. And all these qualities are found in Henry too, only with more added. Where Fluellen fails is in the power of self-control, of adapting himself to circumstances, a power essential in the man who is to succeed.

It is true he does postpone the vengeance on Pistol, because the insult was given "in a place where I could not breed no contention with him;" but his general character is, by common consent, "choleric,"—

**"Hot as gunpowder,**
**And quickly will return an injury."**

What he thinks he must speak, whether it be only abuse of an officer,—"He is an ass, I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the two disciplines of the wars than is a puppy dog,"—or censure of the king's acts,—"'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered." "I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man."

But Henry pardons the man who, through drink, spoke treasonable words against him; he utters no words of indignation on the receipt of the tennis balls,—an insult which, one can imagine, would have driven Cymbeline or Lear into a transport of passion.

He has the two sides of his nature, the grave and the frivolous, alike under his control, and can compel either, at will, to be subordinated. He is not the slave of the impulse of the moment.

**"Herein will I imitate the sun,**
**Who doth permit the base contagious clouds**
**To smother up his beauty from the world,**
**That when he please again to be himself,**
**Being wanted, he may be more wondered at**
**By breaking through the foul and ugly mists**
**Of vapors that did seem to strangle him."**

In Glendower we have an instance of the character seen at its worst. "I am not in the roll of common men," he says, "as all the courses of my life do show," and proceeds to give accounts of the fiery shapes, and cressets seen, and earthquakes felt at his birth; tales of the

**"Moldwarp and the ant,**
**Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,**
**And of a dragon and a finless fish,**
**A clip-winged griffin and moulten raven,**
**A couching lion and a ramping cat,**
**And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff."**

The collision between the minds of such a man and that of Hotspur is naturally violent —

**"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."**

Glendower affirms.

**"Why so can I, or so can any man,"**

replies Hotspur,

"But will they come when you do call
for them?"
Glen.: "Why, I can teach you, cousin,
to command the devil."
Hots: "And I can teach thee, coz,
to shame the devil,
By telling truth."

But to do him justice, Glendower, as Mortimer affirms, does "curb himself even of his natural scope," when Hotspur crosses his temper,

"I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have
done,
Without the taste of danger and re-
proof."

In Evans, the Welsh parson of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," whose broken English is designed to cause merriment among the groundlings, there is found but little meaning, nothing mars the even flow of syllables. "It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain which preadventure, prings goot discretions with it." "Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true." But the ruling intention is moral,—

"Sir John Falstaff, serve Got and
leave your desires, and fairies will not
pinse you."

So peace be with him! An old Roman writer said, somewhat severely, that "the Celts boldly challenge danger while future but lose their courage before its presence." In the rhapsodising Macbeth we have an illustration of the statement. After meditating the crime for so long beforehand, and even discussing it with his wife,—when the fateful moment at last comes, he is irresolute, anxious to postpone it indefinitely,—

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage."

Here as ever, it is the Celtic who leads the man. It is perior presence of mind ar of will that nerve the man deed. She alone truly rea character ,—.

"Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but w
The illness should attend it
thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily; wou
play false
And yet wouldst wrongly win,
have
That which rather thou dost fe
Than wish'st should be undo
thee hither
That I may pour my spirits in t
And chastise with the valour
tongue
All that impedes thee from th
round."

It is her presence of min that carries them through tl ble crime. Macbeth shrin wavers unable to decide to d frain; and "his face is as a to all who wish to read his tl It is her presence of min that saves both in the banqu when, quite "unmanned by Macbeth's excited vision c up Banquo's ghost. Macb not the entire force of wil either sinner or saint. He all by these startings." A tl and resolute criminal, such a ard III., would not have harassed in his mind by th pions' of conscience. Full rebellion against the despc fact, he moans that his

"Way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yello
And that which should accom
age,
As honour, love, obedience, t
friends,
I must not look to have."

The same "rebellion aga despotism of fact" char

Lear, a man of wilder passions and less sentiment than Macbeth. "He hath ever but slenderly known himself," say the daughters. "The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash," and in old age he reaps the terrible harvest of the youthful passions,—in madness. The causes of the tragedy,—the king's selfishness, impatience, and lack of penetration are emphasized from the first. The imbecility that would measure affection by abundance of words,—that could insult a daughter's love so far as to ask,—

"What can you say to draw a third
More opulent than your sisters?"

can scarcely be imagined. But granted that and the hasty temper which instantly disinherits the daughter for refusing to comply with such a request, and banishes the faithful follower who tries to mediate, the rest of the tragedy inevitably follows. The fault in Cordelia, he says,—

"Like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place, drew from my heart all love
And added to the gall."

And the same powerlessness to control himself appears when he turns upon the other two daughters after their unnatural conduct,—

"O let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall——I will do such things
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No I'll not weep——
O fool, I shall go mad!"

Goneril will allow him to retain fifty knights in the pitiful bargaining over the retinue, while Regan will only grant twenty-five,—

"Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love."

What is the lesson that Lear has to learn, but that love only can beget love. This love he has never truly given to his children, and it is only when Cordelia with her heavenly pity and measureless stores of silent devotion, comes forward in the hour of need to "wind up the untuned and jarring senses" that the heart of the old king is born anew.

"You must bear with me,
I am a very foolish fond old man
Fourscore and upwards, not an hour more or less,
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

And again the old theme,—

"I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have as I do remember, done me wrong,
You have some cause, they have not."

One revelation of the true love is vouchsafed him in Cordelia, the love that is beyond selfish motive and passionate impulse, ere the wandering wits are lost in the darkness again.

"Vex not his ghost. O let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!"

We pass next to Cymbeline in whom again lack of self-control and selfishness are the prevailing features. He passes instantly from hatred of Imogen to hatred of his queen,—

"O most delicate fiend,
Who is't can read a woman——
Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her."

He says to Imogen on the recovery of her long lost brothers,—

"Thou hast lost by this a kingdom!"
"No my lord," she replies,
"I have got two worlds by it."

He reveals his want of feeling when on the same occasion he observes,—

"I lost my children
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons."

A pair of shoes might have been lost and found with much the same intensity of emotion.

In the two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, we have attractive specimens of Celtic nature, seen in its fresh impulsiveness, its valor, its sweetness, and keenness of emotion. The youths, ignorant of their noble birth, are pining after richer and fuller life,—

"We have seen nothing;
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire as doth the prison'd bird
And sing our bondage freely."

In valor Guiderius excels, in poetic sensitiveness Arviragus, whose speech seems to his brother mere "playing in wenchlike words." With his natural impulsiveness Guiderius slays Cloten, the queen's son, heedless of consequences,—

"With his own sword
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him. I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten;
That's all I reck."
Belarius: "I fear 'twill be revenged.
Would Polydore, thou hadst not done it, though valour
Becomes the well enough."
Arviragus: "Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!"

And their gentleness is seen in their welcome of Imogen in the disguise of Fidele, and their grief for her loss. They well deserve the praise of Belarius,—

"O thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd."

But it is round the strength and will of Imogen that the play centers, Imogen, in whom all the peculiar beauties of Celtic character meet,—sensitiveness, impulse, sweetness, love of beauty, ideality,—but in whom the various elements are combined and balanced, so that no one quality in excess mars the harmonious unity. It is always thus in Shakespeare; the men in whom one quality predominates must fail,—Hamlet, Antony, Romeo, Brutus, Coriolanus. It is only the evenly-balanced, practical, broad-minded, strong-willed natures, such as Theseus, Cassius, Henry V., Prospero, who succeed.

# THE CONQUEST OF OBSTACLES.

By O. S. Marden.

When God wants to educate a man, he does not send him to school to the Graces, but to the Necessities. Through the pit and the dungeon Joseph came to a throne. We are not conscious of the mighty cravings of our half-divine humanity; we are not aware of the god within us until some chasm yawns which must be filled, or till the rending asunder of our affections forces us to become conscious of a need. Paul in his Roman cell; John Huss led to the stake at Constance; Tyndale dying in his prison at Amsterdam; Milton, amid the incipient earthquake throes of revolution, teaching two little boys in Aldgate street; David Livingstone, worn to a shadow, dying in a negro hut in Central Africa, alone—what failures they might all of themselves have seemed to be, yet what mighty purposes was God working out by their apparent humiliations.

"Stick your claws into me," said Mendelssohn to his critics when entering the Birmingham orchestra. "Don't tell me what you like, but what you don't like." John Hunter said that the art of surgery would never advance until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as their successes. "Young men need to be taught not to expect a perfectly smooth and easy way to the objects of their endeavor or ambition," says Dr. Peabody.

It was in Madrid jail that Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote." He was so poor that he could not even get paper during the last of his writing, and had to write on scraps of leather. A rich Spaniard was asked to help him, but the rich man replied: "Heaven forbid that his necessities should be relieved; it is his poverty that makes the world rich." A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievements. "He has the stuff in him to make a good musician," said Beethoven of Rossini; "if he had only been well flogged when a boy; but he is spoiled by the ease with which he composes." We do our best while fighting desperately to attain what the heart covets.

In one of the battles of the Crimea a cannon-ball struck inside the fort, crashing through a beautiful garden; but from the ugly chasm there burst forth a spring of water which ever afterwards flowed a living fountain. From the ugly gashes which misfortune and sorrow make in our hearts, perennial fountains of rich experience and new joys often spring. Do not lament and grieve over lost wealth. The Creator may see something grand and mighty, which even He cannot bring out as long as your wealth stands in the way. You must throw away the crutches of riches and stand upon

your own feet and develop the long unused muscles of manhood. God may see a rough diamond in you which only the hard hits of poverty can polish. God knows where the richest melodies of our lives are, and what drill and what discipline are necessary to bring them out. The frost, the snows, the tempests, the lightnings, are the rough teachers that bring the tiny acorn to the sturdy oak. Fierce winters are as necessary to it as long summers. It is the half century's struggle with the elements of existence, wrestling with the storm, fighting for his life from the moment that it leaves the acorn until it grows into the ship, that gives it value. Without this struggle it would have been characterless, staminaless, nerveless, and its grain would not have been so susceptible of high polish. The most beautiful as well as the strongest woods are found not in tropical climates, but in the severe climates, where they have to fight the frosts and the winter's cold.

Many a man has never found himself until he has lost his all. Adversity stripped him only to discover him. Obstacles, hardships, are the chisel and mallet which shape the strong life into beauty. The rough ledge on the hillside complains of the drill, of the blasting powder which disturbs its peace of centuries; it is not pleasant to be rent with powder, to be hammered and squared by the quarrymen. But look again: behold the magnificent statue, the monument, chiselled into grace and beauty, telling its grand story of valor in the public square for centuries. The statue would have slept in the marble forever but for the blasting, the chiseling of obstacles, ishing. The angel of our higher and nobler selves would remain forever unknown in the rough quarries of our lives but for the blasting of affliction, the chiseling of obstacles, and the sandpapering of a thousand annoyances.

## THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

It is easily possible that Palestine should now again become the granary for the entire south-eastern region along the Mediterranean, and for Europe. In the country west of the Jordan the entire level district along the coast has the best of water supplies, and is capable of sustaining an immense population. The conditions there are such that oranges, cotton, tobacco and sugar cane could be raised easily and in great abundance. On the higher tablelands of the west Jordan districts nothing is necessary but the preservation of the quantities of water that accumulate during the rainy season, and utilizing these during the dry months. The whole region would thus be admirably adapted for vegetable gardening on a grand scale. How readily this end could be accomplished can be seen from what has already been done in this line.

Everywhere in this district it is possible by irrigation to raise the finest of oils, oranges, wine, etc.; and there would be no lack of markets, especially as Egypt is so near. The entire Ghor, or Jordan valley, could be converted into a tropical valley. The dates that ripen here are regarded yet, as they were in ages past, as the best that are known, surpassing even those of Egypt. To this add oranges, cotton, sugar cane, bananas and especially fine vegetables raised during the rainy season, all of which grow here under most favorable conditions. Access to markets is easy. Jericho, by way of Salonica, only five days removed from Berlin and Central Europe, only a short distance from Jerusalem, and some degrees warmer than Cairo, could readily be made again what it was in the days of King Herod, a magnificent winter resort, whose attractions would be increased by the hot medicinal springs of Ain-es-Sultan, and by the magnificent surroundings of the Dead Sea near by with its thermal fountains, e. g., Ain Dshidi, Hamman-ez-Zerha, the Callirrhoe of antiquity, and centuries ago a fashionable resort. The Jordan is rich in fish, and could itself be an attraction for tourists. In fact, the entire valley could be made a health resort.

The east Jordan country, in its whole length and breadth from Moab to Mount Hermon and the Hauran, is naturally one vast wheat field, than which none better can be found. These fruitful districts, which now, when the harvest is over at the end of May, become for the rest of the season a sun-scorched desert, which the inhabitants must, for the time being, leave, could readily, by building reservoirs to receive the superabundant rains of earlier months, and using these for irrigation during the dry season, be made inhabitable all the year round, and could also be cultivated with abundant success during this time. Such was its condition in earlier centuries, before the Arabian Bedouins took possession, as is attested by the ruins of hundreds of villages and cities scattered throughout this territory. In fact, nature herself suggests this remedy, for during the winter months in many places natural lakes are formed, which fill up with water. To the present day there are also many old cisterns, open and covered, which are used for irrigation purposes. This is particularly the case at Bosra, the converging point of a number of old Roman roads, and at one time the commercial rival of Damascus. The ruins of an immense system of aqueducts can yet be traced, the chief of which, called that of Pharaoh, still has a length of 44 kilometers. The indications are that in the flourishing period of this east Jordan district an extensive irrigation system existed and was utilized to good advantage.

## WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

By Mrs. E. E. Williams.

Whither, O flying hours, whither away,
Bringing so rapidly closing of day?
Can ye not tarry awhile in your flight?
Give me some added time ere cometh night?
"Nay," cry the hours, as they quickly scud past;
"Work while 'tis day, for the night cometh fast."
Moments, dear moments, O linger, I pray!
Add but a few of yourselves to my day!
So short it seemeth, so soon it is gone,
So much to do, yet so little I've done!
Can ye not lengthen it out just a mite?
Give me some added time ere cometh night?
"Nay," cry the moments, "your prayer is in vain;
A moment once wasted ne'er cometh again."

## PURIFYING THE ATMOSPHERE.

Nature always does her work well when unmolested, life being dependent upon her, and her ways are always worthy of man's observation and imitation. Her manner of purifying the air is similar to that by which water is purified, and we must imitate her method as closely as possible when we wish to doctor the air.

Motion, mechanical and molecular, is first to be considered as a natural method for the purification of the atmosphere. Its power as a purifier of the air is shown mechanically in the flow of rivers and in the ocean currents; molecularly it serves the same purpose in the form of heat, light and electricity.

Rain and humidity are the next important means of purifying the atmosphere, and are indispensable in rendering it fit for respiration. By these agents all the dust from the various trades, germs from the various diseases, and all foreign bodies are brought to the ground. It has been well said that the "rain is the sewerage of the air."

Oxygen having a greater adhesive power for water than nitrogen, the air near the earth's surface is richer in it after rain storms, the drops of water carrying it downward. The waves of the ocean beating upon the masses of air absorb large quantities of carbonic acid gas, and in turn restore oxygen—a process similar to that which takes place in the vegetable world.

Oxidation, which takes place in the body, and is needed to sustain life, is just as necessary in purifying the air. Oxygen unites with the organic matter of the air and stops the process of decomposition. Although the air of sewers contains very few micro-organisms, yet there is much organic matter which needs to be oxidized.

Oxygen is the great vitalizing agent everywhere, but it is at home in the natural air, and always remains at home unless driven out by some other gaseous enemy. It continually supports combustion in the bodies of animals and the cells of plants, and we notice its beneficial effects in all the phenomena of life.

Ozonization is also a powerful process by which the air is kept pure. Ozone is a concentrated form of oxygen, and is a powerful element in deodorizing and disinfecting the air.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NEWS AND NOTES.

### THE TOPICS FOR FEBRUARY.

By Mrs. Jessie N. Lewis.

Sunday, February 7.

Topic—Sincerity: with one's self, with others, with God. Ps. 15: 1-5; Zech. 8: 16, 17.

No subject is more vital to young people. The Psalmist's query is the question of every growing Chrisian today, and the first answer is, "He that... speaketh the truth in his heart." Happy is he who can face his own conscience, and say, "I have been true." No one despises anything so much as falsehood, even in his own heart.

Not alone are we required to "do no evil" to others, but Zechariah says, "Speak ye every man the truth," &c. God does not destroy our tact, hence there is a right way and a wrong, even of speaking the truth. Paul tells us how in Eph. 4: 15.

Sincerity before God. "Man looketh at the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Whether we are honest with ourselves, whether we cheat our neighbor, there is one who judges us with perfect justice. Read carefully Is. 29: 13, 24, to see how He regards insincerity. Let Ps. 51: 10 be our prayer for the coming month, and we will be true to ourselves, to others, and to God.

Sunday, February 14.

Topic—What our denomination is doing. Zech. 4: 1-14.

Someone has said, "We live to make our own church a power in the world, while we live to love every other church which exalts our Christ." We cannot do this unless we know as well as love our own church.

What has it done? What was its beginning? Who were the pioneers of its faith? A most interesting topic for an evening would be "The great men of our denomination."

Then, what are we doing now? Where are we doing it? In our recent campaign, do you suppose there was an intelligent voter who did not know from week to week how his party stood in the south or west? He found out by taking and reading his party paper.

As we know ourselves better, we are more capable of appreciating others—our brother denominations. We are all members of one family, with Christ Jesus as our elder brother. Broad charity is born of Christian knowledge. See 1 Cor. 3: 1-9.

Sunday, February 21.

Topic—Our little worries, and how to get rid of them. Ps. 121: 1-8, John 14: 1.

Why did Jesus leave that last message? It meant that when the storms beat about us we were to know that the Master who stilled the storm-tossed sea, was saying even unto this tempest, "Be still." Ah, yes, but when the little spiteful gusts come suddenly, isn't he

saying just as truly, "Peace—let not your heart be troubled."

Every fretful worry makes a tiny crease in the face. How long will it take to patch our faces over with the "crow's-feet" until there will not be a spot smooth enough for God's love to shine through?

Search out the comfort passages in your Bible. Learn Ps. 121, and repeat it softly when the home duties crowd, when the studies are discouraging, when the accounts won't balance. Don't forget that there is something better on beyond. Robert Browning sung, "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world," and our Master said, "Lo, I am with you alway."

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Sunday, February 28.

Topic—From what does Christ save men? Titus 3: 1-7.

Christ has saved us all. Some of us do not enjoy confessing it, but we owe Him salvation from heathen darkness and degradation, from the fanaticism and superstition of the dark ages. Thank God we live in a Christian land.

But, individually, we are saved only as we allow Christ to come into our hearts, and work through our lives. Titus 3: 3 is a true portrait of each heart before "the washing of regeneration" has been applied. If our will refuses to accept this free gift of God, Christ has not saved us, no matter how enlightened and gifted we may be.

As Christians, we sometimes live below our privilege. Nothing is too small, no habit or circumstance too humble for Christ to stoop to save us from, and nothing is too great since "all power in heaven and in earth" was given Him. If we have faith in Him, He can save us from want, John 6: 35; from death, John 3: 14-16; from fear and danger, Ps. 91; from sorrow, Luke 4: 16-22; from selfishness, Luke 10: 25-37.

Mohawk, N. Y.

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## WISCONSIN STATE CONVENTION.

The Welsh Christian Endeavor Societies of Wisconsin, held their sixth annual convention in Waukesha, Dec 27, 1896. From a full account of convention in the "Drych," writte Mary F. Williams, we condense a abstract of the proceedings. Tw two, out of the twenty-eight soci were represented at the Conventio conference was held Saturday mor to consider matters connected wit convention. The first public me began at 2 p. m., at which the dele made encouraging reports. The tional exercises were conducted b W. Williams, Lime Spring, Ia. P were read by Elias Davies, Prion, and Miss Jessie Gittins, Oshkosh greeting was read from Rev. J. Baer, Secretary of the United Soci Rev. D. Davies, D. D., Oshkosh, ma excellent address on the importan being grounded in religious faith.

R. H. Jones, Ripon, presided a evening session. Rev. W. W. D led with the devotional exrcises. Williams gave a bardic address, David Edwards an address of wel H. W. Griffith, the president, resp on behalf of the societies. Miss Owen sang "The Endeavorer's Pra J. D. Jones, Jr., gave a report of Madison convention, and Rev. Howell, D. D., Columbus, O., pre from 1 Peter 2: 9.

At 8 o'clock Sabbath morning, a er meeting was held, under the c of J. D. Jones, Jr. Rev. J. C. J Chicago, preached from Zech. 1 This was followed with a brief seas earnest prayer. The 10 o'clock me was under the charge of D. J. Will Madison University; Edwin E. J Ripon, delivered a thoughtful ad on Christian Citizenship; papers read by John L. Evans, Wild Miss M. E. Williams, Columbus; Rev. J. B. Davidson, Milwaukee. Reese, Cambria, sang a solo, and D. Davies, D. D., preached from 2 1: 10, 11.

Josiah Daniel, Ripon, had char the afternoon session. Rev. J. R. conducted the devotional exercise letter was read from Rev. Josiah T

as, M. A., General Secretary of the Calvinistic Methodist Foreign Missionary Society of Wales. Excellent papers were read by Katie Williams, Milwaukee; Delia Jones, Bangor; Maggie S. Jones, Blaenycae, and W. R. Davies, Ripon. A quartet from Cambria, sang "Knocking at the Door," and Rev. Dr. Howell preached from Psalm 78: 9.

H. W. Griffith had charge of the evening exercises, and Rev. David Jones, Lake Emily, led the devotions. Papers on the "Pledge" were read by Ellis Hughes, Racine; Annie Jones, Chicago; and David Roberts, Oshkosh. Miss Phoebe Holland, Bangor, sang "Fear Not," and Rev. J. C. Jones preached from Matth. 5: 13.

The following officers were elected: President, H. W Griffith, Ripon College; Secretary, Mary F. Williams, Waukesha; Treasurer, Nellie J. Owen, Cambria; Vice Presidents, Mrs. H. M. Pugh, Bangor, Daniel Davies, Milwaukee, Watkin Jones, Peniel, Oshkosh, Hugh Owen, Barneveld. Rev. Dr. Davies was elected delegate to the International Convention to be held at San Francisco next summer. The next State Convention will be held at Racine, Dec. 26, 27, 1897.

## REV. HERBER EVANS, D. D.

Welshmen everywhere, will be grieved to learn that the most popular of wise and witty preachers, the great and good-hearted Dr. Herber Evans, Principal of Bala-Bangor Congregational College, died at Bangor on December 30, 1896, after a short but distressing illness.

Dr. Herber Evans, the eldest of a family of six children, was born at Pantyronen, near Emlyn, Carmarthenshire, in June, 1836. His father was a working mechanic, and his grandfather combined the callings of a farmer and blacksmith at Pen yr Herber, from which the eminent preacher subsequently took his nom de plume. His early boyhood was spent at his grandfather's house, and the village blacksmith seems to have done much to mould the lad's character. His mother was a woman of strong character, and known throughout the denomination as "the deaconess of Pontselly"—the chapel in which she worshiped in the heart of the Prescelly Mountains, and of which her husband was an office-bearer. To the end of her days, she continued to be to the celebrated divine what she had been to the child in the peaceful village—his controlling influence. When Dr. Evans was 11 years of age, his parents removed from the neighborhood of Emlyn to Pontselly, in Pembrokeshire, and there in the same house, the family resided for 45 years. When about 16 young Evans was apprenticed to a draper at Rhydlewis. After serving his time there he went to Liverpool, and immediately joined the Welsh Church at the Tabernacle, then under the pastorate of Dr. John Thomas. He was persuaded by his pastor to devote himself to the gospel ministry. He studied first at the Normal College, Swansea, going from there in 1858 to the Congregational College, Brecon, where Rev. Dr. Morris was principal. At Brecon his career was one series of successes. When he had only been there a twelvemonth he was invited by the strong and wealthy church at the Tabernacle, Morriston, to undertake its pastorate as successor to the Rev. Thomas Jones, afterwards of Swansea, and Melbourne, the father of Brynmor Jones, and Viriamu Jones. It would not have been strange had he jumped at the call, but he told them that he would not leave college until he had gone through the full course of four years. They decided to wait for him, and in the year 1862 he was ordained at Morriston.

After three years of happy and successful ministry at Morriston, during which he had attained great popularity, he accepted an invitation from the church at Salem, Carnarvon, to become

its pastor. During the 28 years he spent at Carnarvon, his fame as a preacher spread all over the kingdom. Urgent calls for his services came showering upon him from all quarters. He preached in all "the big pulpits" of Dissent, including Mr. Spurgeon's, Dr. Dale's, Samuel Martin's, Dr. Mellor's, Dr. Raleigh's, etc., and there is hardly a city or town of any note from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to Penzance, or from Holyhead to Dover, where he was not a familiar figure, and where his voice had not thrilled multitudes from platform and

Rev. Herber Evans, D. D.

pulpit. Churches at Manchester, Canonbury, and Westminster, sent him repeated invitations to undertake their pastorates, but in vain. In 1890 the Pitt-street Church, Sydney, invited him, a fact which showed that his fame had traveled half-way round the globe in one or two directions, most probably in both. But he refused to listen to that syren voice also. He remained faithful to his dear Wales and his loved people at Carnarvon. He received abundant honor in his own country, being elected on the first School Board and the first County Council, chosen a representative member of the University Council at Bangor, and in 1886 chairman of the Welsh Congregational Union.

In 1893 the principalship of the Bala-Bangor Congregational College was made vacant by the death of Rev. T. Lewis, its then principal, and Dr. Herber Evans was by common consent nominated to succeed him. He had for the previous five years filled the post of homiletic teacher at the institution, and, much as he was disinclined to sever his connection with his old church at Carnarvon, Dr. Evans, much to the joy of his denomination, obeyed the dictates of duty and accepted the position.

E. Herber Evans was in every sense of the word a typical Welsh Nonconformist minister. His broad, genial manner attracted to him workers of both sexes and of all ages. At Carnarvon he exercised an authority over his flock that bishops might have envied. Not merely spiritual, but secular and even domestic matters were cheerfully brought under his genial sway. Witty in both languages, learned in all that pertained to his office, and above all, a stout champion of "Free Evangelicalism for Wales," he gained the confidence not only of his own people, but also of others who greatly differed from him in opinion. Always and everywhere his burly form and expansive smile assured him welcome. But it was only when amidst his own people, lecturing, addressing, exhorting them, that one could realize at its greatest value his personal influence. That his piety was no less assured than his learning, and his gentleness, simplicity, and eloquence no less than his bonhomie, is all that need further be said about a great and noteworthy preacher. It may be, and indeed it is strongly doubted whether he ever felt the office of Principal at Bangor altogether to his mind.

In a private letter to a friend in America, Rev. Griffith Ellis, Bootle, says: "Wales has had a terrible loss this week in the death of Dr. Herber Evans, Bangor, probably the greatest pulpit power that we had."

# THE FIELD OF LETTERS.

## NEW BOOKS.

SOME ASPECTS of the Christian Church in Wales during the 5th and 6th Centuries. By Hugh Williams, M. A. London: Chas. J. Clark.

The above entitled pamphlet of 78 pages is a "paper read before the Cymrodorion Society" of London in June, 1894. It is an argument for the proposition that there was no really British Church, that is, a Church of the native Celtic inhabitants, in Britain, before the fifth century. A careful and unprejudiced perusal of the five chapters it contains leaves the impression that the learned author has made out such a good "prima facie" case that the burden of proof is shifted to the other side of the proposition. The paper shows a vast amount of research. So many and such lengthy quotations from several foreign languages, in so short a paper, savors somewhat of pedantry. But the facts are so arranged as to increase to the end the reader's conviction that Professor Williams is right in his conclusions, contrary though they may be to the views on the subject for a long time, and still entertained in Wales. We believe that the author's historical statements are all fair and accurate, excepting, perhaps, the designation of Eleutherius [Eleutherus] as a "Pope" in A. D. 167. According to the standard church historians, the primacy of the bishop of Rome under the title of "Pope" was not recognized until hundreds of years had followed the death of Eleutherus.

It is highly gratifying to see this further indication that the critical spirit is at last come to Wales to stay, though its presence there cannot but remove many notions and beliefs that have been not only tolerated but cherished and nourished by what may be called the superstitious, credulous, unreasoning, and, therefore, unreasonable, school of Welsh antiquarians and historians. It is to be hoped that Professor Williams will continue his investigations, and that he will with his efficient fan separate the wheat of fact from the chaff of fiction in Celtic threshing-floors other than the early history of the British Church. He seems to be eminently fitted for the task of correcting, readjusting and restating the history of the Welsh people, including their language, laws, literature and institutions, as well as their religion. Go ahead, Professor.

Utica, N. Y. G. H. H.

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AMERICA'S RELIEF EXPEDITION to Asia Minor Under the Red Cross. Report of Miss Clara Barton. Special Illustrated Edition. Washington, D. C. 1896.

This daintily printed volume of a hundred and twenty-five pages, contains the report of Miss Clara Barton, who had charge of the American relief work in Armenia; the reports of J. B. Hubbell, M. D., general field agent; E. M. Wistar and C. K. Wood, special field agents; Ira Harris, M. D., physician in charge of medical relief in Zeitoun and Marash; together with the telegrams that passed between Miss Barton and those working in the destitute districts. The story told by these reports is one of absorbing interest; and while there is much in it that is harrowing, it throws light upon the character of the Turkish government, totally at variance with some of the stories retailed in England and America. The Turkish government aided Miss Barton in every possible way consistent with due regard for its own safety. The account of the interview between Miss Barton and Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, is as interesting as anything in the volume. After listening to what Miss Barton had to say, the minister said, "We honor your position and your wishes will be respected. Such aid and protection as we are able to, we shall render."

Of this interview and its pledges, Miss

Barton says: "Here commenced an acquaintance which proved invaluable, and here were given pledges of mutual faith of which not a word was ever broken or invalidated on either side, and to which I owe what we were able to do through all Asia Minor. It is to the strong escorts ordered from the Sublime Porte for our expeditions and men, that I owe the fact that they all came back to me."

No portion of the volume more strikingly illustrates the difficulties of her position, than the account of the obstacles put in Miss Barton's way by the intemperate language and unwise acts of misinformed friends of the Armen-

Miss Clara Barton.

ians in America. Pamphlets were circulated of the most inflammatory character, and sent to the Turkish authorities, with the seeming assurance that they were endorsed by the highest officers of the federal and state governments. In view of the character of these documents, Miss Barton was asked to postpone the dispatch of her relief expeditions until the government could satisfy itself as to the intentions of those sending them out to the world. "Having received some specimens myself," says Miss Barton, "I did not wonder at this request; I only wondered at the kindly courtesy with which it was made." We all remember how it was telegraphed here, that the Turkish governme fused to allow the relief to be dist ed except through its own a There was not a word of truth i report, but it almost put a stop t tributions, and caused no end o barrassment to the heroic band labored so zealously in the wo charity, relieving the distress of people suffering from famine, wa shelter, typhus and typhoid fever entery and small pox.

We advise all who wish to be informed on the Armenian questi read this little volume. It doe give the political side of the que but gives a vast amount of inform that is sadly needed.

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## PERIODICALS.

"Wales" for January is the first ber of the fourth volume. It is re in price and size. The editor say "the aim of the magazine is to ser literary awakening which is spre from the Welsh to the English pa Wales. Its sole object is not to medium of communication be Welshmen who take an inter everything literary or Welsh." We that "Wales" will be a monthly of Welsh thought, so that outs (and insiders for that matter), have a glimpse of the real life c Principality; brushing aside its and factions and giving us a vi the beatings of the heart that ha tered Welsh nationality through centuries. The magazine is pub by Hughes & Son, and will co favorably with the best periodica ductions of the English press.

The Christmas "Colonist," pub at Winnipeg, Manitoba, is hands illustrated, and contains a vast a of information about the resour the province.

With the January number, "W Wales" begins its third volume. edited by Hugh Edwards, Aberyst and printed by the Welsh Na Press Company, Carnarvon. It i

large, only 24 pages, but it is good from cover to cover. Every article in it is good, and it has among its contributors some of the brightest young men and women in Wales. It is an excellent magazine, in touch with the present aspirations of the Welsh people, and we congratulate its editor on its contents, and its printers on its typographical appearance.

We have received the first number of "Art," an illustrated monthly magazine of instruction and study in drawing, illustrating, painting, and the applied arts. It is issued by the Art Publishing Company, 411 Pearl Street, New York.

"The Montreal Presbyterian College Journal" for January presents a varied and interesting table of contents. "Texts That Have Told," by Prof. Campbell, is especially good; and "The Religious Element in the Education of the Young," is a trenchant discussion of a subject of much interest to Canadians at this time.

"Y Llenor" for January, Owen M. Edwards, M. A., Oxford, editor, contains five articles of varying merit, besides numerous poems. The editor has a short article on the "Report of the Land Commission." "The Unsilenced Voice" deals with Milton and his times, a hackneyed subject. We presume that the present fear of the Papacy in Wales inspired the article on the "Worship of Mary." The article on "Money," seems to us out of date. The subject has been so exhaustively treated here, from every possible standpoint, during the past year, that interest in it has flagged. What queer Welsh some of our scholars have, to be sure. The author of this article in "Y Llenor," uses "bimetaliaeth" for bimetallism. The gentlemen who secured the University for Wales have a right to boast of the achievement; but they are in danger of overdoing it. The best article in "Y Llenor" is the one on "Owen Glendower." Whether its semi-poetical vein adds to or detracts from its value as a historical article may be a debatable question. The "Llenor" is handsomely printed and illustrated by Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

"Shelley at Tremadoc" is the title of an article in "Macmillan's Magazine," in which many interesting particulars relative to the poet's sojourn in Snowdonia are enshrined.

We have received the first number of "Heddyw" (To-Day); edited by O. M. Edwards, M. A., and published by Hughes & Son. It is typographically highly creditable to the enterprising Wrexham publishers. Its contents can best be described, perhaps, by saying that it is "Cymru" in the present tense. It is impossible for one man, no matter how versatile he may be, to edit four or five different magazines, without giving them a sameness that becomes in time monotonous.

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## MINOR MENTION.

We do not agree with all that is said in Miss Boone's article on "Shakespeare's Celtic Men," republished elsewhere from "Wales," but it is a valuable contribution to a subject that is attracting much attention in Wales at present.

"In the Land of the Harp and Feathers," by Alfred Thomas, consists of a series of sketches depicting the village life of "Wengroes" fifty years ago. The "Carnarvon Herald" says: "The dialogues are characteristic and racy of the soil; and if the author would retrench his verbosity, and strengthen his general plot, he might achieve great things by and by."

A new book that is attracting attention in Great Britain is "Battlement and Tower," by "Owen Rhoscomyl." This writer hides his face under a mask. The story deals with the fortunes of Conway (or as the writer writes it "Conwy") in the time of Archbishop Williams.

The papers read at the annual meeting of the Welsh Union of Women's Liberal Associations, held at Newtown, have been published in pamphlet form. The subjects dealt with are Disestab-

lishment, Arbitration, and Home Rule for Wales; and the writers are Mrs. Howell Idris, Miss Muriel Marles-Thomas, B. A., and Miss Beriah Evans.

The Troy Daily "Times" recently issued a handsome supplement about itself, giving a facsimile of the first page of its first issue, June 25, 1851; a biographical sketch of its founder, Hon. J. M. Francis, whose father came to America from Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, in the same ship with Joseph Harris and Thomas Price, respectively the grandfather and great grandfather of Hon. Thomas L. James, ex-postmaster general of the United States. The "Supplement" also contained portraits of all the present employees of the "Times," which, by the way, is six months younger than the "Drych," and one of the best daily papers in the United States.

We are pleased to find that the veteran journalist of Treforest—Morien—is much better. "Gwawrio wnelo'r bore" when he is once more fit for his daily routine.

In a review of the past year, "Tarian y Gweithiwr" deplores its literary poverty in Wales; and asserts that no Welsh composition was produced during the year, in poetry or prose, that is of pronounced value. The productions of the Llandudno Eisteddfod were not up to the average eisteddfodic standard.

The "Annual Catalogue of the University of Rochester," for 1896-97, shows this excellent Baptist institution to be in a flourishing condition. Founded in 1851, Rochester University has educated some of the best men to be found in the Baptist denomination, or in any other. The Catalogue is handsomely printed.

It is announced that a volume on the history of land laws in Wales is to be written jointly by Principal Rhys and Brynmor Jones.

An exchange says that the art of writing an English englyn is not so modern as many people suppose. It would be interesting to find out where the "art" comes in.

Two Welsh scholars are preparing grammars of the Welsh language. S. J. Evans, M. A., headmaster of the Intermediate School for Boys, Welshpool, is at work upon a manual intended to meet the wants of those who intend to take Welsh as one of the subjects in the matriculation examination of the University of Wales. The author of the other Welsh grammar is Professor Anwyl, of Aberystwyth University College.

Dr. Cynddylan Jones's work on pre-Mosaic theology is expected to appear before May. It will state the author's view of the authorship of the Books of Moses.

The "Cambrian News" says "that the teaching of Welsh in schools will do more to kill Welsh than anything else that could be devised."

## PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

On Thursday evening, January 14, General Thomas L. James, ex-postmaster general, gave another of his famous series of dinners, at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York City. The guest of the evening was Commodore Alfred Van Santvoord. During the evening it was pleasantly recalled that at one of the dinners about a year ago, Major William McKinley and the Hon. Mark Hanna were guests. And it was also remembered that some of the predictions and suggestions then made have since proved true. The guests included Archbishop Corrigan, William R. Grace, James D. Layng, Frederick D. Tappen, J. Edward Simmons, Henry W. Cannon, Charles Emory Smith, Warner Miller, the Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, Edward A. Quintard, the Rev. Father Connolly, William T. Cornell, Charles F. James, the Rev. Henry A. Brann, Jo-

ph Gay, William H. Kimball, William . McElroy, John R. Van Wormer, Tal- t C. Van Santvoord.

The death is announced of Mr. S. C. amwell, a former editor of the "Cam- rian," Swansea. Mr. Gamwell was nnected with the "Cambrian" from his outh, and had done some excellent rnalistic work, whilst his poetry, ritten under the name of "Pierre laire," attracted a good deal of notice.

Edith Wynne, the celebrated soprano nger, died at Kensington, England, on nuary 24. She was born at Holywell, Vales, in 1840, and at the age of 9 sang t a concert in that town. Subsequently e studied under Miss Whitnall—after- rd known as Mrs. Scarisbrick—at iverpool, and from time to time sang ith much success in concerts in Lan- shire and Yorkshire. In 1862 she ade her first appearance in London, ut decided to pursue her studies in ta y before again appearing in the En- lish metropolis. During the last ten years she was a permanent favorite in London, and sang at the Philharmonic, the Crystal Palace, the St. James, Ex- ter and Albert Hall concerts nearly very season.

George B. Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, died Saturday, January 30, at his home at Bala, Montgomery County, Pa., from heart failure, superinduced by indiges- tion and catarrh of the stomach. In July, 1896, Mr. Roberts went to New England for a short rest and change, and while there more serious symptons were developed. On his return to Bala, on August 31, his affliction had so in- creased that it was necessary for him to be confined to his room. Since then he had been gradually failing. A bio- graphical sketch of Mr. Roberts has al- ready appeared in the "Cambrian."

Rev. W. Evans, a Congregational minister, who died at Aberaeron, Dec 22, aged 88 years, was born at Talybont, Cardiganshire. He attended the school of the celebrated Dr. Phillips, of Neu- addlwyd, where he remained for three and a half years. In November, 1835, he was ordained co-pastor with Rev. Dr. Phillips, who had then the care of the churches of Mydroilyn, Penycae (a branch of Dihewid), in addition to those of Neuaddlwyd and Aberaeron. The consecutive periods of the pastorships of Rev. Dr. Phillips and Rev. Wm. Evans extended over a period of 100 years.

William H. Thomas, who died at Spanish Forks, Utah, Dec. 25, 1896, was born at Merthyr Tydvil, July 4, 1842. He was a musician of prominence, and a choral leader of acknowledged ability.

Rev. William Thomas, a Wesleyan Minister, died at Portmadoc Dec. 16, 1896. He was 63 years of age, and a man of prominence in his denomina- tion.

Mr. G. H. Pugh, B. A., Mus. Bac., of Llandudno (the composer of the can- tata "Ivry," produced at one of the Llandudno Eisteddfod concerts), has just taken the degree of Bachelor of Laws at the University of Dublin. Mr. Pugh now holds the unique position of having graduated in the three faculties of Arts, Law, and Music.

Dr. W. O. Davies, Wilkesbarre, Pa., has gone to Germany to continue his medical studies.

Thomas P. Daniel, Deputy Clerk of Courts, Scranton, has been elected pres- ident of the West Side Republican League.

Thorough Welshman as he is, even Lloyd-George, sometimes gets non- plussed when he wants to translate Saxon words into "Yr hen iaith." At a Cymru Fydd meeting recently, he was noticed to pause in the middle of an effective bit of oratory, and the cause of the stoppage was discovered when he whispered to the chairman, "What is the Welsh for 'local option?'"

Rt. Rev. William Basil Jones, Bishop of the diocese of St. David's in the Church of England, died at Abergwili Palace, Carmarthen, January 14. He was consecrated Bishop in 1874.

Elizabeth, widow of Rev. Thomas Aubrey, the great orator of the Wesley-

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ans in the last generation, died at Rhyl on Christmas eve, at the ripe age of 83 years.

William Morris, the poet-laureate of the Socialists, died worth $275,000, all of which he left to his family.

The "Eurgrawn Wesleyaidd" is now edited by Rev. John Hughes (Glanystwyth).

Rev. T. Cynfelyn Benjamin, formerly of Pittsburg, Pa., has accepted a call to Pisgah Congregational Church, Penrhiwgaled, Cardiganshire.

Prof. Apmadoc is rendering valuable service to popular culture by his "Nights of Song and Poesy," in the Western States. The professor's vivid word pictures of scenes and incidents on his travels in giving these elevating entertainments have been among the most readable things in the "Drych" the past year.

Some interesting relics of T Nant, were on view at Bangor : and consisted of his ink bottl silver pen, presented to him by vid Samuel, bearing date 1789 are the property of Mr. Whiteh Bethesda, who has also the orig of the poet, and a number of scripts, which ought to find th into some public library.

David Thomas, of Plymouth, received a diploma from Ste correspondence school of Scran surveying, mapping, etc., having successful examination in geome onmetry, railroad surveying, c land surveying and mappin secured his first diploma from tl Mining School, at Merthyr Wales. He is a son of David of the Rhos farm, Gelligaer, Wa is a veteran mining superintenc

## WELSH NEWS AND NOTES.

The deplorable strike and lockout at Cae Braich y Cafn quarry still continues, with no prospect of adjustment. The Welsh and English papers almost unanimously condemn Lord Penrhyn for refusing the good offices of the Board of Trade in settling the dispute, and generally express sympathy with the workmen. A notable exception is the "Cambrian News," published at Aberystwyth, which stoutly defends Lord Penrhyn's right to manage his own business. The "News" has the courage of its convictions, but it goes directly contrary to its usual course in defending his lordship in this case. Even a lord has no right to ruin a whole community in order to punish seventy one men that have incurred his displeasure. Our illustration on page 81, of the quarry of Cae Braich y Cafn, is from a photograph taken before the two immense pillars to be seen in the center, were leveled by means of explosives.

A pleasant gathering of the Cape Cambrian Society took place on the 18th of November, in the society's roon Town, under the presidency of P Lewis. The occasion was the p tion of a purse and address to M Edwards, who has for many ye until recently, been the indef honorable secretary of the socie

It is said that there are a t Welsh people in Johannesburg a inity, South Africa. A Welsh r service is held once a month, average attendance of one hund fifty.

T. Richards, of the Welsh re writes to the Glamorgan "Free from the British garrison at Se abad, India, giving an account certs given by the Cambrian C ciety of the Welsh regiment. that "Rhyfelgan y Myncod" pleased the English portion audiences. Another military pondent writes of Welsh con Malta.

Five months ago the British tion Department issued instruc

he inspectors of schools in Wales that hey should "encourage the practice of l-lingual teaching by themselves mak-ng use of Welsh in testing children's ntelligence." Now Mr. Legard, of eeds, has been appointed chief inspect-r of schools in Wales—a gentleman ho is, no doubt, an admirable public ervant, but who has never lived in Vales, and knows not a word of Welsh. uch an appointment is utterly inde-ensible.

Great interest has been excited in outh Wales by an action which is being rought by Mr. Nathaniel Thomas, a Cefn collier, who claims the Drymma state, and involving, so it is declared, he release of upwards of £3,000,000 lying in Chancery, and the possession of an annual rent roll exceeding £300,-000. The Maesygwernen Hall estate, held by W. Williams, ex-M. P. for Swan-sea, and the Glyngollen estate, Llangyf-elach, held by Joseph Davies, are in-cluded among the properties which Mr. Thomas seeks to recover. It is claimed that Mrs. Dinah Morgan, North Meade Street, Wilkesbarre, Pa., is one of the heirs to this vast estate.

At what time did the tall hat for women go out of fashion in Wales? When Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk to the Privy Council, visited Bangor, in 1841, and attended a service in the Cathedral, the old head-dress was still in vogue, for he writes in his diary, "It has an odd effect to see the women with their high-crowned round hats on in church; the dress is not unbecoming." He adds that "the women, in point of costume, have no resemblance to English women. Besides the round hats which they al-most all wear, and which, though not unbecoming, give them a peculiar air, many, though not all of them, wear a sort of sandal on their feet."

Professor Herkomer has turned the arch-druid to good account by painting a portrait of him for the winter exhibi-tion of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors. Hwfa Mon appears in his new white robe, with his copper wreath of withered oak leaves on his head, and the golden breastplate of judgment (whatever that may mean) on his broad chest. A cromlech is placed in the background.

A suggestion has been made to the authorities of the University of Wales, that an honorary degree should be con-ferred upon such headmistresses of Welsh Intermediate Schools as have passed the public examinations at Ox-ford and Cambridge, which qualify men for a degree.

The Welsh residents of Kingston, Jamaica, have approached the govern-ing body of the town, and that body has consented to organise a great Eis-teddfod in that town in June next. It will be conducted on exactly the same lines as in Wales.

Rev. Abel J. Parry, the president of the Welsh Baptist Union, and a friend, were one day in a railway car scaling the heights of a Continental mountain, when the friend remarked, "Well, well, they will lay down a railway to take us to heaven soon." The engine driver happened to overhear the remark, there-upon suddenly turning round he ex-claimed, "No, no, it would never pay—there is not enough traffic."

The "Schoolmaster," reviewing the educational position in Wales during the past year, says that activity in all direc-tions of educational work, primary, secondary, and university, has been es-pecially marked. Although no legis-lative advance in the promotion of primary education can be chronicled for the year, enormous strides have been made in the matter of intermediate education. In connection with Welsh University Education, 1896 would long be remembered. The number of can-didates for matriculation in 1895 reach-ed 89, in 1896, to 215.

Dr. T. B. P. Davies, late of Milford Haven, and now chief of the medical staff of Buluwayo Hospital, South Africa, has just intimated to the Pem-brokeshire Monthly Meeting his inten-tion of presenting a gold medal to be competed for annually by the members of the Pembrokeshire Sunday Schools.

# ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCELLANY.

## CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

A little boy wearing his first pair of pants, was accosted by a gentleman with, "Hello, Johnny, how's your health?" The answer came promptly, "I got no health, I got pants."

"Why, how did those blots come to be there?" asked mamma. "Oh," said Mabel, "I couldn't help that, because the pen leaked."

Little Walter and his sister Helen sleep in separate beds in the same room. One night Walter cried out, "Papa, sister has fallen out of bed." As papa appeared upon the scene, Walter, now thoroughly awake, said, "Oh, it is me."

Mamma, "I'm sorry I stole the preserves." "Ah, your conscience is troubling you, is it?" "I don't know exactly. Where is my conscience, mamma?"

A wee little girl was sitting in her mother's arms the other day, when she suddenly exclaimed, "O mamma, you are sweeter than sugar." "Then she must be honey," said the father, who was standing near. "Oh no, papa," was the quick reply, "not honey, but love."

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## ONLY A BABY.

One sultry day last summer, at a time when children of the poorer class in Philadelphia were dying by the scores every week, a bloated old man staggered up the steps of a physician's dwelling. The boys shouted after him, "Old Bourbon," the name by which he had been known in the locality in which he lived for many years.

"The baby's worse," he said, standing hat in hand when he met the doctor coming out.

"You've been here for me every day for a week," explained the doctor. "I cannot go again to-day. I told the child's mother there was no chance this morning. It was dying then."

"Won't you come now?"

"No; I have not a minute to spare. There are patients waiting whom I help."

"Old Bourbon" followed him to carriage door, twisting his rag of a in his shaking hands. "She's—she's I've got, doctor."

But the doctor, with a pitying drove away, and the old man, ne sobered by his keen distress, crept h to the attic where his little grandc lay dying.. Whatever nursing or k ness little Mary had known, had c from "Old Bourbon." Her mother six other children, and went out w ing every day. The poor old drunk and the innocent baby were left to f a strange friendship for each ot She called for him now feebly, as lay on her mother's lap.

"Daddy! daddy! Come to me!"

He kneeled down and put his fi into the tiny withered hand. The t ran down his bloated cheeks.

"God leave her to me! God, leave to me!" he muttered.

"Daddy, come to Mary!" she c once more, and then the little s whose taste of life had been so bit passed on into the unseen.

It was only a baby. Its mother, had six other half-starved children feed, shed but few tears over it. doctor sent in certificate of its de with a dozen others. In the weekly of mortality there was an item, cholera infantum, seventy." Little M was one of the seventy. That was Her record was ended. The world done with her.

But an old trembling man crept i Sunday into the back pew of the li mission church, not far from the atti which he lived. He stopped the cle man when service was over.

"Why, is this you, Bour—— I beg y pardon. What is your real name?"

"John Black, sir. I want to take name again. I'm thinkin' of signin' pledge 'n' pullin' up for the rest of time left," stammered the poor wre

The clergyman was wise and hel

did "pull up." He lived but a few
:hs after that, but he did what he
l to live a decent, honest, Christian
n that time.
'he Lord is merciful, John," his
d said to him, as he lay dying.
know it, sir. I'm not much ac-
ıted with Him. But I've been try-
› foller little Mary. I hear her al-
cryin', 'Daddy, come to me.' I'm
n'. An' I reckon He'll not turn me
."
en the baby had its work to do, and
lone it.

———o:o———

## THE WOES OF WEALTH.

· William Harcourt's death duties
weighing heavily on the first fami-
of England. A few months ago,
ı the Marquis of Bath succeeded to
ntailed estates of his father, he was
d by the death duties which he had
ay on his father's will to close up
country house and to lease all the
ting privileges of the estate, and now
announced that the new Lord Sa-
is similarly reduced by the heavy
h duties levied on him on account of
erty bequeathed to him in which he
only a life interest. It looks as if
e might be some truth in the Duke
evonshire's declaration that these
h duties, unless modified, will result
ıe ruin of every old family in Great
ain.

———o:o———

## HIS KINDLY SUGGESTION.

ı old man was breaking stones one
on a country road in Wales when a
leman came riding along.
other these stones! Take them out
y way!" he said.
Where can I take them to, your
›r?"
don't care where; take them to
s if you like."
on't you think, your Honor," said
ld man, "that I'd better take 'em to
en? They'll be less in your Honor's
there."

## THE COMMONEST NAMES.

These are the fifty most common surnames of the babies born in England and Wales, arranged in the order of their numerical importance: Smith, Jones, Williams, Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, Johnson, Wilson, Robinson, Wright, Wood, Thompson, Hall, Green, Walker, Hughes, Edwards, Lewis, White, Turner, Jackson, Hill, Harris, Clark, Cooper, Harrison, Ward, Martin, Davis, Baker, Morris, James, King, Morgan, Allen, Moore, Parker, Clarke, Cook, Price, Phillips, Shaw, Bennett, Lee, Watson, Griffiths, Carter. In Scotland, the most common name is Smith, also, and in Ireland Murphy.

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## RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Professor Henry Drummond is still lying prostrate in the South of England, wholly confined to bed and unable to write, though his physicians are very hopeful.

The religious societies of Columbus, Ohio, irrespective of denominational lines, have effected a preliminary organization whose ultimate object is the abolishment of the Sunday funerals.

Canon Fleming of St. Michael's Church, London, has had a large telephone-transmitter placed in his pulpit, so that his sermons may be heard in a number of hospitals and other institutions.

A correspondent furnishes in the columns of the "Manchester Guardian" officially-prepared statistics of the Baptists, the Calvinistic Methodists, and the Independent churches in Wales. It appears that in every direction—in the matter of the number of the places of worship, of adherents, and of the amount of collections—there has been a substantial increase in each of the denominations. Among the Baptists, the membership is 101,791; among the Calvinistic Methodists, the membership is 147,297, with 305,890 as the number of adherents; and among the Independents the membership is 136,792, with 136,853 as the number of adherents.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

A correspondent writes: The article in the "Cambrian" taken from "Harper's," stated that he thought he could see stars of the 1342d magnitude! That is preposterous. Astronomers know nothing about stars smaller than the 18th or 19th magnitude. Each magnitude is 2-5th of the brightness of the next preceding one, so that it only takes a scale of a few magnitudes to express the brightness of all the stars visible by telescope or camera. Thus it would take 100 6th magnitude stars to make one 1st magnitude.

A remarkable discovery has been made near Three Tans, Montgomery County, Pa. In a sandstone quarry at that place an iron tree has been found imbedded in the rock ten feet below the surface. The tree is about 18 feet long, and 18 inches in diameter, and has been completely turned to iron, or rather to the iron ore known as brown hematite.

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## TO "GWLADYS,"

Infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Bower, New York City.

By Geo. M. Rees (Cilgwynog).

Hail! wakened soul, weak and silent—
Image of thy parent; [Hymen's
Still, wee pet, sweetly potent,
Charm from above to love lent.

To Mamma what a moment—o'er joyous
Is her jewel's advent,
Her fairest prize—her first present;
O! bliss divine the blest event.

Amorous speck, merry as Pan—pipeth
Papa his glad paean;
O my! not on Manhattan
Hope e'er made happier a man.

A band of cherubs bending—unseen, o'er
Sunny walls one morning,
Did, from yon bow'rs of flow'rs fling
Ma's blossom as a blessing.

Yes, time-ward toss'd immortelle—into
[th' air
Sent thee with fond farewell
When, uninjured mine ang
Clad so fair from the clouds

And, from beyond, round thee
Ambrosial yet linger,
And lavish, languidly, over
Thy ruddy mould their dew

At thy escape out the skies—h
All aglow with sunrise,
But, won't the light Miss Bi
Appear dim in Paradise?

Heaven thrive our new ar
Standing in life's portal,
Bright be her fame, shame n
Martyr this sweet immortal

Brooklyn, N. Y.

———oo———

## FOUR SCORE YEARS.

Lines dedicated to the Rev. Thomas V
Long Creek, Iowa, on his eightieth b

Can it be, or are you but jesting
Is it fourscore years to-day,
Since you opened your eyes in
land,
And first saw the light of day
Have you traveled down life's
pathway,
For eighty long years since th
Bearing burdens and fighting
battles,
Along with the bravest of m
It cannot be true; for what evid
Can you show for these years c
Eyes, bright as the gleam of a
Undimmed is the lustre of li
And Reason still sitteth triumph
With powers as vigorous and
Reigning over a mind that's as
And as youthful as it ever has
"The righteous shall thrive as t
tree,"
How sweetly the Psalmist ha
"When age cometh on," says th
ise,
"His soul shall wax fruiti
strong."

Patient, affectionate, tender
With a heart full of pity and l
A type of the Heavenly Father,
And the infinite mercy above.

Dec. 21, 1896.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

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## HENRY P. DAVIES.

By Dewi Cwmtwrch.

Henry P. Davies of Scranton, who has been for a quarter of a century inside foreman for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, is a native of Tredegar, Monmouthshire, Wales, where he was born in 1838. His parents were natives of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, his mother belonging to the well-known Phillips family of Melin Phil, renowned for its many able preachers. Mr. Davies was baptized and joined Hebron Church, Dowlais, when twelve years of age. His parents moved to Aberdare in 1853. By this time

HENRY P. DAVIES.

he had developed decided musical ability, and though but a lad, was considered one of the best alto singers in that section. He attracted the attention of Griffith G. Jones (Caradog), who afterward gained such fame by his great victory as choir leader at the Crystal Palace, London. Mr. Jones organized a party of twelve, of which Mr. Davies was a member, and with it won his first musical victory, at an Eisteddfod held in Aberavan, singing Hallelujah to the Father." Caradoc was Mr. Davies' first music teacher, and he was such an apt pupil, that when 19 years of age he was considered the best reader of music in the place. For two years he was chorister of the church of which Rev. B. F. Evans was the pastor.

In 1859 Mr. Davies married a daughter of Thomas Jenkins, farrier, who was a native of Llangynwyd parish in the Vale of Glamorgan. In the same year he came to America, and settled at Baltimore, Md., going to work in the copper mills at Canton. As the Baptist churches at Baltimore favored slavery, a burning question in those days, Mr. Davies joined the Welsh Union church at Canton, and found himself perfectly at home among his fellow-countrymen. He acted as chorister here for four years. At this time he was urged to prepare himself for the Christian ministry, but he resisted the importunities of his friends, and declined the responsibility.

While Mr. Davies was in Baltimore the civil war broke out, and he had some very exciting experiences on account of his loyalty to Union. He finally managed t cape, and went to the coal fiel Pennsylvania, settling in Schu County. He was one of a qu that gave concerts throughou county for the benefit of Jc Parry, then struggling for a mu education, but now Dr. Parry Cardiff, Wales.

Mr. Davies moved to Hyde (Scranton), in 1867, and soon i ested himself in social, indu and religious matters. He was given the position he now hol inside foreman, the duties of w he has performed to the satisfa of both company and workmen interested himself in literary ters, and became a member of Philosophical Society, and has time to time held every positio trust in the organization. H fond of traveling. Ten years ag went to Wales, and visited al every place of interest there, North and South. He afterw went west, through Colorado a as Utah. Mr. Davies gave the sults of his observations on t trips in a series of talks before Philosophical Society; and members will not soon forge recital of what he saw in the lan his birth, nor his vivid descript of the beauty and grandeur of P Peak, the Garden of the Gods, Yellowstone Park. He has called upon to lecture on t topics before many societies churches.

Others are better known as m cians than Mr. Davies; but however, among the Welsh at l are more proficient, or can

more instructive adjudications. He has demonstrated his ability in this direction on many an Eisteddfod platform, but his forte is congregational music, and in this important department he has few equals.

Mr. Davies has been connected with the First Welsh Baptist Church, Scranton, since he came to the city in 1867, and has held every position in the gift of the church and Sunday School—deacon, chorister, trustee, superintendent, &c., serving two terms as chief superintendent of the three Sunday Schools under the charge of the church. He is also an active Ivorite, having held every office but secretary in the gift of the Grand Lodge; and no one in the order is looked upon with more respect, or whose advice is more depended upon than Mr. Davies. He has been married twice, his present wife being a sister of James Richards, Treforest, near Pontypridd, S. W.

Mr. Davies has seven children, four sons and three daughters. The oldest son, John, is a successful druggist in Hyde Park. Another son, Philip, is a student at Exeter College.

We cannot close this brief sketch better than by saying that the life of Henry P. Davies presents many traits worthy of emulation. He is one of the foremost Welshmen of the "Electric City." Endowed by nature with mental faculties of a high order, as well as a sound body, without the advantages of early education, he has, by perseverance and strict integrity, reached a high position as a Welsh-American citizen. He is a fine musician, well versed in geography, history and theology, and above all a Christian gentleman.

Scranton, Pa.

## SOME DRUIDICAL CUSTOMS.

By T. H. B. Graham.

The Druids considered no plant more sacred than the mistletoe, and the tree on which it grew, provided it was an oak. They chose groves consisting of oak trees only, and did not perform any religious ceremony without using the foliage of that tree, for they believed that everything which grew upon the oak was sent from heaven, and was a sign that the tree was chosen by God himself. But, as a matter of fact, the mistletoe was rarely found growing upon the oak, and when it was so discovered they repaired to the spot with great religious pomp. To begin with, they chose the sixth day of the moon, which was the first day of their month, their year, and their cycle of thirty years, because the moon has then considerable influence, though not as yet half full. They called the mistletoe in their language "all healing." When they had duly prepared sacrifices and a religious banquet beneath the tree, they led up to it two white bulls (of the same breed possibly as

those now preserved at Chillingham Castle), whose horns were then for the first time bound. Then a priest, clad in a white vestment, climbed the tree, and with a golden reaping hook cut the mistletoe, which was received in a white sagum (a Celtic term, apparently, for a cloak), after which they sacrificed the victims, praying that God would make His own gift prosperous to those to whom He had given it. They believed that fecundity was granted to every sterile animal that drank a decoction of this plant, and that it was an antidote for all kinds of poison.

The Druids also possessed an amulet called the "serpent's egg," and they gave the following account of the manner in which it was produced: In summer time numberless snakes rolled themselves into a knot, and by skillful intertwining formed a ball with the saliva of their mouths and the foam of their bodies. This ball was cast high into the air with violent hissing, and had to be caught in a sagum before it reached the earth. The person who caught it galloped away on horseback, for the snakes pursued him until they were stopped by some intervening river. A test that it was a genuine serpent's egg was that it floated upward against a current of water when encircled with a golden band. They also held that it must be taken at a certain phase of the moon. Pliny had seen one of these so-called eggs. It was the size of a small round apple, and its shell was formed of cartilage, thickly covered with small cavities, like those on the arms of a polypus. The Druids used it as a badge, and extolled its virtues for obtaining a successful termination to matters in dispute, and procuring access to royal personages. It is said that the Emperor Claudius once killed a Roman knight, belonging to the Gallic tribe of the Vocontii, because he was so superstitious as to wear a "serpent's egg" in his bosom during the progress of a lawsuit in which he was engaged.

Cicero had actually seen a Druid in the flesh, for he represents his brother Quintus as reminding him that he had received as his guest at Rome the celebrated Divitiacus, an Aeduan who professed to be acquainted with the science which the Greeks called physiology, and to be able to foretell future events partly by augury and partly by conjecture. The Emperor Claudius finally suppressed the Druidical religion in Gaul. Its rites had already been forbidden to citizens in the reign of Augustus. The Druids were thus deprived of all political influence in the state. But although their organized system was broken up, the members of the religious society were still held in great esteem by the people for their knowledge of futurity, and in the year 70 A. D. they were again stirring up the Gauls to revolt against Rome by declaring, in their songs, that the oracles portended the empire of the world to "Transalpine" nations. In later times those who claimed to belong to the ancient order seem to have been for the most part females in a humble class of life, who professed to tell fortunes. Women were no doubt treated with more indulgence

than men, as being less likely to use their power for political purposes. When the Emperor Alexander Severus was on the march through Gaul in 235 A. D., shortly before he was assassinated by some of his own troops, a Druidess (druias) met him and called out in the Gallic language, "Go thy way, but hope not for victory, and trust not thy soldiers!" The Emperor Aurelian once inquired of some Gallic Druidesses whether the imperial power would remain with his descendants, and obtained the answer that the name of none of his descendants would be more famous in the state than that of Claudius.

Again, when Diocletian was serving as a private soldier in Gaul, he lived at a tavern kept by a Druidess in the Tungrian country (Tongres). One day, as she was making out the bill for his daily board, she said to him, "Diocletian, you are too covetous, too sparing." He laughed and answered, "I will be liberal enough when I am emperor." "Don't jest," replied the Druidess, "for you will indeed be emperor when you have killed the boar" (aper). Diocletian, bearing this prediction in mind, was always intent on hunting the boar, and endeavored, whenever the opportunity occured, to kill it with his own hand. But when he repeatedly saw others made emperors before him he used to remark, "I kill the boar, but some one else always eats the flesh." When in 284 A. D. he was chosen emperor by the army, his first act was to slay Arrius Aper, the murderer of his predecessor in the purple, exclaiming, as he plunged the sword into Aper's body, "At last I have slain the fatal boar!" and so was fulfilled the prophecy of the Gallic Druidess.

## WHEN PEOPLE CARRIED THEIR PEDIGREES IN THEIR NAMES.

Until within a comparatively recent time the Welsh people adhered to the primitive custom of distinguishing a person as the son of his father by the use of the word "ap." Thus, David,the son of Howell,was known as David ap Howell. Very frequently, however, this was not a sufficient distinction, and it became necessary to add the names of the grandfather and great-grandfather, and sometimes several ancestors beyond, so that an individual carried his pedigree in his name. It was, therefore, not unusual to hear such combinations as Evan ap Rice ap David ap Adam ap Roger, and so on to the seventh and eighth generation back.

To this curious custom, however, we are inaebted for the names of Pugh, Pritchard, Powell and Price, which are simply modifications of ap Hugh, ap Richard, ap Howell and ap Rice. When the Welsh finaly adopted a simpler system of patronymics they made use of the paternal name in the possessive case. Thus, Griffith, the son of Robert, instead of being called Griffith Rob-

ertson, was known as Griffith Robert's—the son being understood. The possessive form was soon abandoned, however, and the surname became reduced to the simple one of G. Roberts. Many of our most familiar names are derived from this source, and we are at once reminded of Williams, Hughes, Richards, Andrews, Harris (Harry's), Adams, Phillips, Owens Rogers, Howells, Daniels, Reynolds, Matthews, Jenkins, Edwards and our old friend Jones, which is merely a modification of John's.

In times gone by nearly every name had its corresponding nickname or diminutive, just as to-day we still have our Dick, Jack, Billy, Frank and Harry. Many of these nicknames and nursery forms were also drawn upon for surnames, so that a single name was ofttimes the source of half a dozen different cognomens. Thus, from John we not only have Jones and Johnson, but Jenkins, Jennings, Jackson, Janson and Hanson. From Arthur we have McArty, Atkins and Atkinson. From Robert we have Roberts, Robertson, Robinson, Robson, Dobson, Hobbs and Hobbson. Dennis is responsible for Dennison and Tennyson. Hawkins, Harris and Harrison came from Henry. Richard has given us, in addition to Richards and Richardson, Dick, Dickens, Dixon and Dickinson. Anderson and Henderson are derivatives of Andrews, and to William we are indebted for Wilson, Wills, Willis, Wilkes, Bilson, Wilkins, Wilkinson, Willitson, Wilcox, Willett, Willard and Billings, besides Williams and Williamson.

## A SPIDER KEEPS TIME TO MUSIC.

At a recent rehearsal of the Apollo Male Quartet, of Coldwater, Mich., a large spider came slowly down his silken thread to about the height of the singers' shoulders, where he hung suspended for a few minutes, then began to move up and down in front of the music rack.

The second tenor, who was leading the air, soon noticed that the movements of the spider corresponded with the variations of his voice, up and down the scale, and in perfect time. They then began a series of experiments and found that the spider would ascend or descend about a foot for every octave, and though the melody was carried ever so lightly, and the bassos thundered in their heaviest tones, the insect could not be deceived, but always followed the leading part accurately, and with the precision of a director's baton.

All kinds of songs, from "Down in the Cornfield" to "The Bridge" were sung to test the ability of this wonderful little being, and each time he came out of the conflict not a beat behind. At last the four voices struck an awful discord, and instantly the spider scurried up his improvised metronome, and disappeared in the chimney.

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

By John D. Morgan.

Child of sorrow, cease thy wailing,
Let bright hope invade thy breast;
Dwell no longer on each failing,
Try again, and do thy best.

Let no gloomy thoughts distress thee
In thy strife for noble ends;
In due season God will bless thee—
Joy for grief will make amends.

Utica, N. Y.

Deem not life a scene of sorrow,
Banish every doubt and fear,
Brighter joys are thine to-morrow,
If thou rightly persevere.

Mourn not o'er life's faded flowers,
They belong now to the past,
But improve thy present hours—
Joy will then be thine at last.

## THE CENTENNIAL STATE.

By Ben M. Lewis.

It is hard to realize, as one rides westward across the prairies of Kansas or Nebraska, that the land is not perfectly level, as it appears, but that instead, there is a gradual ascent from the Missouri river to the Rockies, the rise across the four hundred miles of either state amounting to nearly half a mile; so that when the Colorado line is passed, an altitude above sea level of 3500 feet has been reached. For two hundred miles east and west of this line the country resembles a barren waste. Here and there are to be seen tumble down shanties and adobe huts, with an occasional settlement, but there is little in it all to fascinate an easterner on his "tenderfoot" trip. Irrigation has done much for the prairie land of Eastern Colorado and Western Kansas, but there still remains much to be done to make "the wilderness blossom as the rose." All the trunk lines except the Santa Fe enter Denver from the north, and the transition from the barren prairie to the "queen city of the west" is so sudden as to be startling, and this question forces itself upon every mind: "What makes such a city?" Some people, who have resided there long enough to be known as old settlers, have not yet decided that it is made. But, whether it is or not, the city is without question one of the most beautiful on the American continent. Located a mile above sea level, with its delightfully invigorating air, fanned by cooling breezes from the mountains, the foothills of which are but ten miles away, it had many natural advantages to start with. Men of energy and faith, many of them drawn there from the East through ill health, gave the city an impetus fifteen years ago that was unchecked until silver received a "black eye," and eastern money ceased to flow westward for invest-

ment, in 1892 and '93. Few cities can show a four years' progress such as was made by Denver between 1888 and 1892. In the summer of 1890, when I first reached

The Seven Falls, Cheyenne Canon.

there, none of the now prominent office buildings was completed, and some of them were not started; there was not a foot of decent pavement in the city; the horse still plodded along with the street car on a number of lines, and there were many other signs of an unfinished town. Before the smash in 1893 all was changed. The entire business section was well paved with asphalt, office and business blocks were completed, trolley and cable lines covered the city; and with the exception of the nine and one story buildings side by side, as is the case in all new cities, there was an app ance of finish to the business tion at least. Of course, there and is still room for unlimited pansion in the residence sect It was in dealing with these sect that men forgot honesty and c looked friendship in their greec gain. But the scriptural state as to sowing and reaping has verified in more than one inst and millionaires are now clerks, the wealth that was has disappe The city is now passing through ing times, but the people are h ful, and feel confident that the ture has for them that which are hoping for.

Eighty miles south of Der and five miles east of the bas Pike's Peak, is Colorado Spr one of the prettiest smaller citi this country. It is a veritable tarium, many men of wealth ding there who are unable to elsewhere. Now, too, many successful Cripple Creek mine ers are located there. With Peak towering in the clouds a above the city, and reached l y of the trolley to Manitou, and the cog-road up the mountain the famous Garden of the Go mile north of the direct roac tween the Springs and Man Williams Canon, the varied spr and other choice spots in and Manitou; Cheyenne Canon, t mind one of the most picture canons in the Rockies—Colo Springs is the center of mor tractive spots than can be f within so small a distance of bably any town in this country.

Pueblo, thirty-five miles sou

Colorado Springs, and fifteen hundred feet nearer the sea level, had in many ways the advantage of Denver in point of natural location, but through its conservatism, failed at the right time to take advantage of that location, and will have to be content to be the second city of the state. It has extensive manufactures, and because of its conservatism has not suffered as much as some other points from the financial depression.

Thirty or forty miles west of Pueblo is the famous Royal Gorge, the one cut through the main range of the Rockies. Its hanging railroad bridge, and the impressive view skyward, as one passes through the narrow cut, will ever make the spot an attractive one to travelers. After the Gorge comes the Canon of the Arkansas, and a steady climb to the west and north through one hundred and twenty miles of varied country brings one to Leadville, the most historic mining camp of the state, and the highest city in the country, being two miles above sea level. The extreme altitude makes it an undesirable place for permanent residence, and the whole town gives the impression that every person there plans to leave as soon as circumstances will permit. The population has varied anywhere from 6 to 25,000, during the past few years, the number depending upon the output of the mines. Here Ex-United States Senator Tabor made most of his large fortune, which he spent foolishly, only to return, as I saw the other day, to work again with the pick at Cripple Creek. This latter camp, now the most prosperous in the state, because of its output of gold, is located west of Colorado Springs, and is reached from all important points by rail.

The state, twice as large in area as New York, and so varied in altitude, scenery, climate and production, is well worth a visit from every American tourist. I spoke before of the marvelous effects of irrigation. Here is an illustration or two. Thirty miles east of Pueblo, there has been introduced an extensive system of irrigation, and crops of nearly every kind have been raised

Hanging Rock, Clear Creek Canon.

in abundance. Rocky Ford, a small village, has within its borders every fall a county fair. The chief attraction of this fair is what is known

as "Melon Day," when the people of the entire state are invited to visit Rocky Ford and eat watermelons. Fifteen or twenty thousand melons are brought in by ranchmen, nicely piled up, tables are built around them, and then the growers serve all who come from early morning until night, or until all are gone, without cost. The governor and other dignitaries attend and make speeches, and the day has become noted in consequence. The same plan is carried out at Monument, on "The Divide," where potatoes are grown in abundance; and at Grand Junction, "over the range," where peaches are the abundant product.

The mineral products are not confined to gold and silver. About all the coal used in the state is mined within its borders, that supplied to Denver residents coming from the foothills ten to thirty miles away. It is soft coal, but not of the extremely soft character we see in the east. Anthracite has been found, but not in large quantities. Marble in quantity beyond computation, and in quality finer than Italian, is hidden under the mountain surface.

The state abounds in mountain trips. The shorte one of the best railroad t up the Clear Creek Canoi "Over the Loop." This ro branch of the Union Pacific, than 60 miles long, but in th tance doubles the altitude of ver. One of the finest all day t over the South Park road, a narrow gauge branch of the Pacific, running over the top mountains between Denver Leadville. It reaches timbe (11,500) at Boreas Pass, the view from the Pass will ne forgotten. Its winding trail u down the mountain side, cau roll, has led some people to the "sea sick" route, as many are unable to make the trip w experiencing nausea. The Grande and Midland roads some fine long trips, but no ones can compare with the mentioned.

Colorado, as you see, is a state, and every American bef goes abroad ought to visit it.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## THE WORK OF THE LUNGS.

The lungs, having only a rest of about one second between each respiration, have six hundred millions of air-cells, with an average of five very minute blood-vessels on their outer surface, or a total of three billions, to receive the inspired air and to renovate the blood. . . At each inspiration these air-cells are more or less filled with air, the oxygen being of more s importance in this purificatic the blood. A part of these n blood-vessels are arteries a part veins, the one bringing ir blood for purification and the carrying back the oxygenated into the heart, again to go rounds of the system in its wc renovation and practical cre

oxygen is drawn through the ring of the air-cells, and is up by its carriers, the red iscles. This action of the blood s the important purposes of ng the system in "running or-

The lungs and heart seem to vo very active partners, doing day and night than all beside omote the general welfare, ing health, strength and vigor. purified blood is carried back e heart, again to go the rounds e system, while another class ssels gathers up the waste of ody, the decayed particles of part of this ever-decaying body, with all putrefying matters, while other forces are busy in throwing off such impurities through seven millions of pores (some claim that there are thirty-seven millions), very important service in preserving the system in its natural order and healthful activity. That this escape through the pores may not become impeded, it is of great importance that the surface may be kept clean by a daily wash or brushing, and that the pores may not become inactive, this being as essential as the washing of the face and hands."

## THE WELSH ELEMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.*

By Sydney George Fisher, B. A.

the first fifteen or twenty after the founding of Pennsyl- in 1682, the Welsh were the numerous class of immigrants, ney have left many traces of elves for many miles round lelphia in the names of places. scendants of the ancient Brit- who had been driven into a of England by the Saxon orman invaders, they felt that were still a separate people, ke the Germans, they hoped e a country of their own in lvania.

the Welsh, like the Swedes, oon absorbed, and their lan- disappeared. They had, however, been assisted in retaining their language and customs by an agreement they made with Penn before they immigrated. He had promised them a tract of forty thousand acres, where they could have a little government of their own, and live by themselves. When they began to arrive, in 1682, the tract was surveyed for them west of the Schuylkill, and it included that beautiful stretch of country which has now become very familiar to Philadelphians for its suburban homes along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

There was something peculiarly suitable in giving the Welsh this tract, for it more nearly resembled their own country than any other land that could be found near Phila-

*tract from the Chapter on the Welsh in er's "Making of Pennsylvania," which is lsewhere in this issue of the CAMBRIAN.

delphia. That it was given for this reason does not appear, but it is not at all unlikely that the woodman's instinct of the first Welsh explorers led them to follow that ridge of high land, which is the water-shed between the western side of the Schuylkill and the Delaware. This ridge, which is more or less of a table-land, several miles wide, rises steadily from the west bank of the Schuylkill for about twenty-five miles until the summit is reached, near Paoli, about six hundred feet above the level of Philadelphia. As we advance along it westward, the country becomes more and more diversified, more rolling and hilly, with longer vistas, and the climate cooler and dryer. On the northern side very extensive views are obtained over what we now call the Chester Valley, and the descent into it becomes steeper and steeper as we approach Paoli. The Welsh called it Duffrin Mawr, or the Great Valley.

They insisted that their forty thousand acres constituted a barony, or county palatine, and it was known as the Welsh Barony until modern times changed it to Welsh Tract. It was a manor with the right of Court Baron, like the one occupied by the Moravians on the Lehigh, and if circumstances had been favorable it could easily have been developed into a sort of palatinate. It was certainly a magnificent domain of hill and dale covered with enormous oaks, sycamores, and poplars, which the greatest earl or duke might have envied. The red-haired, freckle-faced Owens and Winns were content with it. They enjoyed heartily the game and sport forded, and their descendants hunt the fox there as of old. of them had some means, and of the gentleman-farmer class fact, the few glimpses we ha them in the old records imp amount of enjoyment and exp ture for dress and entertainmen usual on a provincial frontier.

The patron saint of the V was St. David, and this name given to the little Episcopal Ch which has now survived nearly hundred years in one of the charming and secluded valle Radnor. The touching, si beauty of its architecture and roundings inspired one of poems of Longfellow, but he l ly did the subject justice. The overshadowing oaks, the deep pression of the past, the q graves of the old colonists, William Moore and General W resting in their midst, seem to been unable to arouse the poet to his best. Several of verses are querulous and b the subject, and only one where he touches on the impre of rest and seclusion, is of merit.

Members of the Welsh eleme our population can still be fou prominent positions in many o industrial enterprises; but they produced few very remarkable In the early days of the co however, previous to 1700, al physicians in the province a to have been Welshmen. Th

l, several times deputy governnder Penn, was a Welshman, o was David Lloyd, the leader he popular party in the asly, and afterwards chief jus-

In the Revolution and more t times, the Welsh names of alader and Meredith have of much distinction.

vas through this Welsh barony, ollowing close to the highest s of the ridge, that the great rn highway of colonial times, long known as the Lancaster ike, took its way. Begun by otsteps of the first wandering hman, for a time a trail in the s, then a rough road leading earings, then a better road, ved here and there with logs, fterwards with cobble-stones, s pointing westward to the c, it grew and grew until it ed the Susquehanna, crossed l wound through the Alles to Fort Pitt, its terminus for years. Though not always on the same line as the present Lancaster turnpike, it followed the same general route, and it always was, and still is, one of the highways to the boundless West. When the Pennsylvania Railroad was built, the engineers found they could make but little improvement on the Welshman's skill, and they laid their tracks along the summit of the ridge, close beside the turnpike, and perpetuated the old colonial line of western travel, which has now become one of the throbbing arteries of civilization.

In colonial days its throbs were less hurried and nervous, but equally full of life, and perhaps more picturesque. A class of hardy humorous characters grew up who were the teamsters and wagoners to Fort Pitt, and afterwards to Pittsburg. Horses were bred for the service, and the great canvas-covered wagons became a familiar sight on the highway of the barony.

## LEAP YEAR.

year is 365 days, 5 hours, 49 es long; Julius Caesar, B. C. ecreed that it should be con- d as 365 days 6 hours; and he 6 hours of each year should led together until an extra day made—that is, that in every year the year should have 366

This arrangement lasted un- 32 A. D., when Pope Gregory , on taking council, found that laying the beginning of the calendar year 11 minutes every year for 1600 years, the calendar year was ten days behind the solar year; that when the calendar said March 11 it was really March 21. He decreed that October 3, 1582, should be counted as October 13, and to keep the calendar year as close as possible to the solar year, ordered a partial settlement every 100 years, and a complete settlement every 400 years. Eleven minutes a year for

100 years equal about 18 hours; that is, at the end of 100 years the calendar year would be 18 hours behind the solar year. Pope Gregory decreed that those 18 hours should be set aside, and that the centurial year whose number was not divisible by 400 should not be a leap year. The effect of this decree was to put the calendar year 6 hours ahead of the solar year every 100 years; at of 400 years the calendar year be 24 hours ahead. Then by the fourth centurial year a lea the calendar year was put bac with the solar year. The ar ment is so nearly exact that th amounts to only one day in 3,200 years.

## AN ARMY INCIDENT.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones.

My labors as chaplain in the Union Army began on Morris Island, South Carolina, in the spring of 1864, and continued until April, 25, 1866. I could easily present a number of incidents, possessing interest. Some are of a comical nature and others quite the reverse. The scene which I am about to describe I shall not soon forget.

It was the burial by moonlight, at the dead of night, of a number of our "boys in blue," taken from the dens of Charleston prisons.

For a number of days several of our Union boats, each bearing a flag of truce, had met some confederate craft between Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie, for the purpose of exchanging prisoners. About dark, on December 5, I received a note from Col. B——, who was then in command of the post, requesting me to be present at the landing at high-tide to officiate at the burial of those of our Union soldiers who had died since they were brought on board our exchange boats. About 10 o'clock I started for the la The procession was already f The burial-place was three-f of a mile from the starting poi large military escort was p The order was given, the played the solemn dead marc with slow, measured step started to convey our dead t last resting-place. Present reached the ground. Carefu remains were taken out of t bulances and laid side by side edge of their common gra counted thirty-nine coffins. dead were from different parts North, and ranging in age eighteen to fifty.

The scene was impressive. the still hour of night. Natu hushed to rest. There, und silvery moon and the twinkl the stars, we were about to c the dust to dust! The plai adorned caskets were ca handled by patriotic and symp ic comrades, and the thirt sleepers were tenderly laid t

At the proper time I delivered the following address (which I now copy from my diary) to one of the most solemn assemblies I ever beheld:

"Dear comrades, no doubt all of these brave dead have dear relatives who love them with all the ardor of affectionate hearts. They well know at home that their dear ones in prisons were soon to be exchanged. Even now they cherish the hope that a few more days will restore to them their long-absent loved ones. To-day, perhaps, the loving wife kissed the cheek of her darling little boy, in whose countenance she saw the image of her far-away husband, and with tears of hopeful joy cried out: 'Oh, my dear little Freddie, next week perhaps papa will be home.' And the family circle in another dwelling is enlivened with the thrilling hope that Charlie, their dear Charlie, the pet of the parents, and the pride of the sisters, will soon take his accustomed seat at the table. The anticipation brings tears of joy to their eyes, and gladness to their hearts. But alas, these fond hopes will be crushed. Little Freddie will never again sit on his papa's lap, and the walls of that northern mansion shall never again echo with the melody of Charlie's songs! The father, husband, son and brother are buried away in a land of strangers, where no loving friends can ever shed a tear of affection over their sleeping dust."

We then united in prayer and commended these unknown relatives, whose hearts would yet bleed, to the compassionate God. From the eyes of rugged men who seldom wept, tears freely flowed. Deep solemnity prevailed. Mingled with this solemnity there were evident signs of righteous indignation arising from the firm conviction that the majority of these, their fellow-soldiers, had been so reduced by slow starvation as to be beyond the reach of help.

It was nearly midnight, and I left for my own camp. "The dust" had returned "to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it." Thousands of incidents I have forgotten; but I say again, never shall I forget that burial by moonlight on Morris Island.—Epworth Herald.

## DISCOVERED THROUGH A CHILD.

When Sir Humphry Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement:

"Humphry, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together."

Humphry was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head, and said,—

"I do not know, dear. Let us see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out why."

Humphry soon found that the little girl was right; the pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a

tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason, and after some time, thanks to the observing powers of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done, Humphry Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries.

Talking about children helping in discoveries, reminds us of another pretty tale.

In 1867, some children were playing near the Orange River, in Africa. They picked up a which they thought was only pretty pebble, far prettier tha they had found before.

A neighbor seeing this offered to buy it for a mere He, in his turn, sold it to so else; and so the pebble ch hands, till at last it reach governor of the colony, wh five hundred pounds for it. stone which the children had was the first of the African onds.

## THE GHOST OF JOHN GEAR.

By Sam Walter Foss.

In his coffin bed John Gear lay dead,
But John Gear's ghost stood near;
And the clergyman talked at the funeral,
And the Ghost bent low to hear:
The waiting ghost of the man who was dead.
He lingered to hear what the clergyman said;
So the clergyman spake and the people wept,
And the Ghost looked on and the dead man slept—
And the dead man slept.

"The man who is dead," the clergyman said,
"Was the true, true salt of the earth;
Who shall gauge the good of his well spent life
And the measure of his worth?
For he was a man of the olden type,
Of the honest, noble, sterling stripe."
Shame fell on the Ghost as he stood nigh,
For he alone knew these words were a lie—
These words were a lie.

And the Ghost was afraid and was sore dismayed
As he heard the words of prai
And he thought of the wreck s
wrong he had done
Through the stretch of the lor
days;
And a woman's face that was bl
with tears
Loomed up from the vast of the
ing years:
But the Ghost while he heard
praise of the priest,
Felt burn on his forehead the n
the Beast—
The mark of the I

And the priest preached on, l
ghost of John
Heard naught but the woman's
For the silent tears of her silent
Were thunder in his ears.
And the priest still preached, w
words of praise,
And the Face loomed up from th
gone days;
The priest still praised and the
wept,
And the Ghost passed on and tl
man slept—
The dead man

# CHARACTERISTICS OF WELSH PREACHERS.

By Rev. D. T. Phillips.

I

Almost all of our Welsh preachers have a vein of humor running through their sermons. They possess the peculiar faculty of touching the lachrymal chord simultaneously with the risibilities of the people. The three most humorous preachers in "Cymru Fu" (Past Wales) were Jenkin Thomas, Penhydd (Calvinistic Methodist), Lewis Powell, Cardiff (Congregational), and David Evans Ffynonhenry, (Baptist). They were diamonds in the rough. They were rugged in their attire, address, appearance and attitude; nevertheless, their sermons riveted attention.

The sermons of Jenkin Thomas, known as Siencyn Penhydd, were replete with homespun illustrations. Once, when preaching at a "monthly meeting," held at Dinas Powis, Glamorganshire, he took for his text: "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." He urged upon his hearers the importance of remembering the text at least, that the text was bound to be perfect, whatever the sermon might be. "Perhaps there are some here who complain of their memories; that they are poor, and that it is almost impossible to remember anything. Hush up with your wicked falsehood. The fault is not with your memory—that God-given faculty furnished you. The fault is with your entire self. It is you who crowd that memory with worldly and wicked things, so that you have no room for diviner and holier thoughts. I warrant that you can recollect well enough about that old white horse you sold at Landaff fair, four or five years ago; you sold it for six or seven pounds, didn't you? O yes! you can remember that transaction; that will never escape your memory. The fact is, there are some here to-day who can remember anything and everything but the Gospel." There happened to be a gentleman present who tallied to the description, who had sold just such a horse, at that very time, in that very fair, for that very price. As soon as service was over, the enraged man denounced the church members in unsparing terms for having told the preacher about his business affairs, as nobody else knew about the transaction, and that "they were the meanest devils for tattling and tale-bearing that ever crawled the earth."

Lewis Powell, of Cardiff, whom the writer knew, was another "sui generis." He was a great favorite in all the "big meetings," especially at the opening services of new churches. Being an unrivaled debt-raiser, they invariably assigned him the "begging speech." At the opening of the new church edifice at Pentre-estyll, near Swansea, he expressed himself as follows: "Now, kind friends, I have been asked to

address you once more on this interesting subject of debt-raising. You did nobly this morning, I trust you may do still better this afternoon, after the two blessed sermons we have heard. They say that the second milking is the richest. I hope it may prove so this afternoon. I hope every one present, young and old, male and female, will give something. You probably noticed that I did not contribute anything this morning. This afternoon I am going to give a half crown towards the canceling of the debt." Feeling that his conscience was upbraiding him for his deception, he concluded that he must let the "cat out of the bag," and thus added in an undertone, "But it is a half crown that a gentleman gave me this morning." As soon as the speech was ended, Rev. E. Jacobs, a neighboring Congregational pastor, stepped forward and said,"that he would contribute a half sovereign to the funds that had not been given him by any living soul on God's earth." Both preachers perfectly understood each other. The venerable Lewis Powell, then 71 years of age, placed his hands upon the pulpit desk, and with eyes fixed upon Jacobs, replied in a deep, sepulchral tone of voice: "Well, well! this is something dreadful. Did you ever hear such a thing in your life? Brother Jacobs has just told us with his own lips that he will contribute a half sovereign which was not given him by any living soul; I hope the brother didn't steal it."

Once he took tea with a sister Davies at a town named Neath. As soon as he was through, he arose to leave. "Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Powell, you have an hour yet before the train is due." "True, Mrs. Davies, true, but it is the last hour." Mr. Powell always made it a point to be at the railway station an hour before the departure of the train. His motto was: "Better be an hour before the time, than a minute after the time."

He had never "been through the schools," so one day when officiating near Brecon, he resolved to visit the Congregational College. Picking out two of the strongest looking students, he requested them to raise him three times. They cheerfully assented. When they laid him down on his feet, he said in serious tones: "Thanks, my young brethren, thanks; I can now truthfully say that I have been raised in college."

Mr. Powell could deal some telling blows on his Satanic majesty. In fact, he could hardly preach any sermon without punching the old fellow between the eyes. He was an inveterate enemy to old Satan, but an everlasting friend to Jesus Christ. He preached so freely and so frequently against the arch-enemy that several young wags in Cardiff, where he and I resided, resolved on Monday morning to meet him at the Taff Vale Railroad Station, to tantalize him on the subject of the devil. They feigned dejection. They had serious news to convey to the old man. "Good morning, Mr. Powell, we are very glad to see you, but we have very sad news to tell you." "Well, what is it, my young friends?" "You will learn what it is, sooner or later, so we may as well

tell you now. The devil is dead." "What! the devil dead! When did that happen?" "Well, Mr. Powell, it happened last night while you were preaching—you know Mr. Powell, that you have said so much against him that he could stand it no longer, so that at last you have talked him to death. We are glad enough that he is gone; we are only sorry for you. You know, Mr. Powell, that your bread and cheese depended on his existence; now that the old fellow is out of the way, what are you going to do for a living? Now that he is dead and gone, there will be no more needing of preaching nor of preachers." "O! my young friends, don't you worry at all about me. I know that my heavenly Father who has provided for me in the past, will not forsake me in my old age, but I am beginning to feel a little anxious about you, his poor orphan children. What will you do, now that your father is dead."

Chicago, Ill.

## THE DENVER EISTEDDFOD.

Adjudication of G. H. Humphrey on the Poetical Compositions and Translations.

II.

3. Yr Archwiliwr.

Five have entered this competition. Three have taken the subject in the limited sense of prospector; but in the absence of anything to indicate that Archwiliwr is to be taken in that narrow sense, it would seem proper to take the word in its general and broad meaning, as two of the competitors have done.

Son of the Silver West has made frwydr to rhyme with lwybr, which is improper. His ideas lack originality. He may profit by further study of his Welsh grammar and the laws of prosody.

Un Arall has given us uneven metre two or three times. He simply describes the ordinary prospector in an ordinary way.

Major Pike has also described the prospector only, but he has done it with more skill than the foregoing competitors. His stanzas may be called good.

Pliny and Erasmus have taken a broad view of the subject, and have given us very good stanzas of very equal merits, but after scrutinizing and comparing them we have decided that the first prize should be given to Erasmus, and the second to Pliny.

4. Englynion to Cripple Creek District.

These stanzas do not at all possess the metre that characterizes what in the Welsh language is called Englyn. Americus and Stratton have given us mediocre productions that indicate familiarity with this kind of verse. All things considered, Wild

West excels them; but we cannot persuade ourselves that even he is worthy of more than the second prize.

5. Englynion to the Rocky Mountains.

Prydlon violated the rules and conditions by sending his composition directly to the adjudicator, instead of to the Secretary. His englynion, however, are meritorious. The other competitors, John Sherman, X. Y., Silurian, Pererin, Awenwr Acw o'r Rockies, and Hedydd un Aden are about equal in every respect; all approximating faultlessness in the mechanical part of their work, and all alike lacking in the peculiar scintillations of a good englyn, so that we are constrained to decide that neither of them is worthy of a prize.

6. Translation of Alafon's Stanzas.

Eight have entered this competition, furnishing quite a variety. If the translators will secure their copies from the Secretary they will find some corrections marked upon them, which by comparison with the one hereby adjudged to be the best, should it be published, will furnish them a sufficient adjudication on this subject. The competitors stand in merit in about the following order: Owain Glyndwr, Mynyddog, Cambrian, Morfydd, Ysbryd Rhyddid, The Fourth of July, Pilgrim, and Briton, who is worthy of the first prize, and Pilgrim of the second.

7. Translation to Welsh of our National Hymn.

Fourteen have competed on this subject, namely, Minnehaha, N o'r Glyn, Iolo Morganwg, Gwlac wr, Llandudno, Saer Wyf fi o Fon, Grant, Ysbryd Rhy Cloch Rhyddid, Emlyn, C Welsh American, Morfydd, and iesin. I must say that neithe these translations is quite sati tory, though they differ cons ably in merit among themse Neither of them has given a rendering of the important line

Land of the pilgrim's pride

They all betray too much troub putting Mr. Smith's patriotic timents in a graceful Welsh and we may doubt that any W congregation in the United S would be pleased to sing verses as rendered by the be these translators. But we are a to withholding the prize w there has been so much ea effort, especially as the bes these translations are tolerable. will therefore award the first pri Grant, and the second to Morf

In deciding the foregoing petitions. I have considered cl the thought-character of the positions. In poetry, whilst the guage is important, as a lady's is always noticeable, the idea the essential part, and the part reference to which merit shoul weighed, just as a lady's true b is in her own face and form, and heart, and not in her mer parel. In each case, it has bee aim to award the prize to the petitor in whose production I covered the greatest quantity c poetical quality in the thought the expression thereof.

# ADAM.

By Lizette W. Reese.

The postmaster stretched a greasy hand across his grocer's counter, and held out a letter to the tall and middle-aged woman standing there.

"Miss—Adelaide—Spring. Something for you, I guess."

"Oh, thank you," she said, indifferently.

She slipped the letter into her basket and walked out of the store. One glance had told her the writer. Her lilac calico gown, laid away for years in a garret trunk, was dimly reminiscent of him. He had been in her mind a good deal the past week.

The pike curved upward to the mountains, a dusty, warm-colored line, with here a house, there an orchard or some pasture-land, beside it. It had rained the night before, and the sudden little winds that beat down it were thick with the late August odors, that of withering grass or the last of the apples. Puffs of this red dust followed the tall woman up the road.

She carried her head high as she walked. Her stately name seemed to suit her. Under her thoughts and over and through them ran that one of her letter.

"Adelaide! Adelaide!"

She turned.

Jane Roseborough held her skirts well up out of the dust as she came. Her round, good-natured face shone like a full moon from under her starched sunbonnet.

"I've just been down to the drug-store after some liniment," she stopped to say, "I wonder what makes you walk so fast, Adelaide? You only had a minute ahead of me."

"I didn't know you were following."

"You ain't as fat as I am, Adelaide, or you'd realize how I feel. Well, let's go on."

"I guess the worst of the hot spell's over," said Adelaide, a minute later.

"I hope so, anyway." Jane was staring wide-eyed at her neighbor.

"How old-timey you look, Adelaide! I believe you had a dress like that when he first come to see you."

"Who?" asked Adelaide, unflinchingly.

"Adam."

They toiled along, one heaving and crimson, the other erect and high-headed. A loaded hay wagon, moving ponderously in the opposite direction, went by them. It seemed to Adelaide that the farmer's boy, perched on top, looked at her curiously.

"He's been talking a good deal about you to-day, Adelaide."

"Who?"

"Adam."

The tall woman's face was like stone.

"He just came back last night. I tell you I was mighty glad to see him. Eighteen years is a long time to do without seeing your only brother.

Adelaide kept dumb.

"His wife's dead, and his children's

dead, and he's come back here to stay—that is—that is—" She ended vaguely.

"Jane Roseborough!"

"Well, Adelaide?"

"You needn't be afraid to say anything to hurt. You can talk all you want to."

There was a moment's silence.

"Adelaide!"

"Well?"

"What was it that made you and Adam fall out?"

The only sound in the road was that of their muffled feet going along through the dust. Farther down the hay-wagon still lumbered. Adelaide measured out her words when she spoke; there was a snap to them.

"I've never told anybody yet, and I never expect to."

"I didn't think you would," said Jane, shrilly, "but I thought I'd ask, anyhow. Do you see this?" holding up the package in her hand; "it's liniment. Do you know what he's gone and done to himself?"

"No."

"He was fixing up my grape-vine for me this morning, and he slipped and fell, and hurt his back. The doctor says he'll have to keep quiet for a week. Adam always was unlucky about some things. When he was a baby he didn't do anything but bump his head, and when he got older he stumped his toe. They used to call him Stumping Adam."

They were coming to a small frame house set well back from the road. Two rows of box, each bush as tall as a man, led up to the front door.

"How's Ellen?" persisted Jane.

"She's gone down to Haversham."

"John Emmet sticks as close as ever, don't he? You'll miss her when she goes."

"She ain't married yet."

They had reached the gate. Jane stopped irresolute. "You might let bygones be bygones," she blurted out. "You might send him a word or two, Adelaide. He hasn't forgotten you."

"It's no use going on like that, Jane Roseborough."

"I know it ain't. Well, good-by."

"Good-by," said Adelaide.

She lifted the latch, and passed austerely along between the tall rows of box.

"Miss Adelaide! Miss Adelaide!"

"Oh, dear!" she said.

Back of the little house stretched a fat vegetable garden, and over the fence that divided it from the green, alley-like lane beyond, hung the owner of the voice, young, stalwart, white-shirted.

"Heard anything from Ellen lately, Miss Adelaide?"

"Not a word." She put down her basket and faced him judicially.

"What's the matter between you and Ellen, John Emmet?"

He groaned.

"Who began it?"

"Ellen. She saw me stopping down the pike one afternoon last week to talk to one of the Bean girls. I only asked her how her mother was, and I couldn't run right off when she began to tell me all about the old lady's rheumatism. I just stuck it out, though by the time she was through I felt myself all wrapped up in red flannel, with a

hot iron dragging at each foot. And Ellen got jealous and wouldn't listen to anything I said, and the next day she was down in Haversham. Miss Adelaide, she's been there a week, and I haven't heard a word since."

"That's like Ellen."

"I love the very ground she walks on," he cried, vehemently.

She looked at him kindly. "I guess it'll all come right."

He swung himself off down the lane. She watched him with a new and yet strangely familiar pang at her heart. It seemed to her as if she were listening to some old story told again.

In the house she remembered her letter. She read it seated on the edge of a chair in her solemn little parlor.

"Adelaide:

I'm coming back to Green Meadow just to see you. Adam."

Her face hardened, grew soft, and hardened again. At last she cried out, "But he got married, he got married!" and flung the letter from her.

Over the mantel in a cheap gilt frame hung the photograph of a young girl. Her face was dimly like Adelaide's.

She rose and crossed over to it, and shook her finger in the soft and smiling eyes.

"Is that the reason you went off to Haversham?" she began, sharply. "It was 'Aunt Adelaide' this, and 'Aunt Adelaide' that, until I said yes. You ought to have said, 'I'm going away and make a fool of myself.' It's in your blood, Ellen Spring. It was in your father's blood, and in his father's before him, and way back as long as there was any Springs. We're all alike. I wouldn't make up with Adam Roseborough, and you won't make up with John Emmet, and you'll be sorry for it all the rest of your life." Her voice had shaken as she drew towards the end; her last words were almost a wail.

She picked up the letter again and held it out full in the face of the mysterious likeness.

"And look at this, Ellen Spring! But I can't make up my mind to answer it. I'm soft one minute and hard the next. He got married and I stayed single. Seems to me I can't get over his taking a wife. I can't! I can't!"

She plucked at the waist of the gown she wore.

"Ellen Spring, did you ever see this lilac calico before? I pulled it out of the trunk this morning, where it's been folded up 'most twenty year. I knew he was coming, and I wanted something to put me in mind of him. He always liked this lilac so. That's what you'll come to, Ellen Spring. You'll hunger and thirst and find nothing to satisfy you but a rag of old ribbon or an old pile of letters, or something else. Some other woman'll get your happiness, and you'll sit and look on and make out you don't care."

Her voice was stern and appealing and passionate, and sad by turns. It came back in tinkling echoes across the empty room. It seemed to her as if the house were full of ghosts.

Then she said suddenly: "I'm going right up now and take it off."

She climbed the steps to the gar-

ret with the letter still in her hand. The blackened door creaked; she found herself for the second time that day in the dim place antique with the scent of herbs. The trunk out of which she had taken the gown a few hours before stood under the sloping eaves; she crawled towards it on her hands and knees, and dragged it out to the middle of the floor. Then she began mechanically to unfasten her dress, and little by little, as she did so, there grew out of the half-light in the room the figure of another woman, younger than herself by some eighteen years, who watched her with sad and reproaching eyes. Herself, in truth, in the likeness of her youth, the youth she had flung from her with a stubborn hand.

She opened the trunk; an odor of camphor struck across that of the herbs. Here lay her wedding things, in careful and separate folds, beribboned and beruffled, yellowing with age. She ran her finger along the topmost garment; it was trimmed with rows of some delicate, handknit lace, and she remembered having walked two miles in the sun to beg for the pattern. Below this showed a loosened breadth of something fine and dove-colored. It was the dress in which she had expected to marry Adam Roseborough. She gave it a long look; then smoothed the lilac calico into decent creases, and laid it down in a heap on the rest, and the letter last of all.. She felt as if she had just finished making a shroud.

Late that afternoon her niece came home.

"I thought you were going to stay another week," said Adelaide

" I got tired of it," said th She dragged out a chair an down on it. "You needn't g any supper. I am not hungry

Her aunt stopped in her p across the kitchen.

"John Emmet was 'roun to-day, and he told me all ab He's most crazy for you to ma Ellen."

"I feel 's if I'd rather die th it."

Adelaide Spring set her down again on the table, and l curiously at her.

"I'm going to tell you thing," she began. "I guess y heard about Adam Rosebor And that once he and I were to be married, and then we quarrel, and we never made u he went away and got another Everybody in the village l that story. Well, he's back again at his sister Jane's. He's back just to see me. I got a from him this morning, and h me so. But it's too late, Spring."

"Well?" said the girl.

"But don't you go and make of yourself like me. I'm too change, but you're young, an can; you must."

"What was it about?" asked

"He thought I talked too m the minister. We had just go and he was handsome, and tongue. And I said I would Adam said I musn't, and there ended. Adam begged and be and I held out, and so he st begging and went away."

The young face stared up into the middle-aged one.

"I look at you, Aunt Adelaide, and it seems as if I were looking at myself, only older."

"And I look at you," said Adelaide, "and it seems as if you were me, only younger."

The rattle of china sounded again. Adelaide's heels made clicking noises over the bare kitchen floor.

"You go up to bed, Ellen," she said, suddenly; "you're as pale as a ghost. I'll bring you a bowl of hot tea."

It grew late; the light faded. From one of her windows she could see the Roseborough chimneys, showing very black and plain against a sky that was all pale rose and emerald.

From the stove came a pleasant bubbling and boiling, and the room was full of a homely odor. It was time to take Ellen her tea.

The girl drank the steaming liquid down at one gulp.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

"Well?"

"I've been lying here and thinking about what you told me."

"Well?"

"If you make up with Mr. Roseborough, I'll make up with John Emmet."

Adelaide turned on her in a sudden passion.

"I don't see why you should try to make me do that, Ellen."

"I'll do just what you do," said Ellen.

She had been sitting up; she lay down again.

"Suppose somebody that said he cared all the world for you went off, and forgot, and got married?" asked the older woman.

"You wouldn't let him marry you, Aunt Adelaide. I don't blame him."

"You'd remember it if John Emmet treated you that way."

"I'd die!" Ellen sat up once more. "Oh, it seems to me that if you yield, I'll yield too."

A curtain flapped in the wind that was pouring down the pike. Up from the garden came the old and straitened odor of box. A door creaked.

Adelaide Spring went falteringly out of the room. Once more she climbed the stair to the garret. The minutes passed; it grew dark outside. When she returned she carried over her arm the lilac calico she had worn to the store that morning. She began putting it on; her fingers trembled; a look of her girlhood came into her face. Ellen watched her.

"I'm ready," she said at last.

Late August pinks bloomed thickly along the garden path Adelaide trod that night. She stooped and pulled a great handful.

The pike was a dim track running east and west; there was no moon; the stars were scattered and few. Far ahead shone a light in a window. It was lit in Jane Roseborough's little parlor, and behind it was the lover of Adelaide's youth. She hurried towards it. The gusts plucked her by the skirts; they beat the spice out of the pinks she had gathered. Vague whiffs of them reached her now and then.

The light drew nearer. The shrubs in a corner of the Rose-

borough front yard swayed in a sea of glory.

Adelaide knocked. Jane opened the door. Adelaide did not see Jane; she was blind to the shadowy other figures in the room; she saw only Adam Roseborough sitting pale and middle-aged by the chimney-place.

"I've come to see how Adam."

She held out the pinks.

His hand caught hers and the same grasp.

I've thought of you ev since I've been here, and fore," he said. "You ain't a bit, Adelaide."—The Out

## THE RELIGIOUS FIELD.

### NOTES ON THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS FOR MAI

By Rev. John P. Williams.

Sunday, March 7.

Topic—Opportunities to do good—seeing them, using them. John 4: 5-15; 1 Cor. 9: 19-22.

There are many opportunities to do evil; and while unregenerate, we find the evil course more congenial to follow. To change that, we must first seek to become "accepted in the Beloved." Changed in heart, and appreciating the divine goodness in bringing it about, we are in a position to really do good. Nor can we realize the importance of doing good in the world until we have had a glimpse in our own experience of the divine goodness. Having then the inclination to do good rather than evil, what of our opportunities? There are the opportunities for doing good to all, and the opportunities for, so far as we can, making all good.

First—Opportunities for doing good to all people. Paul says: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." We are never without the opportunity. Often they may need to be made—we are to do good at times other than when it is advantageous for us to do it. Paul was seeking the profit of many. But how are we to do good to others?

(1) By helping the needy. We have the poor ever with us. "Reme poor" is a positive commandn By showing sympathy to the We are to go out of our way ter to the sick, to comfort the Life is full of such opportunit but look. (3) By helping ot positions of usefulness and p (4) By tactfully admonishin not to yield to besetting sins exercise of this duty of doing others, Joseph is a notable His prophetic dreams foretold nity and promotion. But he wait for the promotion, befo good. He became useful t there; just as he had been a ready as a shepherd boy in th his fathers. In Potiphar's fa the prison, he was as usef sphere as he was later whe came prime minister of the nation of his time. That is w to utilize opportunity, where are placed in life.

But we are to do more th Doing good to people is not We are to seek to make them internally as well as externall

Sunday, March 14.

Topic—How the Christian pledge strengthens the Chris 2 Kings 23: 1-3; 21-25.

The proposition presuppo

there is weakness in connection with our religious life. And is it not so? Sin does weaken the moral nature of man; his iniquity does hold him down. And though the "new man" strives to be "strong in the Lord," yet "evil is present with him," making it difficult to please God. One of the chief graces of God for the righteous is strength. The religious life is to be strong. Weakness is a great disadvantage, whether in body or soul.

In considering this "pledge," we are not to think of it as something different from the church covenant, in its nature or importance. To be a member of Christ, and a member of his church, is the essence of religious profession—every pledge and every society emanating from the church, are a form of that covenant; a truth very important to remember. Let us see what this pledge contains, and how working it out tends to strengthen the religious life.

(1) It contains faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The first step in being a Christian is to repent and believe. (2) It contains a religious resolution. "I do promise," &c. The religious life is not an aimless life. (3) It involves exercise of the appointed means of grace, such as praying, and reading the Bible —faithfulness to God's ordinances. (4) It aims to attain an unblemished life. (5) It secures usefulness. The difficulty of the churches in former years was, to get the young people to take part in the public duties of religion. The "pledge" of the Christian Endeavor Society opens the way for the public work of the church and the usefulness of its younger members.

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Sunday, March 21.

Topic—How our bodies influence our souls. Dan. 1: 8-21 (A temperance topic).

It is not easy to mark the boundary line between mountain and valley; to tell the precise moment when the blackness of the night becomes the light of dawn. It is still more difficult to define the connection between body and mind —mind influences body. Severe mental strain, excessive joy or grief, indulgence of passion clearly affect the body. But how does the body influence the soul?

1.—The eyes influence the soul. Our Savior aid, "If thine eye offends," &c. John refers to the "lust of the eyes." The Psalmist prays, "Turn away my eyes from beholding vanity." Men sin greatly with the eyes. But the eye may be used to the edification of the soul. It may be done by looking in delight on God's works in nature, in Providence, in grace. Thus the eye serves, not enslaves.

2.—The tongue influences the soul. How powerfully James describes this "little member!" He calls it "fire," "a world of iniquity," "a power to curse or to bless." "As is the helm to the vessel, so is the tongue to the body." The tongue can serve the evil one. With the tongue our Savior taught the multitudes—spoke kindly to the children, consoled the weeping by raising their dead. What a power for good—for the comfort of others—the tongue may become, when rightly used!

3.—The hygienic condition of the body affects the soul. An unhealthy body is a great detriment in life—good health, poor health, affect the disposition. Contentment, activity, prosperity, mark the one; an embittered spirit, lack of vitality and effort, often accompany the other. The duty is self-evident that we should nourish the physical, developing and fostering its full strength.

4.—Lusts and passions affect the soul. This is the main thought of the topic. It refers to Daniel, as a fine example of self-control. He purposed in his heart, &c. Great sins of our times are gluttony and drunkenness. This lust destroys soul growth. To how many it is a "god!" By paying homage to it, they lose all else. Passing by the grosser sins of this class, there is a milder form

to which our attention is not so often directed. To very many of our young people, the passion of extravagance in dress is their besetting sin. The outward appearance is certainly to be carefully heeded; but to worship it is to terribly lose in beauty of soul life.

Sunday, March 28.

Topic—What Christian heroism is and does. Luke 9: 18-26, 51-62.

The world used to connect heroism with bravery in war. The courageous general and the daring soldier, were heroes. War, we cannot justify by reason or scripture, yet it is in the battling of man against man that poets have found the richest themes for song. Now, we have come to appreciate the heroes of peace. There were heroes in the Johnstown disaster. Scarcely a day goes by, but we hear of some deed of valor.

Our topic suggests heroism of the very highest grade—in the most important service. It is heroism in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Wherein is it seen?

1.—In facing obstacles. Our Savior forewarned us: "It is impossible but that offences will come," and they came in the early Christian ages in the cruelest of forms—persecution. An unfortunate portion of the human family is facing that terrible obstacle to-day.

2.—In doing the unpopular thing. It is easy to follow the many. The Bible says: "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." The church of God has its low as well as its high tides. The faithful few who stand fast by the Endeavor Society, when circumstances are unfavorable, are Christian heroes.

3.—In self-denial. Self indulgence is the chief characteristic of many lives. They never think of anything higher, as a motive in life, than to serve themselves. But we are to deny ourselves; we are not our own.

4.—In failure to immediately realize the Bible promises. "All things work together for good to them that love God," is a truth often diffi when a sad bereavement shadows over your life. Th Christian heroism is showr faltering faith in the goodn

5.—In seeking the lost. mental idea of the church exists not for itself. "Go into the highways and he mission is the same, whet house of the rich, the all great city, the heart of Af "Isles of the sea." And th manded is the same—self-s the missionary spirit of y of your church, declining?

6.—Christian heroism is shown in death. There are here. The hero is confide supremely glad when the M

Columbus, Ohio.

o:o

## THE CLOUD OF WITN

By Aneurin Vardc

There is a glorious cloud
Of witnesses now free;
They sing their praise aloud
In songs of victory;
The Cross they bore, despisec
Its curse a bliss through Chr

The Banner of the Cross
They followed on unfurled
Compared, they deemed as
The riches of the world;
Unmindful of the journey's
They reached the goal from
strength.

In mockery He was crowne
With thorns mid cries am
But deeper was the wound
Of the betrayer's kiss;
We unto Him our tributes b
And with His thorns pro
King.

The pilgrims tuned His lays
We follow in their wake;
The martyrs sang His prais
Even at the burning stake
Thou trembling soul encour
Sufficient is His grace for t

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## EITHER SHALL THE FLAME KINDLE UPON THEM."

wyn: Translation by Ap Daniel.

flame can never injure those
r whom the Savior bled,
whom, upon that pierced breast,
bowed His sacred head!

furnace was exceeding hot,
en distant look meant death,
in were they, bound hand and foot,
mid its burning breath.

lo! the flame lost, there and then,
ll save its ruddy hue,
fire can never injure them,
ho, God's straight paths pursue.

ht Nature knows her Maker's voice,
is footsteps she doth hail,
face she recognized behind
at deep-dyed crimson vail!

rath, she drew from out her breast,
e earthquake's potent hand,
straightway rent, with righteous force,
e rugged rocky band!

h's mighty pillars bent beneath
e groans of God the Son!
with the mountains in her arms,
e storm, on high, rode on!

sun proceded on his way
moves some black-palled bier,
in it lay the dead noon-day,
e heavens in grief and fear.

crystal springs on Canaan's slopes,
ey wept a copious tide,
n on the air there fell the cry,
thirst!" as Jesus died!

k Cedron yonder sighed, and sought
pathway to the sky,
Zion's Muse, responsive, gave
r sympathizing cry!

grove wherein the woodman felled
at tall accursed tree,
ased again her robe of green,
nd bowed in misery!

And when the breeze drew near that waste,
In silence it would stay,
As o'er a sepulchre, and there
Its harp in fragments lay!

New York City.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Rev. B. F. Meyer, of London, whose many books on devotional themes have made him known to the Christian public of America, has arranged to hold a series of services in New York city during the month of February.

Frederick J. Bliss, director of the work of the Palestine Exploration Fund, is reported to have discovered the staircase leading to the Pool of Siloam. The staircase is 40 feet wide, and extends back from the Pool, a distance of 200 feet.

Advance sheets of the British Congregational Year-Book for 1897 show that there are now 2,867 ministers in England and Wales, 2,188 of whom are pastors actively engaged, and the number of churches and mission-stations is 4,607. Scotland has 187 churches and 201 clergymen; Ireland 27 churches and 28 clergymen.

The "Boston Herald" thinks Rev. Samuel A. Eliot is entitled to the prize for a short prayer. At the dinner of the Ohio Society, New York, he simply said, "As God was with the fathers, so may he be with the sons." To this "The Christian Register" adds: "But Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol made a shorter prayer some years ago, at a meeting of the Boston Association, when he reverently raised his hands to heaven, and said, "Lord, we are here! Amen!"

"The Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette" announces that the learned regius professor of divinity of Dublin University, Dr. Gwynn, is about to publish "The Apocalypse of St. John in a Syriac Version Hitherto Unknown." The manuscript from which the text is taken is in the possession of the Earl of Crawford, and it is believed to have in addition a portion of the Muloxeenian New

Testament. Great importance is attached to this forthcoming work, which will be enriched by Dr. Gwynn's thorough and exact scholarship, and his intimate acquaintance with Syriac MSS.

All the Christian churches in Japan together have 111,588 members. There are in the country 858 missionaries, 331 native ministers, and 981 catechists. Of the church-members the Roman Catholics have 50,302 (including all baptized children), the Greek Church has 22,576, the Protestant churches have 38,710.

A very interesting late discovery is the nearly complete account, on a Greco-Egyptian papyrus, of a suit brought before the Emperor Claudius against Herod Agrippa, king of the Jews, mentioned in the book of the Acts, by the two leading anti-Semites of Alexandria, Isidorus and Lampo. These two men, who had been condemned to death under Caligula for their misdeeds, attempted to gain time by bringing a charge against Agrippa; but the emperor confirmed the judgment against them, and ordered their execution. The papyrus contains an official account of the trial.

In the symposium on church attendance in "The Homiletic Review," a contributor takes the view that the comparative irreligiousness of the masculine sex is to be accounted for by the neglect of the training of the boys in childhood. Parents consider it necessary to protect their girls from evil influence, but the same care is not exercised over the boys. Many boys, the writer thinks, might as well have no father at all for all the attention they give to their moral training. And again, "while there are many parents who make some attempt to guard and train their boys, their efforts are too feeble and fickle to accomplish much good." The result is that boys show an aversion to the Sunday School, and then to the church. The conclusion reached by the writer is, that if we would have more men at church, we must begin early with the boys.

## LINCOLN'S HORSE TRADE.

Abraham Lincoln was fond of a good story, and it is a well-known fact that he often illustrated an important point in the business at hand by resorting to his favorite pastime. Probably one of the best he ever told he related of himself when he was a lawyer in Illinois. One day Lincoln and a certain judge, who was an intimate friend of his, were bantering each other about horses, a favorite topic of theirs. Finally Lincoln said:

"Well, look here, judge, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a horse-trade with you, only it must be upon these stipulations: Neither party shall see the other's horse until it is produced here in the court-yard of the hotel, and both parties must trade horses. If either party backs out of the agreement, he does so under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars."

"Agreed," cried the judge, and both he and Lincoln went in quest of their respective animals.

A crowd gathered, anticipating some fun, and when the judge returned first, the laugh was uproarious. He led, or rather dragged, at the end of a halter the meanest, boniest, rib-staring quadruped —blind in both eyes—that ever pressed tuff. But presently Lincoln came along carrying over his shoulder a carpenter's horse. Then the mirth of the crowd was furious. Lincoln solemnly set his own horse down, and silently surveyed the judge's animal with a comical look of infinite disgust.

"Well, judge," he finally said, "this is the first time I ever got the worse of it in a horse trade."

# THE FIELD O F LETTERS.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE MAKING OF PENNSYLVANIA: An Analysis of the Elements of the Population and the Formative Influences that Created one of the Greatest of the American States. By Sydney George Fisher, B. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1896.

The author of this volume well says that "no other colony had such a mixture of languages, nationalities, and religions. Dutch, Swedes, English, Germans, Scotch-Irish, Welsh; Quakers, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Reformed, Mennonites, Tunkers, and Moravians, all had a share in creating it." Mr. Fisher's volume is not in any sense a history; it is rather a study of character that involves much of history in its best sense; a history of the people, not of their laws and rulers. It deals with the nationality of the early settlers; their motives and characteristics; their character and conduct as influenced by their religious beliefs, at a time when religious belief meant much more than it does now. The author analyses the different elements in detail, and gives the reader a very clear view of the part each played in forming the character of early Pennsylvania. How much the general character of the population has changed in the two hundred and fourteen years since William Penn first took possession of his new estate, is another question.

The author believes that the history of Pennsylvania really begins with the advent of the Quakers; and very properly pays them special attention. He gives a vivid description of their habits and the motives that guided their conduct, as well as a clear and succinct view of their religious beliefs. The Welsh were an important element among these Quakers; and had their migration not ceased so soon, would have played a more important part than they did in the making of the colony. He gives one chapter to them, and a very interesting chapter it is to those who have studied the subject for themselves, and are familiar with the history of those early times. Mr. Fisher, like many others, is inclined to look upon the Welsh as a goody-goody sort of people, without much force of character. This view is unfair, though we believe unintenionally so. A fairly thorough examination of the archives of Pennsylvania up to the middle of the eighteenth century seems to show the Welsh element more active and prominent in the colony than Mr. Fisher seems willing to concede. David Lloyd certainly was a positive force in the early politics of the province, and a man of great ability. Other men of equal skill but less combativeness, were quite as influential in other spheres of life. Mr. Fisher writes so charmingly about us, however, that we publish a part of the chapter on the Welsh in another part of this number of the "Cambrian."

It is true, as Mr. Fisher says, that Welsh immigration ceased early, but to say that "after 1700, with the incoming of the English, Germans and Scotch-Irish, they became comparatively few in numbers, and of less importance and influence," is hardly in accordance with the facts. They must have been an influencial part of the community in 1730 at least, for in that year was published Rev. Abel Morgan's Concordance of the Bible in the Welsh language. A little Welsh book entitled "Anerch i'r Cymry" had been printed by Andrew Bradford, for Ellis Pugh, in 1721. Another small volume on "Baptism," was printed in 1730, by B. Franklin and H. Meredydd. The "Concordance" was printed by Harry & Keimer. It has been asserted that Franklin worked on the "Concordance," but this could not have been.

The publication of the smaller volumes does not prove much, but such a venture as the publication of the Morgan book proves that the Welsh people had not then lost their "importance and influence." This last volume was dedicated to "David Lloyd, Esq., Chief Justice of Pennsylvania," in the quaint Welsh of those days. David Lloyd had then been active in Pennsylvania politics for forty years. As early as 1707, James Logan wrote of him: "A close member among Friends, he is a discordant in their meeting of business—so much so that he expects a separation and a purging." We do not wonder that James Logan had this poor opinion of Lloyd, for he was more than a match for him in politics.

It is true that the descendants of the early Welsh settlers of Pennsylvania in time lost their language; but it took more time to accomplish this than any one would suppose from reading what Mr. Fisher has to say of them. We do not agree with those who claim for the Welsh people any very great influence in the formation of the character of the American nation; but they certainly had more influence in laying the foundations of the Keystone commonwealth than Mr. Fisher's language would seem to imply. In common with many English historians, he falls into the error of supposing that the Welsh character becomes inoperative when the language becomes extinct. This absurd assumption on the part of English historians has led them to ignore the British element in the character of the English people until recently; and Mr. Fisher seems to assume that the loss of the Welsh language in Pennsylvania involved the loss of Welsh influence in the formative period of the colony. Nevertheless, we assure our readers that "The Making of Pennsylvania" is delightful reading. Mr. Fisher treats all the nationalities and sects with absolute impartiality and candor, and points out their merits and demerits with refreshing lucidity. It is every Pennsylvanian at least o read, and every one else that w study the foundations of A history.

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WELSH LYRICS of the Nir Century. Selected and Transl Edmund O. Jones. [First Bangor: Jarvis & Foster, House, 1896.

The compiler and translator little collection of Welsh poetic —to be in the fashion we shou written anthology—is a clergym vicar of Llanidloes; but he l common sense to put his un everyday name on the title volume. We notice that the reviewers call him plain Mr. while the Welsh reviewers are to give him his clerical title. Mi and the English reviewers are If a man wants to pose as a translator, he should stand u merits aside from any adventito he might get from a clerical titl

In his preface, Mr. Jones says words 'First Series' which ap the title page are intended to firstly, that I do not at all consi present collection in any sense a sentative anthology of the Welsl of the century; and secondly, this effort meets with approval, to bring out two or three further ments, one of them, if possible from poems written in the 'n caethion.'"

From an interview repor "Wales," we learn that Mr. Jo tends to translate in as well a alliterative verse. We hope tl will change his mind upon this

The present collection include tions from the works of Alun Glan Geirionydd, Glasynys, Ioa lyn, Trebor Mai, Caledfryn, Marles, Ieuan Gwynedd, Ceiri lwyn, Mynyddog, Ossian Gwen Robert Owen. We have re volume through with genuine

ure. Mr. Jones has shown good judgment in his selections, with one exception. It is difficult to see why Ceiriog's "Traitors of Wales" should have a place in an anthology of Welsh poetry.

In the preface, Mr. Jones says that he had "never written a line of English verse before" undertaking the difficult task of "putting Welsh poetry into English rhyme." It would be folly for us to say that the work is that of a master in versification; but for a first attempt it is a wonderfully good piece of work. We have no doubt the next series will be better. The riming of the present work is far from faultless. On page 66, for instance, "all" is made to rime with "general," and "meant" with "Parliament." These are utterly indefensible. On the same page "try" is made to rime with "pedigree." This is some times permissible, but it is poor work at best. Examples of this poor sort of riming might be multiplied. There are plenty of such rimes to be found, especially in hymns, but they should be avoided in a work of this kind.

REV. EDMUND O. JONES,
Author of "Welsh Lyrics."

It may appear capious to speak of these apparently trifling blemishes in a work that deserves on the whole to be most highly commended. The author can improve some of these translations, among others Alun's "Song of the Fisherman's Wife," especially the fourth stanza; and though we have not the original at hand, we do not believe that Ioan Emlyn ever used an expression that could be correctly translated into "verdure brave." Still, we wish all those who sneer at Welsh poetry would read this little book. It would be a revelation to many of them.

The book is tastefully printed on Holywell antique paper, from special type, in crown 8vo., bound in art linen.

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## PERIODICALS.

The "Traethodydd" (Essayist), for January, is the one hundred and twenty-fourth number of this old Welsh review, started as a quarterly, but now issued bi-monthly. The first article is by Principal H. R. Reichel, M. A., of Bangor University College, on "Intermediate Education." We understand that Principal Reichel has mastered the Welsh language, and take it for granted that he wrote this article in the vernacular. It bears unmistakable evidence of being thought out in English; and while the author deserves all praise for the pains he has taken to acquire Welsh, it is surprising that the editor of the "Traethodydd" did not edit the Welsh of Prof. Reichel before it appeared in print. The second article, by Rev. P. S. Thomas, Abercynon (formerly of Nanticoke, Pa.), deals with the "Essential Inferiority of the Son," and is one of many misty as well as mystic articles inspired by Principal T. Charles Edwards' book on "The God-Man." Professor E. Keri Evans, M. A., writes on "Reason and Religion." This is by far the ablest article in the magazine, though the subject has been the theme of almost innumerable essays, both large and small. The article on "The Welsh and the spread of the Gospel," is crude in thought, and extravagant in expression. To say that "Wales has always been a nursery of preachers" is sheer nonsense. Had the writer left the word "always" out, his statement would have been true. Speaking of Welsh missionaries, the writer says they go out in a spirit of true patriotism, "so that their country may be represented in the new apostleship." If this is the object of these missionaries, we have no hesitation in saying that the object is unworthy of the cause and the sacrifice. We always supposed that missionaries aimed at the salvation of souls through Jesus Christ, not that their country might be "represented in the new apostleship." "Our Wars and their Lessons," is the fourth in a series of strong articles in the interest of peace, by Eleazer Roberts. "The Established Church and Conservatism" by Rev. J. Myfenydd Morgan, deals with a subject of little interest to Americans. The "Literary Notes" have been a feature of the "Traethodydd," from the beginning. Those in this number are up to the standard of those in the forties when Lewis Edwards was the editor.

Edwin C. Jones, Emporia, Kas., intends to publish a Welsh monthly to be called "Yr Eisteddfod," and to contain the prize compositions of the American Eisteddfods. He has issued a circular soliciting subscribers.

"Modes" is a monthly fashion magazine, published by the Modes Publishing Co., 132 Water Street, New York. The February issue contains reading and illustrations about the fashions, of interest to the ladies.

"The American Queen" (American Queen Co., New York) for February, contains an interesting illustrated article on Dwight L. Moody and his family. It contains also fashion illustrations, and much reading of interest to women.

"Cymru" for January 15, is a double number, containing a large variety of short articles, and well illustrated. It has more fiction than is usually found in Welsh magazines. The account of the first party that went to Patagonia, is especially interesting. It is edited and published by O. M. Edwards, M.A., and printed by the National Press Co., Carnarvon.

The January "Geninen" fully sustains the good reputation of this sterling Welsh quarterly. Were it not for the excessive number of "lamentations" printed in this periodical, it

would be an ideal present day Welsh magazine. The last issue has some able articles on timely topics that are sure to attract attention, among them a valuable one on "Public Speaking," by Rev. T. C. Edwards (Cynonfardd), of Kingston, Pa., the author of a book on the subject, and one of the most accomplished Welshmen in America.

The "Winllan," the monthly magazine issued by the Welsh Wesleyans for the use of their young people, celebrates its jubilee this year, and a jubilee number of double the usual size has been issued, which contains much historical matter of great interest to the Welsh branch of the Wesleyan Church.

"Wales" for February is an interesting number. The editor's notes of current events are to the point. "Agriculture in Montgomeryshire" is disposed of in five lines. In looking at the illustration of Llanidloes Town Hall, we wonder if the stocks are there yet, where inebriates used to be put for punishment in the long ago. Taking groups of school children for illustrations was a happy idea, and those of the Barmouth County School in the last number of "Wales" are among the most striking of its artistic features. The article on the Aberystwyth County School Board is cutting, but not more so than the facts seem to warrant. Two chapters are given of "The House of the Twisted Sapling," by Owen Rhoscomyl.

"Heddyw" for February (Chwefrol is the form of spelling used), contains much that is interesting. Some current events in Wales are touched up with a free hand. The Bala Town Council must wince under the lashing it gets. The editor says his only object is to serve Wales, and is ready for correction where injustice is unwittingly done. The article on Tavolog, with the portrait, will be welcomed by many of the poet's friends in America. All but one of the periodicals edited by O. M. Edwards, are printed by Hughes & Son, Wrexham, and are typographically equal to the best productions of the English press.

"What to Eat," is a new monthly devoted to information about what to eat, how to eat, when to eat, where to eat, how to cook, and kindred subjects. It is illustrated in gorgeous colors, and published by Pierce & Pierce, Minneapolis, Minn. It contains much useful information for rich and poor housewives.

The "Dysgedydd" for February is a memorial number, filled with tributes to its late editor, Rev. Dr. Herber Evans, indicative of the high esteem in which he was deservedly held by all classes and denominations in the Principality. C. R. Jones, Llanfyllin, will have charge of the magazine until the meeting of the board of trustees in June.

"The Editor" (Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, Ohio), is a "journal of information for literary workers." An examination of the February number convinces us that the "Editor" fulfils its mission. A unique feature is the offer to revise the manuscripts of incipient authors for a nominal fee.

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## MINOR MENTION.

The translation of Islwyn's poem, "Nis gall y ffiam eu difa hwy," printed elsewhere in this "Cambrian," was jointly successful at N. C. Emlyn, S. W., August 13, 1896. The original poem is of irrelugar metre, including S. M., C. M., and L. M. To insure uniformity, the translator has adopted the "C. M." throughout the whole work.

The December "Lippincott's" contained an article on "The Land of Taffy," purporting to be written by D. C. Macdonald. The article was written by Samuel Freedman of Brooklyn, and was published in the "Eagle" of that city three years ago.

"Caniadau Cymru" (Songs of Wales), selected and edited by Prof. W. Lewis Jones, M. A., of the Bangor North Wales College, is a collection of choice Welsh poems, published by Jarvis & Foster, Lorne House, Bangor. The work has had a large sale.

Lovers of classical Welsh should procure Prof. J. Morris Jones' edition of "Gweledigaethau y Bardd Cwsc," by Ellis Wynn o'r Las Ynys, published by Jarvis & Foster. This is an exact reproduction of the first edition, printed in London for the author in 1703, "page for page, line for line, word for word, letter for letter, all printer's errors and peculiarities of that edition being faithfully reproduced. The type also bears a close resemblance to that of the original; and the title page is given in process facsimile."

"Welsh airs in themselves are, many of them, very tuneful and very pretty, but they are in their way merely Volkslied." Those are the sentiments of Mr. Sims Reeves. Others, including Handel and Haydn, had something more appreciative to say. Which are we to believe?

The response to the appeal for money for a monument to the late Daniel Owen, the novelist, is disappointing to the friends of the movement. It is said that less than twelve hundred dollars have been contributed. We are surprised that the amount is so large. With the constant begging for money to make testimonials for wealthy men in the interest of denominationalism, it is not surprising that money is hard to collect in the interest of patriotism.

## PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

David Jenkins, Mus. Bac., in the "Cerddor," combats a statement made by a correspondent of the "Musical News," that the sol-faists had nearly killed music in Wales. "It is with difficulty that we can believe," writes Mr. Jenkins, "that any musician could have used such words. All the young composers that have arisen in Wales during the last ten years are sol-faists. The same is true of the conductors of the successful choirs at the National Eisteddfodau, while all the principal Welsh vocalists—from Mr. Ben Davies down—commenced their musical career with the sol-fa."

It is said that there are a half a dozen Welshmen among the members of the Legislature of Wisconsin.

Hon. Anthony Howells announces his intention of resigning the consulship of Cardiff as soon as Mr. McKinley is inaugurated.

Miss Rosina Davies, the evangelist, intends to pay America another brief visit for the benefit of her health. She will arrive in Scranton and preach there the first Sunday in April.

Rev. Owen F. Perry died at his home in Remsen, N. Y., February 6, aged 72 years 8 months. He was born at Pwllheli. His father died when he was 18, and two years later he came to Utica with his mother, three sisters and five brothers. In 1847 the family moved to Bordwell, and it was there Mr. Perry spent the most of his life. In 1847 he married Miss Jane Powell, of Trenton. He is survived by his widow and four sons—Counselor Josiah Perry, Utica; Rev. George P. Perry, Central Falls, R. I.; Lincoln Perry, Boonville, N. Y.; and John O. Perry, Utica. Mr. Perry began preaching when 20 years old; he organized a Baptist church in Bordwell, of which he had charge until he moved to Remsen four years ago. He was a superior preacher, active in all

good work, and held in high esteem by all, irrespective of national or denominational lines.

Gwalchmai, the well-known bard, who in ordinary life was the Rev. R. Parry, a Congregational minister, died February 7, at Llandudno, 94 years of age. He first appeared at an Eisteddfod seventy years ago, and had won seven oak chair and sixteen silver and gold medals in competitions. He had written 995 articles on the history of Wales, besides a thousand other papers in Welsh magazines.

Mr. Edward Davies, of Plasdinam, is now erecting in his native village of Llandinam, a fine village hall for the use of the inhabitants. Besides a large room for the holding of public meetings, the building contains two rooms for the meetings of the societies for the promotion of literature and music. He also intends to add a village library.

It will be very gratifying to the numerous friends of Mr. Richard James to hear that he has been promoted to the chief clerkship of the Liverpool (Eng.) post office, in succession to Mr. W. Robinson, who has been appointed postmaster of Southampton. Mr. James has had a long and honorable career in the postal service of that city, his connection with the department extending, we believe, considerably over 30 years. His knowledge of the foreign mail service is most extensive, and no one in the service stands higher in the estimation of the shipping community than he does. Mr. Salisbury has made a happy choice in selecting Mr. James to fill the important post of his immediate assistant in the administration of the postal department of the second city in the kingdom.

Rev. George Heber Jones has left to resume his missionary labors in Korea. Mr. Jones has promised to favor the readers of the "Cambrian" with letters from the Hermit Kingdom.

Prof. John Owen, of Lampeter College, has been appointed Bishop of St. David's, as successor to Bishop Basil Jones, deceased.

Mr. Thomas Roberts has been appointed Canadian government agent for Wales, by the Minister of the Interior of Canada. Mr. Roberts who was born in Wales, has been farming in Manitoba for the last twelve years.

The Republicans of Toledo, O., have nominated Samuel M. Jones for mayor. Mr. Jones is one of the leading business men of Toledo, and it is prophesied that he will be elected by an unprecedented majority. He was born in North Wales, August 3, 1846, but came to America with his parents when three years of age. The family settled in Lewis County, N. Y., where Mr. Jones remained till his eighteenth year, when he went to the Pennsylvania oil regions. He has been successful in large enterprises in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

J. R. Thomas (Skewenydd), has been appointed a member of the Illinois State Board of Mine Examiners. It is a good appointment.

January 26, Miss Gussie Lewis, of Hyde Park, Cincinnati, met with a very serious accident. She had been using gasoline in cleaning a pair of kid gloves, and thinking the gloves were thoroughly dry, put them on her hands. Shortly after she lighted a match, and in an instant the gloves took fire from the flame of the match. Her sister, Miss Sallie, tried to put the flames out, but was unsuccessful. The agonizing screams of Miss Gussie brought her sister Miss Katherine to her assistance. Snatching a table cloth from the table, she succeeded in smothering the flames. For a time it was feared that Miss Gussie would not be able to survive the shock to her nervous system, and the excruciating pain from the burns; but we are glad to state that she is convalescing, and will soon be able to

see her friends again. The physician in attendance says, "Miss Gussie will have full use of her hands, but it will take time to remove the stiffness from the tendons."

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## MRS. ANEURIN JONES.

By R. R.

The announcement of the sudden death, on Christmas eve, of Mrs. Jones, wife of Mr. Aneurin Jones, was a great shock to the friends and acquaintances of the family in Brooklyn and New York. Only two weeks had elapsed since the unexpected death of their son-in-law, Mr. Thomas W. Thomas, Spring Brook, Pa., leaving a widow and a young son. Quickly following this sorrowful event an overwhelming affliction befell our old friend's home and made it desolate, which produced heartfelt expressions of condolence for him, in the evening of his days, from all directions, and some from unexpected places. The 13th Street Welsh Church, New York, and the St. David's Benevolent Society, of which Mr. Jones is an ex-president, forwarded him resoluuons of sympathy; all of which are very gratifying to him, and greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Jones was born at Bridgend, Glamorganshire, in August, 1827, and was 69 years of age when she died. Her father was Isaac Lewis, and she was a Leyson on her mother's side. The name Lleision is ancient and eminent in Glamorgan. Thomas Leyson was a poet and a learned physician in the 16th century. Mrs. Jones was a cousin to Mr. Robert Leyson (Lleision Morganwg), Bridgend. She and Ap Daniel, New York, were old acquaintances, from the time he lived in Bridgend. She was married to Aneurin Jones in Mynyddislwyn Church, October 14, 1856, by the Rev. D. Howells (Llawdden) now Archdeacon. They came to America in the beginning of 1864. The Archdeacon and Aneurin are bosom friends since their young days, when they labored together in Eisteddfodic and literary matters, and continue to correspond until the present time.

Some months ago, Mrs. Jones met with a painful accident by breaking he wrist, and although her arm became better, she did not fully recover from the shock. She was out of the house half an hour before she died. She was taken with a congestive chill, and the end came when no one thought there was any real danger.

Many of the readers of our Welsh publications were acquainted with Mrs. Jones, and frequently enjoyed her hospitality. She was charitable to the needy, and full of compassion for the distresed; and many could tell how attentive and tender she was in cases of sickness or other trouble.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones in Wales was noted for its hospitality to prominent ministers of the Gospel, to poets, and to literary men of eminence. Among those who were frequent visitors were the Rev. R. Ellis (Cynddelw), the Rev. Wm. Roberts, D. D. (Nefydd), the Rev. J. Emlyn Jones, D. D. (Ioan Emlyn), Rev. Daniel Jones, Ton Gwynlas, late Liverpool, and Islwyn, who was such a familiar figure in the house as to be like a member of the family, and Mrs. Jones and he had the greatest respect for each other.

Our lamented friend became a member of the Baptist communion in her youth, and was at the time of her death a consistent member of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, where Dr. Frank M. Ellis is the minister. The funeral services were held on Sunday, December 27, Dr. Ellis officiating. In the course of his remarks he spoke very highly of Mrs. Jones, as a faithful, quiet and sensible Christian, of a deeply religious experience, unusually familiar with the Scriptures, and without a shadow of doubt as to the truth of every portion

of them, as she had been taught in her young days in Wales. "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "Abide with Me," were sung very feelingly. A large number of Welsh and American friends attended the service, and every respect was shown to the memory of the deceased, and of sympathy for Aneurin Vardd, who has been deprived of his affectionate companion after sharing, for so many years, the joys and sorrows of this life. But she has gone beyond all trouble.

The burial took place in Scranton, Pa. A large number of the representative Welsh people of the city, came unexpectedly to meet the funeral at the depot. At the grave, Rev. David Jones, pastor of the Old Congregational Church, read a portion of the service in English, and the Rev. Dr. Edwards (Cynonfardd), Kingston, Pa., delivered a comprehensive and appropriate address in the same language. The solemn service was closed with a prayer in Welsh by the Rev. Wm. E. Morgan (Gwilym Cynlas). The Revs. D. P. Jones (Dafydd o Went), and Lewis, Carbondale, were also present, and ready to officiate, but as the weather was very cold, it was thought best not to prolong the exercises by asking them to speak.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## WELSH NEWS AND NOTES.

That old fraud, Iestyn ap Gwrgant's coin, has again started on its newspaper travels. We are told that one of these curious coins has come into the possession of "A. J. Jones, Carmarthen. The 'head' bears a bust of a military-looking personage, and around it is the inscription, 'Iestyn ap Gwrgant, Tywysog Morganwg, 1091.' The other side bears the figure of a female in a recumbent position, with a crosletted shield on her left arm, and pointing with her right hand to a one-masted vessel on the ocean. Around the latter figure is the inscription, 'Y Brenin a'r Gyfraith.'" We saw one of these pretended coins in America about twenty years ago.

The Welsh National Association of Liverpool are doing good work, by providing a series of semi-monthly lectures by prominent Welshmen on topics connected with Wales. The first lecture was given by Prof. Herkomer, October 19, on "Welsh Art Culture," and the last meeting, April 7, will be addressed by Lord Kenyon, Rev. Gwynoro Davies, and Prof. J. E. Lloyd, in the interest of the "Prince Llewelyn Memorial." The annual meeting will be held April 28.

The official balance-sheet of the Llandudno National Eisteddfod, which has been issued to the guarantors and subscribers, shows total receipts amounting to £4,421 10s. 3d, or £590 11s. 6d less than the amount expended. At Pontypridd in 1893 the income fell short of the expenditure by no less than £1,980 12s. 3d.

It is computed that there are more small agricultural freeholders to be found in Cardigan, Pembroke, and Carmarthen than in any other part of Wales. Cardigan has 4,789 farms under 50 acres; Carmarthen, 5,583; and Pembroke, 4,275; and out of these the number owned by the cultivators themselves is:—Cardigan, 1,090; Carmarthen, 573; and Pembroke, 404.

An intimation has been received that an English firm has promised a subscription of one hundred guineas towards the funds of the Ffestiniog Eisteddfod, to be given in one prize, or in ten prizes, at the option of the committee. The various committees show

great activity in arranging the list of subjects, especially the art committee, the secretary having been for some time in communication with Professor Herkomer.

It is said that the series of lectures arranged by the Calvinistic Methodists of Liverpool to counteract the effects of recent Roman Catholic activity in Wales, have not been a conspicuous success.

At a recent meeting of the Newtown (Montgomeryshire) Urban District Council, a letter was read from Mr. Richard Williams, F.R.H.S., with reference to the proposal to change the name of Newtown, in which he said there was something to be said in favor of it, but to merely change the name to "Newtowne" was rather ridiculous, as it was the same word only wrongly spelt, nor had it the merit of being old. The old Welsh name was Llanfair-yn-Nghedewain. If any change was made, which he should be sorry to see, he thought Cedewain would be the best substitute.

The three Congregational Theological Colleges of Carmarthen, Bala-Bangor, and Brecon, have now agreed to consider a plan of amalgamation, under which they would jointly prepare candidates for the B. D. degree, the examination to be open to graduates in arts of the University of Wales.

A movement has lately been successfully set on foot to establish a social club for Welshmen resident in London. The principal object is to keep Welshmen in touch with each other, and with Wales. All papers and periodicals, whether in Welsh or English, published in Wales, are to be placed in the reading-room, as well as the London papers, and, with a view to preserving the language intact, Welsh will be spoken in the club. At the inaugural meeting some sixty Welshmen were present. The proceedings were conducted almost exclusively in Welsh. A resolution that all members must speak Welsh brought several English-speaking Welshmen to the front, who protested that they would thereby be excluded from the club, though born of Welsh parents. Objections, however, to the widening of the qualification were raised by some present on the ground that Englishmen would then be eligible as members. Finally, however, an amendment was carried that all members should be of Welsh parentage or should be in agreement with the objects of the association. A warm discussion took place about the exclusion or admission of intoxicating drinks, but finaly their exclusion was agreed to.

The diocese of St. David's is the largest in England or Wales. Its extent is 100 by 65 miles, its acreage being 2,238,000, the next in extent being Norwich, which has some 300,000 acres less. Its unwieldy character is aggravated by the inaccessibility of its cathedral town, which is situated in a remote corner of Pembrokeshire. But what this lacks in convenience of position it gains in historical interest, and that peculiar charm which antiquity and seclusion give to it. In the days when Romanism prevailed in Wales, there was a Welsh proverb which ran: "Two visits to St. David's are equal to one visit to Rome."

Writing from the Hetty Gold Mine, Krugersdorp, in the Transvaal, Mr. J. Thomas, late of Newport, says:—"At a recent distribution of Government certificates for engine-drivers at Johannesburg, Mr. W. Charles (son of Mr. William Charles, contractor, Nant y Moel) has come out first out of over 400 competitors. The reason I am sending you this is that I think all Welshmen will be pleased to hear of it. The competitors included men from all parts of the world."

R. E. Hughes, a native of Barmouth, a scholar of Aberystwyth, Cardiff and Jesus College, Oxford, has been appointed inspector of schools in Wales.

# SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION.

## IS STAR-STREWN SPACE INFINITE?

In an article under this heading in "Popular Astronomy" (February) Agnes M. Clerke, the eminent English writer on astronomical subjects, tells her readers that the consensus of modern scientific opinion answers this question in the negative, in spite of the popular ideas that the stars extend to infinity in all directions. She says: "The Milky Way is made up of a finite number of star-collections, each of finite dimensions; while the remainder of the sky, instead of being veiled with shining orbs, thick-set in endless backward files, shows a clear background sprinkled with stars, the proportionate numbers of which diminish rapidly with penetration into the ethereal abysses. It may be added that the local peculiarities and differences of stellar distribution, especially when they are regarded in connection with certain corresponding facts of nebular distribution, are utterly inexplicable by any kind of light absorption or light extinction. The star-depths, as Sir John Herschel distinctly perceived, are open, but, beyond a certain point, empty.

"In actual fact, an infinite universe would be a cnaos, not a cosmos. Undisciplined by measure, the physical forces would run riot in it. It could have no structure, no parts, no intelligible plan. To our puny investigations, it would present the blank aspect of an eternally insoluble enigma. What is unbounded is inaccessible to research. But what in reality do we see in the heavens? Evidences everywhere in order of the subordination of parts to a whole, of development under controlling law, of marvellous, if sometimes inscrutable design. The stars and nebulae form together a stupendous system, framed on lines dimly significant of an origin, and progressive relations. But a system can not be infinite—not, at any rate, in a sense intelligible to the human intellect.

"Both observation and rational inference indeed, while setting no bounds to the display of creative energy, enforce belief in a terminated sidereal world; only a certain *horror vacui* in the human mind shrinks back from the void beyond, and evokes imaginary stellar populaces to inhabit imaginary wildernesses. For empty space is a phantom. Space is a relation, not a thing. It is like a collapsible bag. Because of its contents, it bulks large. Remove them, and it sinks into negligeability."—Literary Digest.

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## VARIOUS NOTES.

In the statistics recently published concerning the manufacture of paper, it appears that New York and Massachusetts still hold their ascendency among all the States, in respect of the amount produced. One of the most interesting facts relating to the products of the Massachusetts paper mills refers to the material on which the United States has its bank notes printed. This is made by a private firm, the pulp being a mixture of linen, cotton, and silk, the silk threads coming into prominence after passing through the printing machine. Bank of England notes are all printed on plain white paper of great strength, bearing a distinctive water mark, while French notes are of paper that has hair in its pulp, the hairs coming out so strongly when photographed as to render any attempt at forging impossible. The Massachusetts paper for the Government is declared to be the best in the world.

Great interest has been created in astronomical circles by some of the results reached by Prof. Simon New-

comb in his more recent investigations. One of these is that astronomers have been overestimating the distances of the stars; and the other, that our universe has after all a fairly well defined limit. The first of these conclusions, Prof. Newcomb bases on an idea that the stars which are called the smaller ones, because they are less bright, may not be large stars at a very great distance, but perhaps smaller or dimmer ones nearer at hand. The old idea is familiar to all, namely, that all the stars are of the same brightness, and that the fainter ones are at a very much greater distance from us than the bright ones; this theory, however, has been weakened by later discoveries, such as, for example, that Sirius has a companion whose light, if equal surfaces be considered, is but a fraction of that of its principal; and astronomers have come to recognize dim stars, or even dark ones, like the companions of Algol, about which so much has lately been written, to be quite as common, perhaps, in the universe as the bright ones. Prof. Newcomb's proposition as to the limits of the universe is regarded as even more novel and striking, suggesting, as it does, the possibility that some day all the stars will be seen.

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Professor Schmiedeberg of Strasburg lately made a very interesting experiment, which not only conclusively demonstrates the existence of an iron-hunger in animals, but also indicates disastrous results in the event of the craving remaining unsatisfied. A strong, frolicsome dog, that had suffered the loss of a small quantity of blood only, was fed for a period on pure milk, and little by little became so weak that all evidence of spirit vanished, and, refusing further nourishment, became so thin and weak that his limbs refused to support his body. Just as he seemed on the point of death, a gram of ferratin was added to his daily allowance of milk; when, instead of refusing as heretofore, he devoured it ravenously, and in t of two weeks recovered his health and strength.

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A Manchester photographer took a photograph of a child apparently in good health, a clear skin. The negative sh face to be thickly covered with tion. Three days afterward t was covered with spots due t heat. The camera had seen an graphed the eruption three da it was visible to the naked ey said that another case of a sim is recorded, where a child show on his portrait which were inv his face a fortnight previous to a of smallpox.

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Cats have been suspected of c the infection of diphtheria, an fever has been traced to them. officer has reported a case of brought about in the same seamstress who was in the hal lowing her dog to lick her face tacked one day with a severe i tion of the right eye. Oculists w sulted, but their treatment wa cessful; and owing to the fact flammation of the left eye wa ning, the right eye was cut out. found a tapeworm, which the probably picked up while licki less pleasing object than its n face.

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On photographing the sun at servatory, a spot was found eastern limb, which is easily without telescopic aid. It is penumbral, however, the nucle small. The extreme length of is about 68,000 miles.

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Gross vandalism has destroy interesting Druidical remains moor. The "stone avenue" at corner, on Sherberton comm many "hut circles" and "menhi disappeared, the stones havi broken up by contractors to fil holes in the roads about.

# ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCELLANY.

## CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

.tle Bradbury, not quite two years was frequently told by his mamma knock easy" when he knocked on window-glass too hard. One day, namma had to punish him, and looking up with his little eyes of tears, he said, "Knot easy, ma."

e day, our dinner consisted in part mb with dressing. The dressing d Mamie, and she asked for a id portion, saying, "Give me some at."

/hat, Mamie?" said mamma.

lease give me some of *that*."

low, Mamie," said mamma, "you for what you want by name."

ie looked distressed, but finally a pucker and a stutter, made the nding request,—

I-I want some of the clothes."

tle Ettie tried in vain to open the y door, which unfortunately hed" at the top. Turning wearily , she said, "I can't oken that door; led in a hard knot!"

little three year old has a navy dress and a gray dress. One day was telling about her wardrobe to all friend, and pointed out one as her "navy," and the other as 'gravy."

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## TALIESIN.

lady correspondent wants to know thing about Taliesin. The mean- of the word, we believe, is "splen- orehead." The first Taliesin in h history was a noted bard, and n as "Taliesin Ben Beirdd," or sin the Chief of Bards. Parry, in Cambrian Plutarch," says: "Of all ncient poets of Wales, Taliesin lecidedly acquired the pre-emi- in popular repute. Both at home broad this distinction has been conceded to him; the partial veneration of his countrymen has found an echo in the gratuitous respect of other nations." Nothing is definitely known about him, but many poems attributed to him are published in the "Archaeology of Wales." All these , poems however, could not possibly have been written by the same person, and it is generally conceded that nearly all of them are spurious. Some writers contend that he lived in the fifth century, others in the sixth, while some assign him to the twelfth. "Cymru" says he was the son of St. Henwg, Caerlleon-ar-Wysg, and lived in the sixth century. He spent much of his time, according to the same authority, at the courts of Arthur, Urien Rheged and Gwyddno Garanhir. He is said to have lived at one time on the shore of Lake Geirionydd, in Carnarvonshire; and his supposed grave is shown to this day, near Aberystwyth. The "Cambrian Plutarch" also assigns Taliesin to the sixth century; but says that he was found soon after his birth, in a fishing weir, on the coast of Cardigan, belonging to Gwyddno, in a basket or coracle, by some fishermen, who carried him to Gwyddno, whose son Elfin took the little foundling under his immediate protection.

Judging by the poems attributed to Taliesin, he was a Christian bard, but to a certain extent dominated by the influence of druidical mysteries. He was also acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets.

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## A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Similarity of names is often a disadvantage, but has, however, sometimes its compensations. Everyone has heard of two Mr. Llewelyn Williamses, the one a journalist, editor and proprietor of the "London Kelt," the other the Welsh "Gold King." But without re-

ferring to their distinguishing qualifications it is impossible to say who is who of them. Mr. Llewelyn Williams, on his first arrival in London turned up at one of the Welsh chapels, where a famous Welsh choir was to perform. Arriving there ten minutes before the commencement, he was approached by a young countryman:—"Mr. Llewelyn Williams, isn't it?" "Yes, surely," was the reply. "We have a special pew reserved for you, sir." Mr. Llewelyn Williams looked as large as life, but could not understand it. Some time afterwards another gentleman turned up, and informed the doorkeeper: "You have a seat reserved for me." "No we have'nt. We have one for Mr. Llewelyn Williams, who is there now." "Duke anwyl, I am Llewelyn Williams." But which Llewelyn Williams deponent stateth not. The elt" suggests that one of them should be raised to the House of Lords.

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## DR. EVANS' ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

One of the best stories yet told of the late Dr. Herber Evans is one that refers to his absent-mindedness. Two years ago he was, on a Saturday afternoon, found walking about Chester railway station. He was to preach the anniversary sermons at some chapel within driving distance; but upon reaching Chester the recollection of the place he was bound for had entirely evaporated. He searched his pockets for his diary, only to discover that he had left it at home. A wire was despatched asking his wife to refer to the diary, and telegraph immediately where he was due on the morrow. The reply was—"Your diary is locked up in your writing-desk, and you have got the keys." What Dr. Herber Evans spent in telegrams that afternoon in endeavoring to find out where his destination was is a matter he never disclosed to any of his most intimate acquaintances. But he reached there after all.

## OLE CLO.

By George Coronway.

A London oddity—well known, also, in other large cities in England—who goes 'round the alleys, with a big pack on his back—crying, "Ole Clo! Ole Clo!" which means, old clothes.

Sometimes he was seen with three silk hats—or, as vulgarly called in America—"Stove pipe hats"—on his head, which gave him a very odd appearance. He preferred to carry them on his head, for safety, for fear of bulging them in the pack. Some of these "Ole Clo" men had large second hand establishments, where the "dudes," "swells" and "fops" of the town were supplied with "nobby" second-hand suits. They were, as a rule, a sharp, shrewd, lot of fellows. The story inserted in the poem is true.

"Ole Clo!"
What mem'ries bright, of long ago,
Come back, in herds,
In these two words—
"Ole Clo!"
His odd cry, I remember well!—
"Ole Clo," "Ole Clo;"—
A-nee owld clo to sell?—
"Ole Clo," "Ole Clo."
Thus, ev'ry morn, in rain or shine—
In weather foul, or weather fine—
Between the hours of eight and nine,
We'd hear him down the alley go—
Crying aloud—"Ole Clo"—"Ole Clo."
He wore, sometimes, upon his crown,
Three hats—and, oft, was burdened down
With that big pack
Upon his back—
Containing shirts, coats, pants and vests,
Goods long had past their "second bests,"
But, yet, to him were values rare—
Despite the fact—were "worse for wear,"
For, by some process, which he knew,
He'd make old clothes like garments new.

He "dandy," "dude," the "swell," the "fop,"
Were dressed "in style" at Ole Clo's shop;
He did a fine, extensive trade
As "rigging up" the dude brigade.
This "merchant," though of "lower grade,"
Was well up to the "tricks of trade;"
He bought goods, low—and sold them, high—
His keen and well experienced eye
Could see a bargain at a glance—
Like many now—"Jumped at a chance."
In manners, he was coarse and rude—
In bus'ness he was smooth, and shrewd—
I'll give you, friend, a faint "idee"
How shrewd a rascal he could be:—

I brought him once a good, old coat—
He offered for it but a "groat"—
My! only fourpence!—I said, "No!"
"Give me a 'bob,' I'll let it go."
The coat was nigh as good as new,—
I told him so—he "better knew"—
"This coat," said he, "has long been worn"—
"See how this button-hole is torn,"—
"'Tis cotton goods"—I said, "'tis wool"—
What falsehood lodged in that man's skull
To tell a boy such wicked lies—
To pull the wool adown my eyes!
He laughed. Then answered, with such scorn,
"I dealt in cloth ere you were born!"
If so, how had he now forgotten
The diff'rence twixt the wool and cotton?
You'd think he did'nt care a dot
Whether I sold the coat, or not.
"Come," said he, "will you take the 'groat?'"
"No!" said I, "I will keep the coat."
He started off, with footsteps slow—
To try my grit—his "tricks," you know.
This sinner gray knew I was "green"—
A boy, not yet had reached my teen.
He well knew how to fool a lad—
He knew I wanted money bad—
He knew I would'nt keep the coat—
He knew, though small, I'd take the groat.

I called him back. He turned about—
Again we had another bout.
At last he said, "I'll give this flute"—
"And see, this handsome knife to boot;"—
"This knife," said he, "is Roger's best"—
"This flute is fine"—then gave a test;
He played, "Ben Bolt"—"God save the queen"—
"Red, White and Blue"—"That Isle so green"—
Some dancing tunes—they sounded gay—
He fairly played my heart away!
So I gave the coat,
And I took the groat—
With the knife and flute
Which he gave to boot—
The rogue knew well the kind of toys
Would win the heart of little boys!
I'll bet the rascal could'nt play
Those games, so well, on me to-day!

Passing, one day, this "Merchant's" store,
I saw a coat hung at the door—
On it a card—marked, "one pound, three"—
The same old coat he bought of me!
'Twas also marked—"all wool," and "cheap"—
I felt a chill all through me creep!
"Who would'nt get rich," to myself said I,
When they buy so low, and sell so high!
I swore I'd pay him back, some day,—
And "that's the why" I wrote this lay!

(Moral.)

I find that "cheek will often gain
More wealth, by far, than solid brain.
I find, wherever I may go,
Descendants of this man—"Ole Clo."
I find the "tricks" are now, as then,
Still practiced by the sons of men,
I find the truth now, as of old,
Is oft abused for love or gold.

I find that those who lie for gain
Are trustless rogues, and rascals vain.
The world is growing so unjust,
We don't know, friend, what friend to
trust.
Ye gods! pray, can you tell us when
The truth will rule the hearts of men?
God speed the day when honesty
Shall rule our trade on land and sea.

So goes the world! (much like "Ole
Clo")
With that big pack
Upon its back—
A load of falsehood, greed, and woe!

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

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## ROWLAND PARRY'S GRAVE.

Many are the graves in the valley of the Susquehanna, but the most romantically situated is that of Rowland Parry, at McCall's Ferry York County side.

It is among the rocks, with a stone wall inclosure overgrown with vines, holly, tulip, poplars and magnolia. On the tombstone is the following:

ROWLAND PARRY,
Born, January 27th, 1776,
DEPARTED THIS LIFE
October 1st, 1849.

Parry once owned land about the ferry. He for years kept a tavern at Peach Bottom, across the creek from the present hotel, and near the aqueduct, in the stone building that fell down a few years ago. Many are the queer tales told of him and his eccentricities.

He was also a shoemaker, and very fond of argument. His chief subject was religion, and ministers spent hours in his shop talking with Parry, trying to convince him of the error of his views. Preachers came, discussed and departed; Parry pounded soles, read Paine, and prepared himself for more preachers.

One day a well groomed parson on his way to Presbytery dismounted at the ferry and found Parry. They fell to talking, and continued for almost two days without sleep. It was the heaviest tussle Parry ever had, and he often referred to it with pride. He paid the debt of nature in the fall of 1849, and was carried to the spot he had selected as his grave. It is said he was buried by his own order in a standing position between two rocks. The grave is between the river and the canal.—Delta (Pa.) Herald.

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## AN IRISH WITNESS AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

At the Dungarvan (Ireland) Petty Sessions, one of the witnesses was a woman who gave evidence in Irish, through an interpreter. After her came Pat Connors, apparently about eighteen years of age. When questioned he remained silent. The Chairman asked him if he could speak English. The witness replied in Irish.—The Chairman: I warn you if you can speak English to do so.—Constable Kelleher: I know the witness, and he speaks English very well.—The Chairman: The last thing I would like to do is to commit you, but I will take the informations of the Constable, and commit you if you don't answer. The witness was again questioned, but answered in Irish. The Constable then made an information stating the witness was acquainted with the English language sufficiently to give evidence in a court of justice. The warrant was made out, and as the police were removing witness he said: "I did not see any sheep or any dog." The Chairman: Will you answer the questions in English now? No answer. The witness's friends again addressed him in Irish, urging him to do his best. Witness: I did not see any dog or sheep. The Chairman: He would not answer at the time. Witness: I saw no dog or sheep. The Chairman: It is a gross contempt of court, and you will go to Waterford jail for a week now. I find you know plenty of it. The witness was then re-

moved by the constables en route by train to Waterford jail. Subsequently, when the witness was brought to the constabulary barracks, he explained that he was afraid he could not speak what he wanted in English, and this being conveyed to the Chairman, he cancelled the warrant, and the witness was released from custody.

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## "KNOCK OFF THAT."

A rowing man, who wished to exchange his adipose tissue for muscle, went to a well-known physician up river for advice.

"Do you eat butter and fat?" asked the leech.

"Yes, said the client.

"Well, you must knock off that," returned the doctor. "Do you drink beer and spirits?" continued he.

"Yes."

"Then you must knock off that. Do you smoke?" inquired the medical man, feeling for his stethoscope.

"Yes," said the oarsman.

"Then you must knock off that."

"What is your fee?" inquired the athlete.

"Ten dollars," said the medical man, with a faint smile of expectation.

"Well, won't you knock off that?" said the candidate for aquatic honors.

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## FORECAST.

An incident of the battle of Chancellorsville illustrates that forecast of the Germans which prompts them to anticipate emergencies:

During the battle a Mississippian captured a burly Dutchman. Taking his prisoner a short distance from the line of battle, he said to him:

"Come, old Germany, shell out."

"Shell out vat?"

"Why, greenbacks."

"Greenbacks!" exclaimed the phlegmatic German, as a broad smile of satisfaction spread over his face. "Yer tinks I pese a fool to pack greenbacks around for you Shonnies? Not much, I don't; I send them all home to mine frau."

———o:o———

## WHY ADAM NEVER WAS A BABY.

A Sunday school superintendent at the close of an address on the creation, which he was sure he had kept within the comprehension of the least intelligent of the scholars, smilingly invited questions.

A tiny boy, with a white eager face and large brow, at once held up his hand.

"Please, sir, why was Adam never a baby?"

The superintendent coughed in some doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl of 9, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, came promptly to his aid.

"Please, sir," she said, smartly, "there was nobody to nuss him!"

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## HISTORY OF A SONG.

Mr. Bennett, a music-writer, and Mr. Webster were intimate friends. The latter was subject to melancholy.

He came in to where his friend Webster was at business one day, while in a depression of spirits.

"What is the matter now?" said Bennett, noticing his sad countenance.

"No matter," said Webster; "it will be right by-and-by."

"Yes; that sweet by-and-by," said Bennett. "Would not that sentiment make a good hymn, Webster?"

"Maybe it would," replied Webster, indifferently.

Turning to his desk, Bennett wrote the three verses of the hymn, and handed them to Webster. When he read them, his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to his desk, he began to write the notes.

Having finished them he requested his violin, and played the melody. In a few minutes more he had the four parts of the chorus jotted down. It

was not over thirty minutes from the first thought of the hymn before the two friends, and two others who had come in in the meantime, were singing all the parts together.

A bystander, who had been attracted by the music, and had listened in tearful silence, remarked, "That hymn is immortal."

It is now sung in every land under the sun.

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## IRISH ODDITIES.

In view of the trouble which England has in governing Ireland, sundry Englishmen have said that it would be a blessing to England should some convulsion of nature sink that island to the bottom of the sea.

Such a catastrophe would deprive the world of a warm-hearted, industrious people, and of a great deal of the humor with which it lessens the friction of life. For Pat has few equals in drollery, or in the wit of his repartees, as the following anecdotes illustrate:

An Irish lady was a spectator at a coronation banquet. Anxious to secure a souvenir of the occasion, she pocketed one of the spoons. A lackey saw her take it and demanded its return.

"Don't you lay a finger on me," answered the woman, hysterically, "or I'll scream my heart out!" She retained her spoon, as the footman did not wish for a "scene" at the royal banquet.

Several gentlemen, passengers on a steamboat, were talking about suicides. As the conversation flagged, one of the gentlemen turned to an Irishman, who had been listening to their talk, and banteringly asked,—

"Pat! why don't you drown yourself?"

"Oh! shure, if me head was as hivy as yir own I would," answered the man.

An Irishman, while taking his first lesson from the drill-sergeant, was ordered to—

"Carry-y-y arms!"

"Where? in me fist?" asked the raw recruit.

There once lived in a certain city in Maine, a penurious Englishman who was fond of talking about himself. One day he was complaining to a group of listeners—they had to be listeners when he was present—that it was so hard to secure good laundry work.

"These Chinamen, with those long tassels hon their 'eads, they do very well," said he. "But I can't get hany woman to hiron well for me. They hall want so much pay, too!"

An Irishwoman, who had suffered from his meanness, was passing by, and stopped to listen.

"I tell you what," he continued: "I should like to start a laundry myself. I could get plenty hof girls, and I would pay them by the day. Let's see—I would give them"——

"Tin cints, yir honor, tin cints!" shouted the woman, as she hurried on from the laughing crowd.

An Irishman who had been in New York City a short time was asked at election day about his politics.

"You're a Democrat, aint you? or are you a Republican?"

"I don't know, at all," said Pat, "but whativer it is, I'm agin ther guvirnmint!"

His experience with the governmen in old Ireland had not been satisfactory.

———o:o———

## GOOD ENGLISH HADS.

"Mamma, if I had a hat before I had this one it's all right to say that's the hat I had had, isn't it?"

"Certainly, Johnny."

"And if that hat once had a hole in it and I had it mended, I could say it had had a hole in it, couldn't I?"

"Yes, there would be nothing incorrect in that.'

"Then It'd be good English to say that the hat I had had had had a hole in it, wouldn't it?"

"Johnny, you make my head ache."

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REV. DAVID DAVIES, D. D.

The subject of this sketch was born at a place called Prion, near Denbigh, Wales. It appears that he received such a deep religious impression in his childhood that he consecrated himself to the work of the ministry before he was thirteen years of age. Within the following six years the foremost men of the church in which he was raised, advised him to become a preacher; but he hesitated, not only because he was naturally diffident, but also because he did not believe that he was then sufficiently equipped for the work. In June, 1865, his parents emigrated to America, and located in the settlement of Oshkosh, Wis., where for a time he followed the carpenter trade. But he still re-

membered his early vow. In January, 1868, he entered Ripon College, whence he received his B. A. in 1877, his M. A. in 1887, and his D. D. in 1896. He preached his first regular sermon in Bethesda Church in the above mentioned settlement in October, 1871, together with his friend and fellow-student, William Foulkes, now pastor of a Presbyterian church in Kansas. He took charge of the Welsh Presbyterian Church in the city of Oshkosh in March, 1873. Notwithstanding several flattering and tempting invitations to go elsewhere, he has remained with his first charge with constantly increasing success. Though he is physically lean, and in his features and voice somewhat effeminate, he has a firm will, a fearless heart, a virile and vigorous mind, with a genial and manly disposition. As a pastor he is discreet, attentive, impartial and affectionate, while as a preacher he is studious, thoughtful, edifying, without a drop of laziness in his blood. He avoids and abhors the snivelling, drawling cant and mechanical, make-believe afflatus of too many Welsh pulpiteers.

Dr. Davies' labors have not been confined to his own particular parish. He has always taken an active and efficient part in the various councils of his denomination in the United States. He has been an energetic promoter of temperance reform. He has aided the Christian Endeavor cause both as a speaker and as an editor. He has been one of the Trustees of his alma mater for several years. In October, 1895, his denomination in Wales assigned to him the task of preparing the Sunday School Lessons in Welsh and English on the first book of Samuel for the Sabbath School Union, a work whose appearance is expected this spring.

As Dr. Davies is not yet old, his friends and brethren expect much from him for his Master's cause before the night cometh when no man can work.

## THE SONGS OF WALES.

By Helen Marshall North.

Among those ancient national melodies which ripen and mellow with the centuries like a choice canvas from the hand of a master, none can take precedence of the songs of old Cambria. The moist, fresh air of the land which gave them birth may have its influence in producing the rich voices and that love of wild music which is found in this interesting little corner of the British Isles. Freedom naturally seeks expression in song, and although the brave Cymry, after fighting for their small portion of the earth against Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, and, finally, against the Anglicized product of all these nations, late yielded to the power of numbers, yet their national spirit has never been broken. Wild Walia is devoted to its queen,

whose heir assumes as his proudest title, "The Prince of Wales," but retains its ancient tongue, holds proudly to its ancient pedigree, and treasures its literature and traditions with a singleness of purpose and devotion scarcely equaled among the nations of to-day.

Doubtless the isolation and conservatism which the true Cambrian does not, at least, discourage, have had a strong influence in preserving unaltered the ancient melodies of the country, and in deepening their influence on the people of Wales. England, Ireland and Scotland borrow, with more or less freedom, from each other, traditions and music, and a certain similarity of nature adheres in the ancient possessions of these countries. But little Wales neither borrows nor lends. Those old songs, some of which have been handed down from the Druids, and few of them later than the time of Queen Elizabeth, have a peculiar character. No nation can claim them, or dispute their claim to be genuinely Cambrian.

A large part of the most ancient music of Wales is stately, solemn and grave, as its use for religious purposes demanded; yet an almost equally large part of that which has been preserved is of quite another sort. This daring little nation, familiar with the arts of war, and from the time of Caesar to that of the first Edward, struggling for independence as bravely as ever their Greek brothers struggled, could naturally produce stirring martial music, and it is claimed by excellent critics that in this department of music Wales excels all other nations.

The antiquity of many Welsh melodies is traced with difficulty, but there are good reasons for believing that "The March of the Monks of Bangor" dates back to the event which it celebrates, and that it was in reality the strain by which those devoted religious men, the White Monks of Bangor Iscoed, marched to their bloody fate at the hands of the Saxon savages. The mingling of major and minor phrases is one of the internal evidence of age. A fine martial tread sounds through each measure, combined with the spirit of exalted piety, and the rhythm boldly paints the long procession of white-cowled monks bearing peaceful banners, and in faith taking their way to Chester to stimulate the valor of their countrymen, away back in the seventh century.

The romantic fancy of Sir Walter Scott has enriched the war notes with a setting of English words:

**"When the heathen trumpet's clang**
**Round beleagured Chester rang,**
**Veiled nun and friar gray**
**Marched from Bangor's fair abbaye;**
**High their holy anthem sounds,**
**Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,**
**Floating down the sylvan Dee,**
**'O miserere Domine.'"**

The familiar "March of the Men of Harlech" is greatly beloved by Welshmen, though of comparatively recent date, having been written to commemorate the notably siege of Harlech Castle, in 1468, by the house of York against that brave Cambrian defender of

the red rose, David-ap-Ivan-ap-Einion, and when a chorus of Welshmen join their voices in the lines,

"Clywir llef ein buddugoliaeth,
Cymru fo am byth."

you have, indeed, "a battle rendered you in music."

The "War Song of Glendower" borrows its music from one of the most ancient of all Welsh airs, "The Rising of the Lark." So able a composer as the great Haydn affirmed that this air was one of the finest compositions that he had ever heard. Its energetic, free, bold measures have gained it great favor with Cambrian singers of all ages, and it has well been selected to accompany the words of the brave Prince Owen's song:

"A sound is on the breeze,
A murmur as of swelling seas,
The Saxon on his way!
Lo! spear and shield and lance,
From Deva's waves with lightning glance
Reflected to the day."

Another striking and most satisfactory melody, to which, for centuries, bards have been pleased to unite their verses, is best known by its ancient title "Of Noble Race was Shenkin," though it was originally called "Y Gadlys," "The Camp of the Palace." The very genius of Cambria's music runs through its rich, bold measures. So great was its popularity at one time that its words were translated into English, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. I find no satisfactory reason for the latter rendition. It is introduced with the words, "Is then thy fate decreed," in the "Beggars' Opera," and Handel turned it to good account in one of his operas.

The words are thoroughly Cambrian:

"Of noble race was Shenkin,
Of ancient race was Shenkin,
More ancient scarce was Pydian,
Though he had date from Aedd the Great
That lived before St. Mydan.

Of loyal race was Shenkin
Of faithful race was Shenkin,
Not David Gam outmatched him,
Who saved from the knife King Henry's life
When his foes would have despatched him."

The songs of Wales have undoubtedly derived many of their most pleasing characteristics from the influence of the harp, which has always been the favorite musical instrument of the country. The three indispensable possessions of a Cambrian gentleman in the early days were, a harp, a cloak and a chessboard. Slaves were not permitted to learn to use the harp lest they should pretend to be gentlemen. The harp could not be seized for debt, because its loss implied degradation from rank. The ancient Welsh harp had but a single row of strings, and flats and sharps were produced by a peculiar movement of the thumb and finger, a device which seems to be no longer known. One form of the harp was so small that a gentleman, riding on horseback, could easily carry it, and trill out a lay on its strings, or encourage his spirit with a martial air. The calm, even sweetness of the harp tones furnish a peculiarly delightful accompaniment to the

melodies of Wales, which, says an old Welsh writer, "are expressive of the afflictions which the people were enduring when they were written." Equally well are they adapted to the joyous carols of the hills and valleys which must have been sung in Wales as elsewhere, since youth and love and joy are universal, and demand expression in song.

Of pastoral songs Cambria has a great store. They are distinguished by a singular regularity of construction, well suited to their theme, and a well-ordered but never wearisome sequence not inconsistent with variety. A well-known musical critic says, "They are the finest pastorals I know, and may be backed against the world for poetry, music and purity of sentiment."

"Hob y deri dando," is, perhaps, the oldest of these, and is familiarly known as "Sweet Jane." The refrain which gives name to the melody comes down to us from the old days of the Druids and their oaken groves. It is said to have been the burden of an old song used by the bards and ovates to call the people to religious assemblies. No such grave significance is attached to the words now used with this pleasurably gay music, and jolly Prince Hal used to sing it with a relish at the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, while his convivial companions, Falstaff among them, perhaps, joined heartily in the chorus.

There is a gratifying repose and sweetness, a peculiarly happy, quaint joyousness in this melody which gains much from the accompaniment of the Welsh words which look defiant and difficult, but which on the lips of a Welsh singer, are liquid with sweetness.

But even this charming pastoral, with all its medieval and ancient history and romance, is exceeded in beauty by the melody of "Bugeilio'r Gwenith Gwyn," or "The Blooming Wheat." As its delicious golden notes are swept from the strings of the harp, or sung by sweet Welsh voices, a fascination enchains the hearing sense not unlike that produced on the sight by glimpses of long fields of grain gently swayed by an idle breeze, and gaining alternately pleasant lines of sun and shade with its rise and fall. The rhythmic effect is most soothing, and inspires a poetic mood under whose spell one loves to linger.

In Glamorganshire they say that this song was composed by one Will Hopkins, a bard who was born at Llangynwyd in 1700. A hapless maid, Ann Thomas, who had a warm affection for the poet, was celebrated in this and many other of the poet's songs.

Of "Ar hyd y nos," a delightful little melody, it may be said that it has been shamelessly borrowed by all sorts of ballad-makers, and required to do duty for words of very little consequence. I find the melody in one of the oldest collections of Welsh ballads in existence, and it seems to have been taken down from the lips of the Welsh peasants by an enthusiastic lover of Cambrian music who wished to preserve it. The song has recently been made very popular on this side of the Atlantic by a famous Irish singer of

ballads, Mr. Plunkett Greene. Doubtless this air had its origin in that period between 1680 and 1780, which was so prolific in ballad-making. It is a melody which lends itself readily to an ancient, but by no means forgotten, style of music called "penillion singing." This is usually accompanied by the harp, and is presented on this wise: an extempore line is sung by some member of a chorus, and a person at his left takes up the refrain "Ar hyd y nos," which gives the first singer time to compose his second line. The entire chorus repeats the second part of the melody. As the subjects are often humorous, the style is very popular. An accomplished singer in penillion is able to adapt stanzas of various metres to a single melody, and should be acquainted with each of the "four-and-twenty metres," according to bardic rules.

"The Sea Song of Gavran," once a great favorite in Wales, was sung to the tune "Ar hyd y nos." Gavran was a British chieftain of the fifteenth century, who set sail with a company of followers to find the traditional islands called "Gwerddonan Llion," or "The Green Islands of the Ocean." Nothing was ever after heard of the brave chieftain and his men.

"In the dwellings of our fathers,
Round the glad blaze,
Now the festive circle gathers,
With harp and lays;
Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,
Steps are bounding, bards are singing,
Ay, the hour to all is bringing,
Peace, joy or praise!
Save to us, our night watch keeping
Storm-winds to brave,
While the very sea-bird sleeping,
Rests in his cave!
Think of us when hearths are beaming,
Think of us when mead is streaming,
Ye of whom our souls are dreaming,
On the dark wave."

A gentle old Welsh favorite is called "Llwyn Onn," or "The Ash Grove," and was composed for a gentleman who lived at a place of this name near Wrexham. Its sweetness and grace are recognized at once, and the music lover to whom it is first introduced finds himself recurring to the delicate notes in their placid sequence, again and again, when he is in a contemplative mood, and always with pleasure.

I find an old song, "The Rock of Cader Idris," set to this same tune, in a collection of Welsh songs published over a century ago. Tradition says that on the summit of Cader Idris, one of the loftiest mountains in North Wales, there stands a great rock, in whose sides is an excavation resembling a couch. The luckless or lucky wight who passes a night in this inhospitable spot, is found in the morning, if not a corpse, either a raving maniac or else endowed with supernatural genius. The poem begins, "I lay on the rock where storms have their dwelling."

The "Lament of Llywarch Hen," Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard of King Arthur's time, is also used with "Llwyn Onn," in an old collection. And again, the music lends itself to an old song, "Sir Watkyn's Farewell."

"O look where Glendower moves on
with his power

**Sure now to my bower my love must be near.**
**See, see, he's advancing, his steed gayly prancing,**
**His plume in air dancing, Oh, Watkyn my dear!"**

"Merch Megan," "Margaret's Fair Daughter," is another famous old pastoral; also "Gwenllian's Repose," which was sung as a lullaby to Gwenllian, daughter of a famous Welsh prince. The little girl grew to be a great beauty, and was celebrated for her mental ability, as well as for her handsome face.

Every Welshman knows "Over the Stone," or "Tros y Gareg," which is quaint and pleasing:

**"Standing here, thou silent stone,**
**What a world thou must have known!**
**Deeds of glory, lost to story,**
**Hast thou witnessed, ancient stone.**
**Here beneath the grass, 'tis said,**
**Many warriors' bones are laid,**
**Fighting for their land they fell,**
**None but thou the rest can tell.**
**Secrets keeping, ever sleeping,**
**Dream'st thou of the past, old stone?'**

Quite gently gay and bewitching is the little song "The Bells of Aberdovey," which is not marred by the translation, though there is surely a charm in the Welsh refrain

**"Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech,**
**Meddai clychau Aberdyfi,"**

when sung by the red lips of a fair young Welsh girl, which cannot be equaled by the staid English rendering,

**"When the strife of life is done**
**Peace is found in heaven alone,**
**Say the bells of Aberdovey."**

The little serenade, "Mentra Gwen," can hardly be surpassed for sweetness, among serenades. Whether English or Welsh words be sung to its dainty music, the song commends itself to the vocalist, and soon becomes a favorite for its grace and purity of tone and sentiment. No roulades or florid tone gymnastics are employed to attract the attention, but perfect simplicity and sincerity, the sweetness and modesty of the white violet shining in a shady place, win friends for the little serenade.

**"The stars in heaven are bright, Lady mine, Lady mine,**
**The moon is full to-night, Lady mine;**
**Oh, deign to smile upon me,**
**Cast but one kind look on me,**
**While here I wait upon thee,**
**Longing for thee, Lady mine."**

Or,

**"Yn wraig yn Nghastell Crogen,**
**I'w barchu ef a'i berchen;**
**A chymer fi'n y fargen,**
**Da di mentra, mentra Gwen."**

"The Pass of Llanberis," "Nos Galan," or "New Year's Eve," and "The Blackbird," or "Y Fwyalchen," belong with the light, gay songs of Wales. The latter has a particularly wild, rural note as originally set down, but has been modernized and modified, and thereby is more easily rendered, though less picturesque.

The songs of old Wales were, for hundreds of years, handed down from generation to generation by the lips of the people, and I find no trace of a printed collection until the close of the last century, though old manuscript copies of many of the songs named above are to be seen in the Drexel Musical Library, now the property of the Lenox Library, of New York City. About the year 1797, Dr. Parry, a blind Welsh

harper, in connection with other lovers of Welsh music, made a collection of the most famous of the old Welsh airs. And in the early days of the present century, Mr. George Thomson, of Edinburgh, who had previously published collections of English, Scotch and Irish music, traveled through Wales in order to obtain the native songs from the lips of the peasants themselves. He became an enthusiast on the subject, and on his return committed the airs to Haydn, who was a lover of Welsh minstrelsy, and by him they were harmonized in the best possible manner. Mention should also be made of an excellent and very complete collection of Welsh songs, arranged more recently by Miss Jane Williams, of Wales, which contains some of the most ancient, as well as the most modern, of the genuine songs of Cambria.—From "Looker-On," by permission.

## AN ADIRONDACK HEROINE.

By William E. Wolcott.

### Chapter I.

Madge Watkins meant to be a good little girl, and it was the desire of her heart that when she grew up she might be a missionary worker in some heathen land. Perhaps she could not have told just where she would like to go, and probably she did not fully comprehend what deprivations and hardships might be incurred in such a life, but this did not matter. Her intentions were good, and to her credit it may be said that her interest in the subject was so great, it is doubtful if any picture dark enough could have been drawn to have caused her to wholly abandon her idea of eventually engaging in the work.

Madge Watkins.

Madge's home was in a little log cabin on the borders of the great Adirondack wilderness in New York State, where her father, who was a pioneer in that locality, had located soon after his arrival from Wales with his young wife, some fifteen years previous. By dint of hard labor he had cleared the trees from several acres of land, and built the house in which they lived. Although the soil was not very productive, he contrived with the assistance of his

chosen companion, who was a prudent housewife, and by the exercise of strict economy, to eke out an existence for himself and those dependent upon him, which now included besides his wife, his daughter Madge, aged 13 years, his son Fred or Ted as he was more frequently called, who had seen five summers, and baby Bess, not quite two years old. Three other little ones had brightened the family circle for a time, but during an epidemic of diphtheria one winter they were called to a better home.

Madge firing at the bear.

The log cabin occupied by the Watkins family was the only human habitation between the little village of Broadwelltown, three miles to the south, and what was known as Kellar's sawmill, situated two miles to the north on the creek which crossed the highway within sight of the cabin.

Broadwelltown consisted of a small church, a district schoolhouse, a saw-mill, one general store, a blacksmith shop, and perhaps a dozen dwelling houses. It was in the little church mentioned that Madge had gotten her ideas concerning mission work. The church was non-sectarian, having been erected by a wealthy New York merchant who spent a good deal of time in the village during the vacation season. It had no regular pastor, but services were held there at somewhat irregular intervals, and whenever there was a meeting the Watkinses were quite certain to be present, having been deeply interested in the church ever since it was built.

Madge had always enjoyed being in the pretty little edifice, and the words she heard there were treasured in her memory. Especially was this true of a sermon that she had listened to concerning the lamentable state of affairs existing in Turkey. A minister who occupied the pulpit one August afternoon told his hearers about the way the Christians in Armenia had been persecuted, and how they were likely to suffer still more when cold weather came, unless substantial aid

were received from other countries. The distressing situation was vividly pictured, and the girl's kindly, sympathetic nature was deeply stirred. The minister gave an address in New York City, where money designed for the relief of the Armenians could be sent in case anyone was disposed to contribute, and Madge carefully noted it down, having made a mental resolution to do whatever she could to aid the good cause.

This was not the first missionary sermon she had listened to, and the determination to eventually enlist in the good work had been reached long before. But now there seemed to be an opportunity for immediate action on her part, as the speaker had said in referring particularly to the needs of the helpless little orphans of Armenia, who had no shelter or food except such as was supplied through charity, that one dollar would feed, shelter and care for an orphan for a month, and $12 for a whole year.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins were obliged to exercise such rigid economy themselves, that they rarely felt they could afford to give their children any money to spend, and Madge had never in all her life had a greater sum than ten cents given her at one time, and the occasions when she had received such a munificent amount, remembered as red-letter days, she could enumerate on the fingers of one hand. Notwithstanding this fact, the girl determined to try and help some poor orphan, and with her mother's approval set about saving her pennies for that purpose.

She had a very small amount to start with, some 20 or 30 cents she had treasured up to help pay for a new hat which she hoped her father might feel that he could get for her when he went to Utica, as he did at long intervals, perhaps once in two or three years. This sum she ungrudingly dedicated to the cause, feeling that she could make her old hat last another year, if need be. During the blackberry season, she increased this amount to $2 by picking berries, which she sold at the rate of three cents a quart to the storekeeper at Broadwelltown, who occasionally shipped a few pails to the city market.

The money earned in this manner represented a great deal of hard work, long hours among the bushes, countless scratches from the briers, and many a bruise from tumbling over logs, to say nothing of the number of times she walked the three miles between her home and the village to deliver the berries, but Madge did not mind this, for the thought that some little boy or girl would be made comfortable and happy for two whole months during the coming winter, gave her great pleasure, and would have been a sufficient incentive to have undergone more trials had it been necessary.

At first she had aimed to secure one dollar, realizing that this was quite a sum for her to raise, but as the berries held out well, her ambition increased, and she continued her labors until one day in Septem-

ber the little tin cup which served as her savings bank, contained two dollars in dimes, nickels and pennies. Madge was very happy when this amount had been made up, and she proposed to go to Broadwelltown the next day and exchange her coins for a two-dollar bill which she would inclose in a letter and send to the Armenian board in New York.

Just at this time, however, an unforeseen event occured which proved very disheartening to the little worker, and seriously threatened the overthrow of all her plans in this direction. While she was helping her mother get supper, a scream was heard back of the house, and running out to ascertain the cause Madge found that her brother Ted had fallen from the roof of the pigsty, to which eminence he had mounted for the purpose of obtaining a birdseye view of the interior. The little fellow was carried into the house, where upon examination it was discovered that he had a broken arm. Of course the services of a surgeon were required, and the nearest one lived 12 miles distant; but the father who went after him succeeded in getting him to come that evening to attend the little sufferer.

The fracture, which was not a very serious one, having been reduced, the surgeon instructed Mrs. Watkins how to care for the injured arm in the future, saying it would be unnecessary for him to call again, at the same time intimating that he would like his pay for performing the operation. Mr. Watkins had been too much worried up to this time to remember that he did not then have a dollar in money in the world, but on his mentioning this fact to his wife, during the temporary absence of the doctor, who had stepped outside to look after his horse, Mrs. Watkins produced three dollars which she had long been saving up to buy a dress. As the bill was five dollars, however, the difficulty was not settled until Madge, who had overheard the conversation, brought out her little tin cup containing the two dollars in coins. This made up the required amount, and the doctor, having been paid, left for home. Madge's father promised to return to her the two dollars as soon as he could, but at the time when she is introduced to the reader she had waited fully six weeks, hoping against hope, and now she believed he might not have the money to spare for weeks to come. The thought grieved her sorely, as it was nearing winter, and she wanted her contribution to get to Armenia early; but she was a dutiful girl, and kept her troubles to herself.

## Chapter II.

Late one afternoon in November, Madge stood at the front window watching the scattering snowflakes as they slowly fluttered to earth, the forerunners of the great banks and drifts soon to come. Not enough had fallen to whiten the ground, but the appearance of a few flakes was sufficient to cause her to think of the nearness of winter, and tears came to her eyes as she thought of what the poor little children in Armenia might have to suffer. A sud-

den exclamation from Ted, however, quickly dispelled these thoughts, and she turned to see what had occasioned this break in the silence, which for several minutes had prevailed in the room. Ted, who had recovered from the effects of his accident, was standing on tiptoe gazing out of the back window and Madge saw that his chubby face was pressed tightly against the glass, and he was apparently watching something outside which had awakened his lively interest.

At this moment he turned, and with eager haste exclaimed: "Tum and see 'e bid back doggy doin to see piggy!"

Hurrying to his side, Madge to her astonishment saw a large black animal, which she at once concluded was a bear, standing with his fore paws resting on the upper board of the open portion of the pig-sty. While Ted was telling how he had seen the "bid doggy" come out of the woods back of the house, cross the narrow field and approach the sty, Madge was trying to think what to do. She and Ted had been left alone for the afternoon, her parents having taken Bess and gone to Broadwelltown, and they might not return for an hour yet.

Although she had never had any experience with a live bear, she had seen one that was killed by a party of hunters who one fall stopped at the cabin to get a drink of water, and she was positive that the strange visitor at the pig-sty was a sure-enough bear. There were two fat porkers in the pen, and Madge knew if Bruin were allowed to get in where they were there woul trouble, but how to prevent it the question.

She was quick to think, and s ily hit upon a plan of action v she immediately proceeded to out. Hastening to the bed which her parents occupied, seized the double barreled shot which was always kept loaded buckshot, and left standing the a corner. Armed with this sh turned to where her brother standing, and started to rais window.

"Oh, Oh, Madgie, 'et me sc dun!" exclaimed Ted eagerly the girl cautioned him to be and then noiselessly raised the a few inches. The pig-pen was a short distance from the house Madge could see that Bruin clumsily trying to clamber in being now partially over th board, and nearly at a balance t on. Quickly cocking both han of the gun,she shoved the muzz of the window, aimed at the i der as best she could, then p the two triggers at once.

A tremendously loud repo sulted from the almost instanta discharge of the heavily loade rels, and Madge was hurled hal across the room by the force gun's recoil. She was not hur the strain upon her nerves had so great that now the worst excitement was over, the brave remaining on the floor wher had been thrown, burst into a of tears.

Ted, who had not thoroughly prehended what Madge was

to do with the gun, was momentarily dumbfounded by the loud report, but now it occurred to him from the position she was in, and the fact that she was sobbing, that his sister had been shot. Feeling it his duty to do something, he began screaming at the top of his voice, pausing at intervals long enough to shed a few tears himself, and recover his breath.

This condition of affairs had continued for two or three minutes perhaps, when there was a rap at the front door, and without waiting for a response from within, two men entered. They were strangers, but seemed kindly disposed, and when one of them in a pleasant voice inquired what the trouble was, both children ceased crying, and Madge proceeded to explain the situation. The men were greatly surprised at her story, and at once went to the back door to see if any trace of Bruin could be seen. To their utter astonishment they saw the bear lying on the ground near the pig-pen stone dead.

While the men were examining the animal, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins returned. Madge repeated the story to her parents, Ted occasionally throwing in an explanatory sentence, or endeavoring to aid his sister by emphasizing some particular point. They listened in amazement, and when she had finished, almost overwhelmed her with questions and praises for her bravery. They were yet talking when the two strangers re-entered the house. They introduced themselves as Mr. Sturtevant and Dr. Dale of New York, and explained that they had been spending some time hunting at the lakes, several miles beyond, and were on their way home. While their wagon was approaching the cabin they heard the report of a gun, followed by the screaming of a child, and they had their driver stop the team long enough for them to see if they could be of any assistance.

They said the bear was a fine one, and offered to give $15 for it, which amount Mr. Watkins promptly accepted, and at once turned over to Madge. The latter asked if it were all her own, and when told that it was, her face lighted up with a happy smile. "Then I can help the poor children in Armenia after all, can't I?" said she, turning to her mother.

"Yes, my child," replied the latter, "you have richly earned the money. Do what you like with it."

"Perhaps if these gentlemen are going to New York, they will take some money to the Armenian board for me," said Madge.

This remark led Mrs. Watkins to explain what a great interest her daughter had taken in foreign missions, and how she had worked to save up money to aid the Armenian sufferers.

Dr. Dale volunteered to attend to the delivery of any money or message that might be entrusted to him, and Madge gave him $12 to take to the relief board, rejoicing that this would feed, shelter and care for an orphan for a whole year. The New Yorkers evidently approved of the girl's generosity, but they said little, and soon had the bear loaded into the wagon, which was in waiting near the gate, and were speeding out of

sight down the road to Broadwell-town.

Mr. Watkins, who was inclined to be humorous sometimes, remarked after they had gone, that he had heard there was apt to be trouble brewin' among turkeys about Thanksgiving time, but he never supposed an Adirondack bruin would help to the extent of $12 towards relieving trouble in Turkey. He guessed though that the little ones in that country who were *barc*-footed would be glad enough to get some of the *bear* money to buy shoes and stockings.

A week or two after this the Watkins family received a New York paper containing a marked article telling all about Madge's self-sacrificing labors in behalf of the far away orphans, and also graphically describing her encounter with the bear. A little later Madge had a letter from Dr. Dale encouraging her to continue her interest in foreign missions, and inclosing a receipt from the relief board for her $12. Mr. Watkins also received one from Mr. Sturtevant, in which the latter volunteered to place Madge in a good school, and subsequently at the expiration of two or three years, in an educational institution, where she would receive the training desirable for a missionary worker, providing this met with the approval of her parents. To enable the family to see their way clearly in regard to this, Mr. Sturtevant further offered to give Mr. Watkins a good position in his big metropolitan warehouse. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins decided to accept both offers, sell their place, and remove to New York, and Madge became one of the happiest girls alive in the anticipation that the wish of her life was likely to be realized.

Utica, N. Y.

## HOMEWARDS.

Ceiriog: Translation by Edmund O. Jones.

**From day to day, the golden sun**
**His chariot ne'er restraineth,**
**From night to night the pale white moon**
**Now waxeth and now waneth,**
**From hour to hour the bright stars turn**
**In distances unending,**
**And all the mighty works of God**
**Are ever homeward tending.**

**The tiny streamlet on the hill**
**Its wandering way pursueth,**
**The mighty river far below**
**Adown the valley floweth,**
**The winds roam ever in the sky,**
**The clouds are onward driving,**
**And towards some quiet shore—at home**
**The raging sea is striving.**

# CHARACTERISTICS OF WELSH PREACHERS.

By Rev. D. T. Phillips.

## II.

The great wit of the Welsh Baptist pulpit was the Rev. David Evans of Ffynonhenry, Carmarthen. He possessed a marvelous faculty for portraying scenes of historic interest with the utmost naturalness. Once in preaching on David and Goliath, he slew the Philistine giant so effectually that his great audience rose to their feet. When he essayed to imitate the shepherd lad as he ran to meet the giant, and hurled the pebble into the giant's forehead, he did it with such dramatic effect that one excited hearer in the front gallery, with his mouth wide open, unconsciously shouted: "Diawl, dyna fe ar lawr." You cannot translate into good idiomatic English this characteristic exclamation. You may Americanize it by the familiar provincialism, "Golly! there he's down."

Preaching on the "resurrection of Christ," he remarked: "I was passing through a fair in Carmarthen one day, and found two men involved in a fearful tussle. One had thrown the other down, and was trying to keep him down. Strange to say, the uppermost man cried: 'Hubbub! Murder!' with all his might and main. 'What are you squealing for when you are on top?' said I, 'let the poor devil under you cry.' 'O,' said he, 'I feel him getting up; he is getting up, and will soon be on top of me!' Ha! on the morning of the third day, I hear Death shout 'Hubbub, murder!' till the whole territory of the dead reverberates with the sound. 'What is the matter with you Death, this morning?' 'O! he is getting up; I feel him getting up; he will get up in spite of me, and once he gets up, I am down forever.'" When describing Jesus overcoming death, he invested the whole scene with such thrilling interest and power that the vast multitude before him became considerably excited. "Death reigned from Adam down through the ages. Only two managed to slip behind his back unobserved, namely Enoch and Elijah. He was head of the heap all the time. He was stronger than everybody, stronger than the Pharaohs, stronger than the Cesars, stronger than the Napoleons. But when our great Captain appeared, he met his match, and more than his match—the first time at a funeral in Nain. There death comes like a huge, hungry, old lion, with the only son of a poor little widow between his teeth. The road was very narrow for them to pass each other, and it looks as if there was going to be a terrific scuffle. 'Where are you going, death?' says Jesus. 'I am going with this lad to my den.' 'What! going with the only son of a poor, broken-hearted, little

widow? Have you not a little pity?' 'Not a bit, what do I care who he is.' 'Let him go,' says Jesus. 'What did you say? Do you know who you are talking to? I am death.' 'And I am the life,' says Jesus, 'I will make you drop him,' and with that he gave the old enemy such a blow in his stomach, that he was obliged to drop his prey in the middle of the road. Ha! Ha! that was the first licking for him, but thanks be to God, it wasn't the last."

He had a sermon on the "Great Salvation," which produced the most astonishing effect. "As great as what? It is as great as the need of man; as great as whosoever will; as great as the misery of the world; as great as the love of God. Let me illustrate. There is Noah, with the help of his sons building the ark, according to the plan laid down. 'What is the size of the door to be, father?' inquired Shem. 'Look on the plan, my son.' 'I have looked at the plan, father, but it is not down.' 'Not on the plan?' replied the old patriarch, quite bewildered. I can imagine him putting on his specks; and turning to them he says, 'Neither is it, children. Never mind; I'll tell you what you better do. Go into the wilderness, and mind that you see the elephant. Mark him as he passes between two trees; examine carefully where he strikes; measure the height and breadth of those places, and if we can only get the door big enough for him to through, it will be easy enou get in all the rest.' 'All r says Shem; 'Japheth, will you along?' Away they start. they return. 'Well, children, you see the elephant? and did measure him?' 'Yes, father, saw the elephant, but we saw other animal much higher tha elephant.' It seems that the had seen the giraffe or came pard. 'O, indeed,' says Noah; that gentleman must bow his if he wants to get in.' And s beloved hearers, the salvati the Gospel is a 'great salva The door of the ark is high en and wide enough. The bi elephants have passed thr such as Manasseh the mur the dying thief, Saul the persec the vile Corinthians, and that elephantess Mary Magdalene; here is an elephant of a sinne fore you in this pulpit, but th be to God, I know that I am i ark. The portals of salvation high enough and broad enoug admit the tallest elephants in quity. Well, what must be with the giraffes? the tall-he Pharisaical giraffes? Can they through? Never! unless they willing to stoop. The door never made for them to go thr with their heads uplfted in proud, haughty manner. An phant of a sinner can go thro but never a giraffe of a Pharis

Chicago, Ill.

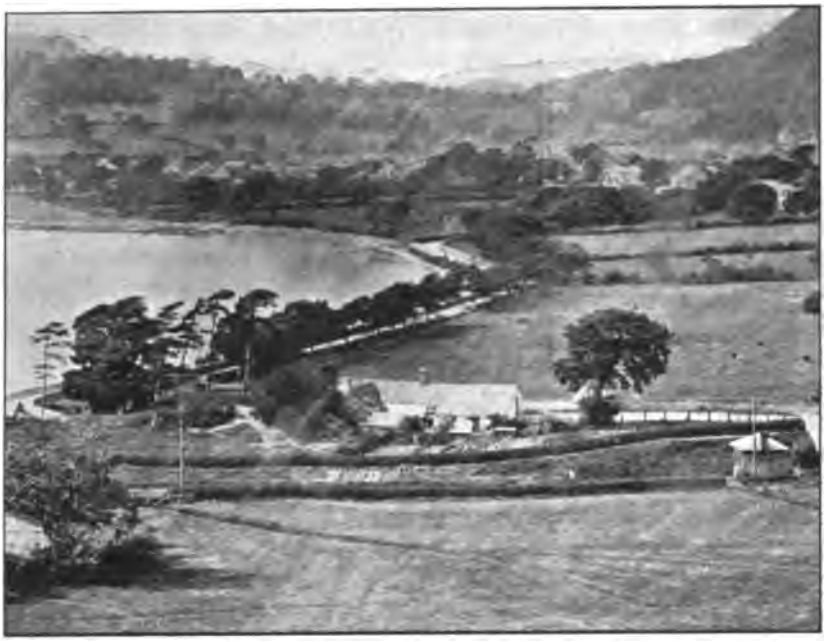
# WELSH INLAND LAKES.

By J. E. Thomas, C. E.

I.

One of the most remarkable features in connection with Welsh scenery is the large number of lakes, of varying dimensions, that are scattered broadcast over the mountains. They are characteristic of North Wales more particularly, but we find them also in mid Wales, as well as in parts of the South. They are more numerous and important in Carnarvonshire than in any other part. I can mention at least fifty of them in this county, covering an area of over two thousand acres. Merionethshire has also a large number, but they are of less importance. Indeed it is evident that the further we proceed from north to south in Wales, the lakes become less important as regards number and extent. And there must doubtless be a sufficient reason for this.

During the glacial epoch, this country was partially submerged in a sea of ice, and the mountains of North Wales appeared at that time as so many islands in a great Arctic Sea. When the whole country was subsequently being gradually raised to its present approximate level, all the principal Welsh valleys were filled with glaciers, Snowdon being the chief centre of six glaciers that flowed from its summit in different directions down the val-



Bala Lake and Vicinity.

leys of Cwm Brwynog, Cwm y Clogwyn, Cwm y Llan, Llyn Llydaw, and Cwm Dyli, Cwm Glas, and Cwm Glas Bach. Unmistakable traces of striae and other remains of ice action are to be seen in every cwm and valley of this interesting mountainous region, and I will therefore take it for granted that this was the condition of Wales at this remote period. Sir Andrew Ramsay has given us his reasons why these lakes are so numerous in some districts, and so scarce or altogether absent in others; and these are his words,—"When glaciers descended into valleys, and deposited their terminal moraines, it sometimes happened that, when a glacier declined in size, its moraine still remained tolerably perfect, with this result—that the drainage formerly represented by ice is now represented by running water, which is dammed in between the surrounding slopes of the solid mountain and the mound formed by the terminal moraine, thus making a lake." This explanation, however, only applies to some lakes among the mountains of Wales, where they have been partly dammed by moraines, and in a few cases entirely so, especially the smaller lakes, or tarns, as they are sometimes called. But as regards the larger sheets of water, the majority of them are in true rock basins, which have been formed by the long-continued grinding of ice action. Snowdonia, we know, is to a large extent covered with igneous matter, and faults and fissures are frequent, and in other parts of the world lakes are common in old volcanic craters. How far these conditions may have contributed to the origin of the more important lakes in Wales is an open question.

"It may seem strange," says Ramsay, "that I should take the lake of Geneva as a special example, when the lakes of Llanberis, Llyn Llydaw, and Bala, in Wales, Windermere in the Cumbrian region, Loch Doon in Ayrshire, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, and many other lakes in the Highlands, would, on a smaller scale, do as well. But though it was in Wales that the first idea of the theory struck me, while mapping its moraines and ice-groves in 1854, yet it was only after a critical examination of many of the lakes in and around the Alps that, in 1861, I ventured to assert that nearly all their basins were scooped out by the great glaciers of the icy period. I then first clearly saw its bearing as a veritable discovery in physical geography, affecting not Switzerland and Britain alone, but a large part of the habitable world."

In that wild mountainous area lying between the valleys of the Ogwen and the Conway are numerous lakes lying well up in scooped hollows at the head of their respective outlets. Llyn Cowlyd is the largest in the district, about two hundred and fifteen acres in extent, and at a height of one thousand three hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and a distance of about four miles from Llanrwst. Very fine views are obtained from this point—Carnedd Llywelyn,

Pen Helyg or Eli Ci Du, Pen Llithrig y March and Moel Eilio are in full view. A little over a mile northwards is Llyn Eigiau, eighty four acres in extent, and situated at the base of a greenstone deposit known as Craig Eigiau. About another mile to the northwest are Melynllyn and Llyn Dulyn, which now is the source of the water supply for the populous towns on the coast opposite.

Between Llyn Cowlyd and Llanrwst are two lakes of much interest —Llyn Crafnant, sixty acres in extent, and Llyn Geirionydd, fifty five acres. The former is completely surrounded by mountains, and the surroundings generally are very beautiful. Llyn Geirionydd is not so fine a sheet of water, but is historically more interesting. It is reputed as having once been the ornamental water in front of the home of Taliesin. "The late Lady Willoughby de Eresby placed a monument to mark the spot, but, it is said, on the wrong side of the lake, and the ordnance surveyors, noticing a cross on the monument, set it down as 'Bedd Taliesin,' or the burial place of the poet."

In the same district is Llyn Ogwen, at the head of the famous Nant Ffrancon, and the source of the river Ogwen. It is a mile long, about seventy five acres in area, and situated some 900 feet above the sea. This lake is a favorite rendezvous both for fishermen and artists.

Between the Ogwen and the pass of Llanberis are several lakes, and unmistakable traces and remains of glacial action are visible. The valley of Llyn Idwal, says Ramsay, "has long been classic ground to geologists, having been the first case in which a special glacier valley in Wales was described in detail," by Darwin. The waters of the lake are partly dammed up by a terminal moraine, and the basin of the lake, Professor Ramsay suggests, was ground out by the old glacier, as referred to in the beginning of this article. The whole district abounds in glacier-scorings, but the most noteworthy remains of the great ice age are the "four moraines arranged in long symmetrical mounds, one within another, on the western shores of the lake."

Like many other lakes in Wales, Llyn Idwal has its legend, given by Pennant. Prince Idwal, he says, a son of Owain Gwynedd, was murdered here by his foster father Dunawt, and of old it was supposed that the lake was the haunt of demons, and that no birds could fly over its waters. Further south-east up the slopes of Glyder Fach is Llyn Bochllwyd. Cwm Bochllwyd, above this small lake, is "one of the wildest valleys in North Wales;" and at the upper end of the lake is an immense moraine heap, formed of angular blocks of stone. On the opposite side of the Ogwen, and on the southern flanks of Carnedd Dafydd, is a small tarn called Ffynon y Lloer, quite two thousand feet above the sea level; and in the same district, between Pen Helig on the east and Carnedd Dafydd on the west, is a fine lake known as Ffynon Llugwy, thirty-six acres in extent, and being the source of the

charming stream Llugwy. Other lakes between the Ogwen and Llanberis pass are Llyn y Cwn, two thousand two hundred feet high, Marchlyn Mawr, and Marchlyn Bach, lying between Elidyr and Bronllwyd.

The pass of Llanberis affords abundant proofs that a huge glacier at one time filled the gorge to a height of one thousand to twelve hundred feet above the present level of the lakes, for on the slaty and smooth rock surfaces high up the mountain on both sides of the valley are the grooves or striations made by the glacier as it quietly moved in a north-westerly direction towards the coast. Llyn Peris and Llyn Padarn, being respectively one hundred and fifty, and two hundred and seventy acres in extent, and in the deepest place one hundred and seven feet deep, are the remains of the glacial period, and at no very remote date were one sheet of water over three miles long. They are now divided by a neck of land some quarter of a mile or so in extent, near which is the renowned castle of Dolbadarn, which has done its part in history from the days of Maelgwn Gwynedd on; and in the time of the first Edward, a Welsh garrison defended themselves there against the English. "Dolbadarn has its legend also, which tells us that the fairest lady of all Cambria once dwelt here, and it only adds one more version of the old, old story of a lady in love, but not with the object of her father's choice. The fair Margaret preferred William of Montgomery; the father preferred Hector of Marchlyn Mawr. The maiden's choice was all a maiden's heart could sigh for, the father's was the adjoining landowner. Both the swains were allowed to come a courting, and both were received with smiles, the one from the child, the other from the parent. Just about this time a tournament was to be held at the castle, and it was arranged that the rival knights were to decide the fate of the young lady by force of arms, and it was agreed between them that the one who came to grief in the encounter should present to the other a steed on which to convey the lady to church on her wedding day. Hector, doubtful of the issue, and the villain of the piece, consulted a witch up in the mountain, and arranged with her that if he was second best in the lists, the devil was to provide him with a palfrey to present to the conqueror for the lady's riding. We need scarcely say that Montgomery was the victor, and as Hector fell, a milk-white palfrey of wondrous beauty galloped into the arena. This was the demon steed. The wedding day speedily arrived, and the lady, attended by a host of armed knights, rode the palfrey. At the right was the bridegroom, and on her left the discomfited Hector. Just as the church was reached the horse became restive, and the sight of a cross on the church gates caused it to start at full speed away from the throng, with the bride on its back. At once a hundred knights gave chase, but they were nowhere in

the hunt, and soon only William of Montgomery remained. Hours of hard riding at a tremendous pace ensued, and just as the enchanted palfrey reached the steep side of Penmaenmawr, the bridegroom got alongside with his horse, and clasped the lady around the waist. But it was too late, and with one loud scream from the latter, the horses and their riders plunged into the abyss!

Proceeding up the valley towards Pen y Gwryd, we pass the well of St. Peris, which Pennant says was in his time attended by the sybil of the place, and who divined fortunes by the appearance or nonappearance of a little fish which lurked in some of its holes.

## HOW GADABOUT CHANGES HIS COLOR.

By Sarah E. Ufford.

Gadabout is the most interesting pet in my family, although a tiny creature and somewhat troublesome, for, as his name suggests, he is a regular little truant. Whenever he can he runs away from his home, and hides in the most unexpected nooks and corners for a day, or even two days. After a long search perhaps I will accidentally see his diminutive head peeping out between the covers of some volume in the library, his bright little eyes blinking saucily, as if saying, "Well, here I am!" Or I may discover him snugly curled up within the reel of a fishing rod taking a nap, and almost invisible because he had assumed the same color as the fish-line upon which he lies.

Gadabout is a little lizard, not quite six inches long, his tail making half of this length.

It was after a great many curious experiences and much journeying that Gadabout found his way from the Florida woods to his present home in California. At first he was supposed to be timid. At my approach he ran and concealed himself beneath the leafy flooring of his little cage. There he would peer out and eye me curiously. Gradually he became tamer and accustomed to my handling him until he would lie quietly on my finger while I watched his scale-like coat fade to the palest gray; for, as nearly as possible, Gadabout takes the color of whatever he rests upon.

It is this habit that makes the little creature so interesting, and how he changes his color, and why, are questions that puzzle all who observe his transformations.

When asleep upon his nasturtium leaf bed he is of an exquisite green tint. When he lies on my brown gown, he quickly changes to a brown hue. When he lies on the carpet his armored coat is as spotted and velvet-like as a leopard's. Indeed, these changes in Gadabout's colors seem endless, and take place in a marvelously short time.

In all probability Gadabout himself knows very little about his many-tinted coats; for this power of changing color is one of nature's ways of protecting some of her small, helpless creatures.

If in his native woods Gadabout

ould crawl out, or rather dart it (for these little lizards are like a ash of light in their movements), pon the brown limb of a tree or pon the sandy ground, he would e a very conspicuous object, as he is naturally of a beautiful light-green hue. He would be quickly noticed by the first bird or other lizard-eating enemy that came along. But Mother Nature enables him to take the color of his surroundings, and thus find protection by not being easily seen.

But how does Mother Nature do this?

The magic change in Gadabout is caused by the effect which the color he lies upon has on his color cells.

In an inner layer of the skin of Gadabout there are little bags or cells filled with coloring matter—some with red, some with brown, some with black, some with green, and so on. These cells, though very small indeed, have the power both of expanding and contracting; and a colored light carried to them through Gadabout's eyes causes that same color to appear on Gadabout's skin. When Gadabout's eyes carry the color of my brown dress, then the brown cells expand, and Gadabout looks brown!

This is the way that Gadabout so often hides from me. If he nestles on a red cushion he looks red. If he climbs into a green palm he looks green. And on a many-colored Persian rug he looks like some little Persian figure of the design!—Little Men and Women.

## MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher died at Stamford, Conn., March 8, at the age of 85 years. She was surrounded by the family of Rev. Dr. Samuel Scoville, whose wife is Mrs. Beecher's daughter, and Mrs. Bullard, her niece.

Eunice Beecher was born in 1812, in Sutton, Mass., the daughter of Dr. Bullard, a physician. Several of Mrs. Beecher's brothers won high distinction. One of them, Talbot, was a physician. His volunteer services in behalf of the wounded troops from Indiana, after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, attracted the favorable notice of the governor of Indiana. He died soon after the battle of Vicksburg.

Miss Bullard's marriage to Henry Ward Beecher was not lacking in the elements of romance. Mr. Beecher, though not ordained, had received a call to the pastorate of a church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and he wrote to Miss Bullard, to whom he was affianced, suggesting that their marriage take place immediately after his ordination. After mailing this letter, Mr. Beecher argued: "Why wait for the ordination? Why not have her present as my wife to witness it?" With this idea uppermost in his mind, Mr. Beecher started post haste for Sutton, where he arrived on the evening of the day on which his letter was received. The young preacher succeeded in winning Miss Bullard's consent to an early marriage.

the preparations had to be completed in four days.

Few of their friends lived near enough to be present, and the ceremony was one which in these days would be called a "quiet home affair." Miss Bullard's sisters had been married in stormy weather, and she declared the ceremony in which she was a contracting party must take place while the sun shone.

The hour was set for 3 o'clock on August 3, 1837. Just before that time a storm arose, with thunder and lightning. The parson was in waiting, the guests had assembled, and Mr. Beecher was impatient. The bride was firm, however, and the ceremony was postponed one hour. At 4 o'clock the sun appeared, and as the bride leaning on the arm of her husband-to-be entered the parlor, a rainbow, one of the most brilliant the members of the party had ever seen, appeared on the horizon.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Immediately after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Beecher started for Lawrenceburg, where she kept boarders, and Mr. Beecher helped her to do the family washing. She never wavered in her loyalty to her distinguished husband during the dark hours of the Tilton trial. Her death occurred on the same date as that of her late distinguished husband, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who died on March 8, 1887.

Mrs Henry Ward Beecher.

Mrs. Beecher's funeral was one of the largest that has ever been held in Brooklyn, the aisles and every available bit of space in Plymouth Church being packed with people. In his beautiful eulogy at the funeral, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Beecher's successor in Plymouth Church, said:

"If it were permitted me to characterize the life and being of Mrs. Beecher I should use but the one word 'faithfulness.' If I were asked to place upon her tombstone one text that would symbolize her life, I should place there the words: 'Love is stronger than death.' Mrs

Beecher did not wait until Mr. Beecher was in a fine position with a comfortable living, but joined at once her name and fortune with his and went West with him to a little church where he was a missionary, and identified herself with him there. The work was humble there, and he had no brilliant prospects to cheer him on. He has said himself, 'I sometimes swept the church and lighted the lamps as well as preached the sermon there.' This was one of the privations of the outer life, and we are too apt to overlook the privations of the inner life. When success and all its brighter attributes came, his was the glory of the outer life, and hers the happiness of the inner life. Through these years of small salary and lack of fame with him she was a loyal and faithful wife. With hope she went with him to Indiana, where he advanced one step, and from there she followed him to Brooklyn, where they entered a still larger sphere of usefulness, and he became the great preacher, the observed of all observers. But the time came to them, as it comes to nearly every public man, when malice and public accusation darkens the atmosphere of their life. Clouds come over his head, and the rain of public abuse beats upon him. We all know how Mrs. Beecher stood by him through all that public aspersion and calumny, and remained true to him as a loyal wife. The lesson of fidelity and loyalty which Mrs. Beecher taught will never be forgotten, at least by women."

## SAMUEL M. JONES.

Samuel M. Jones, who has been nominated for Mayor by the Republicans of Toledo, O., we learn from the "Blade" of that city, was born at Beddgelert, North Wales, August 3, 1846. When three years of age he emigrated with his parents to America, and settled in Lewis County, N. Y., where he resided until he was 18 years of age. He then went to work in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. His common school education was limited, but, being of a studious nature, he learned rapidly from books which he caught time to read while pumping oil in the field. In 1870 he invested his savings in an oil well, and since that time has been in business for himself. He went to Lima, O., in 1885, when there were but twenty oil wells in the State. Since then nearly 20,000 have been drilled.

Mr. Jones owned an interest in the first big well in the Ohio field—the Tunget well, east of Lima.

He has been engaged in the oil business since that time. He was one of the original incorporators of the Ohio Oil Company, which he afterwards sold to the Standard. Since then he has been associated in several successful companies in the Ohio and Indiana fields.

About three years ago, by reason of practical experience in the work, he invented a joint for uniting iron rods, known as the Acme sucker

rod joint, which is in general use in the fields. The Acme sucker rod factory is a well-known Toledo institution.

Mr. Jones's method of conducting business, and his consideration for his employees have become known through his employees. In his business Mr. Jones believed that, under the existing system, the workingmen's share was scaled down out of all just proportion to what properly belonged to them.

He therefore, decided to pay no attention to other people's ideas on wages; and inasmuch as he had a monopoly in shape of a patent, he showed his appreciation by dividing such a sum in wages among his employees as to enable them to live decently, without reference to what is called the "going wages."

SAMUEL M. JONES.

If Mr. Jones stands for anything it is for good government and the elevation of labor. His father was a hard-working laboring man, and

Mr. Jones, who is a self-made man, scorns that old pagan idea that looks down upon honest toil.

He has been a life-long Republican, and never voted any but the Republican ticket. While not an extreme protectionist, he is heartily in favor of the principle wherever it can be applied in the fostering and building up of American industries. He was an ardent supporter of Major McKinley, and is a great admirer of the personality of the President.

He has been the promoter of the courses of sociological lectures that have been given in Toledo, during the past year. He also gave to the public library a most excellent collection of sociological books, although the donor was not known for months after the gift was made, so modestly and so unselfishly was the act performed.

Mr. Jones is well-known in Y. M. C. A. circles, and is a member of Westminster Presbyterian Church. He is president of the Toledo Oil Men's Association, and has excellent business ability and judgment.

Mr. Jones is a son of Hugh S. Jones, Collinsville, N. Y., who died in Minneapolis seven or eight years ago.

## THE CANAL OF JOSEPH.

How many of the engineering works of the nineteenth century will there be in existence in the year 6000? Very few, we fear, and still less those that will continue in the far-off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is at least one great undertaking conceived and executed by an engineer which during the space of 4,000 years has never ceased its office, on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends to-day. We refer to the Bahr Joussuf—the canal of Joseph—built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many blessings he conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule.

This canal took its rise from the Nile at Asiut, and ran almost parallel with it for nearly 250 miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile valley, with many a bend and winding, until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river bed, which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass, and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends. The northern end stood seventeen feet above low Nile, while at the southern end it was at an equal elevation with the river. Through this cut ran a perennial stream, which watered a province named the Fayoum, endowing it with fertility, and supporting a large population. In the time of the annual flood a great part of the canal was under water, and then the river's current would

rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt which takes the place of manure and keeps the soil in a state of constant productiveness.

All this, with the exception of the traditions that Joseph built it, can be verified to-day, and it is not mere supposition or rumor. Until eight years ago it was firmly believed that the design has always been limited to an irrigation scheme, larger, no doubt, than that now in operation, as shown by the traces of abandoned canals, and by the slow aggregation of waste water which had accumulated in the Birket el Querun, but still essentially the same in character. Many accounts have been written by Greek and Roman historians, such as Herodotus, Strabo, Mutianus, and Pliny, and repeated in monkish legends or portrayed in the maps of the Middle Ages, which agreed with the folklore of the district. These tales explained that the canal dug by the ancient Israelite served to carry the surplus water of the Nile into an extensive lake lying south of the Fayoum, and so large that it not only modified the climate, tempering the arid winds of the desert, and converting them into the balmy airs which nourished the vines and the olives into a fulness and fragrance unknown in any part of the country, but also added to the food supply of the land such immense quantities of fish that the royal prerogative of the right of piscary at the great weir was valued at $250,000 annually. This lake was said to be 450 miles round, and to be navigated by a fleet of vessels, and the whole circumference was the scene of industry and prosperity.

## MOLLY, THE ROSE OF KENMARE.

By George Coronway.

How well I remember, sweet Molly,
The day that we met on the green,
I pressed my arms fondly around thee,
I kissed thee, I called thee, "My Queen,"
We roamed o'er the meadows together,
The primrose bloomed fragrant and fair,
But fairer to me was my Molly—
Sweet Molly, the Rose of Kenmare.

Chorus:
I gather'd the flowers with Molly—
Molly so sweet and so fair;—
While gently the breezes would whisper:—
"Sweet Molly, the Rose of Kenmare."

'Twould give me the greatest of pleasure,
To ramble the meadows once more,—
To gather the flowers with Molly,
As oft in bright moments of yore;
I love on those fond days to ponder—
My heart then was stranger to care,
For, joy ever followed the footstep
Of Molly, the Rose of Kenmare.

Chorus:
Though long since I left thee, my Sireland,
To venture far over the foam,
I never forgot thee, Old Ireland,—
The land of the Shamrock, my home;
I long for the scenes of my childhood,
Its mountains and valleys, so fair,—
To roam through its glens and its wildwood,
With Molly, my Rose of Kenmare.

Chorus:

Wilkesbarre, Pa

# THE RELIGI OUS FIELD.

## NOTES ON THE CHRISTIAN E NDEAVOR TOPICS FOR APRIL.

By Mrs Jessie N. Lewis.

Sunday, April 4.

Topic—Lessons from Christ's miracles. Matth. 11: 2-6; John 14: 8-14.

Christ's miracles are the pictures in our text-book. Like children learning to read, the words come hard until a picture spells them out for us. How could Christ show more plainly than by the miracle of wine at Cana, that he enters into the joyous relations of life, not as a restraint, but as an increase to happiness?

Have we less to give the Master than "five loaves and two small fishes?" Yet he makes abundance out of a little cheerfully given; and by gathering up the fragments he teaches us to economize moments, opportunities, energy.

Though we express it feebly, Christ wants our gratitude for His love and mercy towards us. How do we know? From the cleansing of the ten lepers, when he asked, "Where are the nine?"

The disciples waited impatiently for Christ to waken when the tempest raged. Mary and Martha could not help chiding him for delay when Lazarus was ill; but the divine power was all the more wonderful when finally manifested. So we can be patient and say, "My times are in thy hands."

Let us not be slow to learn these "every day" lessons of joy, willingness, gratitude and trust.

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Sunday, April 11.

Topic—The brotherhood of man. 1 John 3: 1-24. (A missionary topic).

John, "the loving," says plainly that we "abide in death," except we love our brother. We cannot believe that all are equally good, or worthy, or lovable. Yet Christ counted as his brother, sister and mother, the whosoever that should do His will. Have we that spirit toward fellow-Christians? Paul describes many a weaker one than we may be (1 Cor. 8: 1-13); but only so fa make his resolve our own, do w the real nobility of our own cha

This brotherhood need not lea the extreme of modern socialism God's chosen people were instru the law (Lev. 24: 35-43), not to common purse, but to care for th fortunate poor as brothers, helpir to help themselves. Christ Jesu best gift to those who know H whether living next door to us or other side of the globe.

God respects neither color, position, nor privilege (Acts 10 also 17: 22-31).

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Sunday, April 18.

Topic—Different kinds of death, conquest of them. 1 Cor. 15 (An Easter topic).

Who has had no touch fro "angel of shadow" the past year haps we ourselves have been l almost across the dividing lin we shrink back? Physical deat seen, can never be regarded Christ met it in all its agony, a quered it. In His strength we a have the victory.

Yet much more terrible is a s death, the sting of which is sin. are diseases which may bring even to young Christians, unles dies are applied in time. A de interest in religious things is s consumption. Higher ground, p must be reached. There is fever by this rush of the selfish, worl ing. Deeper draughts from the well-springs of the word, and of divine communion, cool the brow. A fancied slight chil muscles, and spiritual rheumati in, proving fatal unless vigoro and exercise be applied imme Infidelity, scepticism, demo

literature have fangs that sting with deadly poison. We must be as watchful for spiritual diseases as for physical.

Nature has received the resurrection touch. God has been wonderfully good to us. Then let us

"Arise, for He is risen to-day,
And shine, for he is glorified;
Put on thy beautiful array
And keep perpetual Easter-tide."

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Sunday, April 25.

Topic—What is true liberty, and how is it won? John 8: 30-40.

Spiritual liberty means spiritual power. Do you remember seeing a horse grazing in the pasture? A powerful, beautiful animal, but, fastened to one ankle was a stick just cumbersome enough to keep him from jumping the fence. If we seem to lack spiritual power, let us look carefully that there are no sticks of sin clinging to us.

How do we gain liberty? Through Christ only. If you are his disciples, John says, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Our part lies in our willingness. It is a terrible responsibility this choice of good or evil. Christ lamented over Jerusalem—"How often would I have gathered thy children together * * * and ye would not." He longs to make us free; but by holding back a part of our heart, our possessions, our time, strength or influence, we shackle ourselves, and go into bondage.

He has promised to free us from gloom and doubt, from weakness and failure, and to give us the liberty of joy, peace and usefulness.

Mohawk, N. Y.

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## EVOLUTION.

By Rev. W. R. Jones, B. D.

There is an element among us which tries to persuade men that Christianity is a failure. This element gives us to understand that the system of religion as taught in the Bible is in its last ditch, and that the doctrine of evolution is sweeping over us, and is about to engulf us all.

I understand the system of evolution to teach that the human race originated in a chunk of moss, or a kind of sponge which clung to a rock in some water. As far as I know, the system does not tell us who made the rock nor the liquid element; but it teaches that that moss was part mineral and part vegetable. The part vegetable evolved itself into life—what life is none of the teachers of the system are able to tell us. After a long, long time, it evolved itself into a pollywog, and it wiggled and wiggled, perhaps for millions of years—and then it wiggled itself into a frog! Then it hopped and hopped for ages and ages, until it jumped itself into a monkey. My, what a jump that must have been! Then it jumped and jumped for a long, long time, until it multiplied itself into various tribes of monkeys. Then after perhaps millions of years, somebody—they do not tell us who—there is a missing link here—somebody cut off the tails of one tribe of these monkeys, and after a long time, the teachers of this system tell us, that this tribe evolved itself into a large and intelligent congregation of people, such as we find in all our churches every Sunday.

I do not like to put this mode of reasoning in the balance of logic, because the premises laid down by this system would show that the teachers of this abominable doctrine must be the descendants of some of these monkeys. But I believe they are men; and man has not only a higher grade, but a different kind of origin from any other kind of creature that God ever made. The terms used by these teachers to denounce the ministers and followers of the meek Nazarine are not worthy of the brains from which they emanate.

One of the teachers of this system came out to one of these Western States to find proofs of this doctrine among the rocks, and he found the skeleton of what he thought was a small man, and after a close scientific calculation, he and his friends decided that that little

man lived fifteen hundred thousand years ago, and that it was the missing link between the man and the monkey. This was published in the papers out West here less than two years ago. The relic was wrapped up tenderly in cotton, and put in a box, sent East to be put in the museum of the college of which this learned man was President. But alas, the news came back in a few weeks that that was the skeleton of a pet monkey which the cowboys of that vicinity had buried about twelve years before. There is a difference between the calculation of the learned professor and the fact, in this case of fourteen hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty-eight years. This was a terrible jump; and the link is still missing.

We are told by these teachers that there are many in our churches who believe that this doctrine of evolution is going to destroy the teaching of the Bible concerning the origin and redemption of man, only they are too cowardly to admit it. Still there are some who do not believe this nonsense of evolution, as taught by some so-called learned men, who are learned only in spots. No we are not the descendants of wigglers and hoppers.

Pasadena, Calif.

## THE FIELD OF LETTERS.

### NEW BOOKS.

GWEN AND GWLADYS. By William Rees, D. D. (Gwilym Hiraethog). Translated from the Welsh by W. Rees Evans. London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, E. C. 1896. 287 pp. 12mo.

This volume of "reminiscences of village life in their beloved homeland," is dedicated "to English-speaking Welshmen, who are scattered throughout the world." It is said to be 'translated from the Welsh" of William Rees. It would be more accurate to say that it is an adaptation rather than a translation. The author of th "Life of an Old Tailor" has furnished the warp, and Mr. Evans the woof. The book is essentially new, but the old popular tales of the original work are skillfully used as the groundwork of what may be termed two love stories. The outlines of one of these are found in the Welsh book, but we fail to discover any trace of the other. Mr. Evans aptly uses the old story of Sir John Cutler and his darned silk stockings, to illustrate his relation to the "Life of an Old Tailor," as it came from the hands of Gwilym Hiraethog. While Mr. Evans has added much to the original, he has also judiciously omitted some things that appear better in a Welsh garb than they would in an English one. We cannot imagine why Mr. Evans has changed the names of so many of the characters; but that is a matter of taste, and we have no inclination to find fault with him for it.

For the benefit of American readers, we may say that the book purports to be a record of the experiences of a tailor and his apprentice, the narrator being the apprentice, when it was the custom for tailors to go from house to house to make the garments needed by the male members of the family, and when the material used was the handiwork of the wife and daughters. The peregrinating tailor, as may be supposed, met with many sorts of people, heard much gossip, and saw many sides of family life. It is no discredit to Mr. Evans to say that we miss in the English version the inimitable naturalness and quaint colloquial humor of the Welsh of William Rees. At the same time, some things appear well enough in Welsh, that appear repulsive in English, and a few things of this character have been left in the English version that would better have

been left out. The "Hell" and "Heaven" chapters are so overdrawn as to be almost as repulsive in the one case as in the other. Still, the book gives such vivid descriptions of the home life of the Welsh country people as to be intensely interesting to natives of Wales, and cannot fail to please the generality of readers.

It should be remembered that the original work was written with a purpose, if not with a moral; and that purpose was to extol Nonconformity and belittle the Established Church. That is the reason why all the characters that frequented the chapel were good, with one or two exceptions,and those not very bad, while the adherents of the Established Church were bad, with one exception, and even he offered to desert his church for a maiden's love. In reading the book, we were reminded of the old ditty:

"When she's good she's very good,
And when she's bad she's horrid."

In every case the "very good" went to chapel, and the "horrid" went to church. This was, perhaps, the natural outcome of the fierce fight against the union of church and state. But the Wales of today is very different from the Wales described so quaintly and graphically by William Rees.

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MARWNAD i'r diweddar Barch. John Morgan Thomas, Alliance, O. Buddugol yn Eisteddfod Youngstown, O., Nadolig, 1894. Gan T. J. Powell, Coalburg, O. Utica, N. Y.: T. J. Griffiths, Printer, Exchange Building. 1897.

This little brochure has a protraiture of Rev. J. Morgan Thomas for a frontispiece. In looking at the venerable features of the subject of Mr. Powell's elegy, one cannot help wondering if these are the features of the rosy cheeked, handsome young man that preached his first sermon in America in the old Broome Street Welsh church in New York City, and gave such satisfaction that he was asked to repeat it. His text was. "Adam, where art thou?" and he took each of the four words as the divisions of his discourse. Time has put his imprint on the face before us, and yet the young man of '49 is there, though veiled by the shadows of age.

This pamphlet of thirty-two pages is a tribute to the character, abilities and Christian virtues of Rev. J. Morgan Thomas, who was born at Llangadoc, S. W., in September, 1825, by T. J. Powell, the subject of a sketch in the February "Cambrian." The Welsh muse is fond of elegiac verse; has done some good work in this line, but a great deal more that is wretchedly poor. Even some of the "anthologies" of Welsh elegies, contain much that is a discredit to our poetical pretensions. Were all Welsh elegies like Ambrose's tribute to Jones, Talysarn, there would be reason for their publication. Unfortunately they are not; and a good elegy deserves "honorable mention."

Mr. Powell is one of the most original Welsh bards in America, and this elegy on Mr. Thomas is a model in this line of composition. While truthfully portraying the character of the subject, the poem contains passages of striking beauty, showing the creative faculty of a genius, and the descriptive skill of a word painter. Mr. Powell should exercise his talents in English.

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## MINOR MENTION.

The "Mabinogion," the ancient Welsh romances, are being published in little booklets convenient to carry in the pocket. We wonder now many young Welsh Americans know that these romances, or mythological tales, have been published in English in this country by the late Sidney Lanier?

With the January number of the "Seren Gomer," which was published late in February, the editor and publisher issued a pathetic little note to the effect that once more the "Seren Gomer" must die for lack of support from the Baptist denomination. "Seren Gomer" was first established by the late Rev. Joseph Harris (Gomer), January 1st, 1814, as a weekly newspaper of 4 pages, 20

inches by 15. It ceased to exist in this form with the issue of August 9th, 1815, the printer of all the numbers having been Mr. David Jenkins, Swansea. In January, 1818, Gomer re-issued it as a fortnightly journal, and in 1820 it became a monthly, continuing under the editorship of Gomer until 1825.

The success of the "Caniedydd Cynulleidfaol," which was recently issued by the Welsh Congregational Union, has been so great that the committee has decided to issue a companion volume for the use of the denominational Sunday Schools.

Prof. Mahaffy's article in the "Nineteenth Century," in which he made some disparaging remarks about the Welsh people, has received considerable attention in the Welsh papers. He has been subjected to some criticism, and more abuse. The men who could refute him, have wisely let him alone. Aside from its reference to Wales, the article contains much to be commended.

"William Carey" is the title of the first volume of the "Soldiers of the Cross" series, edited by Rev. Griffith Ellis, Bootle, and published by Hughes & Son, Wrexham. The first volume is written by the editor, and is an intensely interesting story. It is in Welsh.

In the "Cronicl" for March, we read of "Oliver Cromwell y Protectiwr Annibynol." "Protectiwr," we presume, is a specimen of the good Welsh the editor of the "Cronicl" is so fond of urging his countrymen to use.

The very interesting article on "Welsh Inland Lakes," by J. E. Thomas, C. E., Wrexham, should have been credited to "Wales." We beg pardon of the accomplished editor of that excellent magazine for the omission. For the illustration of Bala lake and vicinity, we are indebted to the courtesy of Miss Kittie Barrow Parry of Utica. The lake is shown in the center of the picture, extending to the left, and the Theological College can be seen near the top on the right side.

## PERIODICALS.

The "Cosmopolitan" for March is one of the best numbers of that excellent magazine that has appeared in a good while. The editor, John Brisben Walker, contributes a vigorous plea for a change in our currency system. He argues with great cogency in favor of "not only the retirement of the present legal tenders, but also of the present issues of government bonds, and also all national bonds." He would "substitute for the present bonds a new bond bearing, say, two per cent. interest; and believes that this new two per cent. bond could be substituted for one bearing nearly double that rate of interest. Another excellent article is "The Methods of Banking," by Hon. Thomas L. James, president of Lincoln National Bank, New York. Banking is looked upon as a dry, uninteresting subject for the ordinary reader, but Mr. James has written about it so interestingly, in such plain language, as to rivet the attention of any one that takes the least interest in financial matters, and what American does not, after the exciting political campaign we have just gone through? All the intricate processes of banking are explained historically and professionally, so as to give the reader a clear understanding of what is involved in the maligned and much misunderstood business of banking. After reading this most readable article by our fellow Welshman as well as fellow American, we feel more than ever like congratulating our readers on Mr. James' cheerful promise to contribute an article for the "Cambrian." The article in the "Cosmopolitan" is profusely illustrated, including, among others, portraits of Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, president Franklin National Bank, and Mr. James himself. Among the other articles of the number are "The New Administration;" "Corfu and its Olive Groves," by Charles Edward Lloyd; "Facts and Fancies about Violins," by C. T. Connery. The number is finely illustrated throughout.

The "Looker-On," is a musical, dra-

matic and literary monthly magazine. The February issue contains articles on "Giuseppe Verdi" (with portrait), by William Foster Apthorpe; "The Outlook for the American Artist," by Arthur Hoeber; "The Songs of Wales," by Helen Marshall North (which by the kind permission of the editor we elsewhere reproduce in this number of the "Cambrian"); "The Picturesque in Music," by Charles M. Skinner; "Dramatic Notes," by Wm. H. Fleming; "Expression in Voice and Action," by F. Townsend Southwick. The "Looker-On" is published by the Looker-On Co, 1402 Broadway, New York, and seems to beadmirably adapted for music lovers, of whom there are many among the Welsh people.

"The Great Round World, and What is Going on in It," is a small pamphlet weekly newspaper for boys and girls published by William Beverley Harison, New York City. It is entirely devoted to a resume of the news of the world, stated in rather sententious paragraphs.

The March issue of the "Western Monthly," published at Los Angeles, Cal., contains a number of illustrations intended to show the beauties of the Pacific coast, with well-written articles covering a wide range of interesting subjects.

"Heddyw" for March has some striking features. The map of Drunkenness in England and Wales shows a shocking state of morals. There are a few white spots among the English counties. Merioneth is the lightest colored in Wales, while Carnarvon, Pembroke Glamorgan and Monmouth are black and Montgomery is but a shade lighter. The story of Tryfanwy is pathetic. The two stanzas quoted as specimens of his poetic talent are exquisite. If Iolo Caernarfon is such a bard as he is described here, it is a pity that he is not better known. "The Plaint of the Old Booksellers" is a well-written protest against a flagrant misuse of ecclesiastical machinery. The prominence of the personal pronoun in the publications edited by Prof. O. M. Edwards is not altogether displeasing to the reader.

"A Neglected Pastime," the first article in "Wales" for March, is a plea for more study of natural objects and scenery. "Should a Tailor know Latin?" has some good suggestions. "A Legend-Haunted Land" is delightful reading, especially now that a thorough Welshman has been appointed to the see of St .David's. The other articles are generally interesting.

One of the brightest monthlies published in Wales is "Y Cerddor," edited by D. Jenkins and D. Emlyn Evans. It is refreshing to read its candid comments on Welsh men and Welsh doings.

"The Capital of Wales," by Owen Rhosconwyl, is the first article in "Young Wales" for March. It is a piece of vigorous writing not often surpassed. Its description of what the Welsh capital should be, is almost enough to take one's breath away. Rhoscomyl favors Ludlow, in Shropshire, England, as the location of the capital of Wales. "Nancy on the Warpath," is a well-written Welsh rural sketch. The other articles sustain the reputation of "Young Wales" as a magazine that numbers some of the best writers in Wales as contributors.

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## PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Hon. Morgan B. Williams was the first one to introduce the word "popocrat" into the "Congressional Register."

It is said that there are seventy-five Welsh candidates for the position of Consul at Cardiff alone. May the best man win.

Dyfed used to say that one of the most astonishing things he came across in America was a Welsh-speaking negro, who spoke the language with a distinctness and accuracy that would put to shame many "to the manner born." The ultimate universality of the Welsh language is evidently assured.

The Rev. Daniel Silvan Evans, rector of Llanwrin, and Chancellor of Bangor Cathedral, has been elected to a supernumerary Fellowship of Jesus College, Oxford, of the value of £100 a year, in consideration of the work on Welsh lexicography on which he is engaged.

Fifty-five candidates applied for the position of Chief Inspector of Welsh Intermediate Schools. The executive committee selected seven names to be presented to the Central Board. The choice narrowed down to O. Owen, M. A., Oswestry, Professor Powell, Cardiff, and Owen M. Edwards, M. A., Oxford. Mr. Owen Owen was selected.

William Abraham, a Welsh member of the English Parliament, who formerly worked in the pits, and now is a radical miners' representative, was one of the chief singers in an Eisteddfod several years ago, when the guest of honor was Adelina Patti. At the close of the performance, with which she was much pleased, she requested that Abraham might be introduced to her. Naturally quite proud of the honor, the musical miner and M. P. presented himself. "Mr. Abraham," said the lady, "you sing very well." "And, madam," replied Abraham, with a bow, "so do you!"—Tit-Bits.

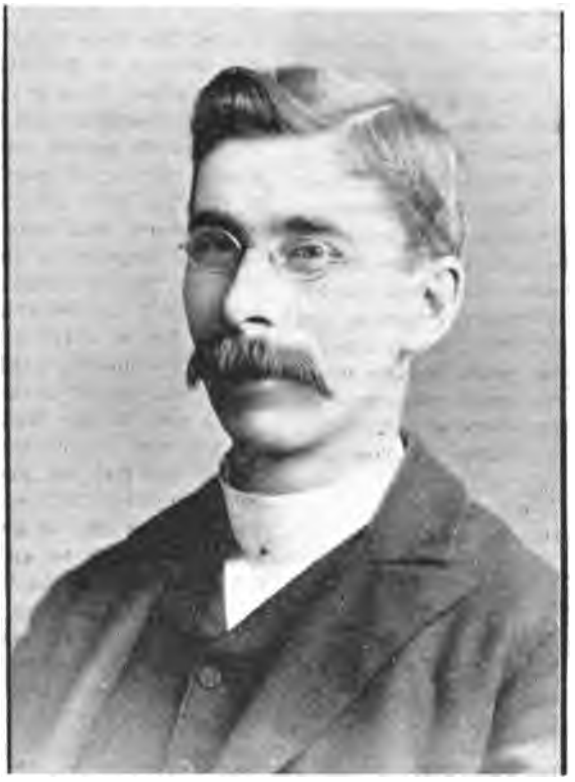
Rev. David R. Williams, Fox Lake, Wis., died March 14. He was born in Merionethshire in May, 1813. He came to America with his wife in 1841, and settled in Newport, N. Y., and began to preach in 1843. In 1848 he moved to Columbus, Wis., near Salem Church, where he spent twenty years farming and preaching. He was ordained in 1850. After the death of his wife, and the marriage of the last of his daughters, he moved to Fox Lake to live with his son, Moses E. Williams. He was a man of superior abilities and universally honored.

Rev. John Evans, M. A., one of the best known Welsh-Americans in this country, died March 22, at his home in Westerly, R. I. He was born in Llanymddyfri, Carmarthenshire, in 1843. He came to America just before the civil war. His first charge was in Lancaster, Pa. He afterward moved to Scranton, where he married a daughter of Benjamin Hughes, Esq., and became pastor of the Welsh Baptist Church in that city. He also had pastorates in Brooklyn, and twice in Westerly. His death was totally unexpected. His distinguished brother, Rev. Fred Evans (Ednyfed), is said to be suffering from a fatal malady in Wales.

The Cardiff "Times" says there has long been a suspicion that the writer of Welsh historical tales—"Battlements and Towers," "The Jewel of Ynysgalon," and other works—who affects the pseudonym of "Owen Rhoscomyl," is Mr. E. Schofield, of Conway. Mr. Schofield, however, denies this. The novelist has taken immense pains to conceal his identity, and those who have had occasion to communicate with him have been obliged to address their letters to a London news agency, where they are re directed to "Rhoscomyl." It is now surmised that "Owen" is a "she." The next new work from the prolific pen of this writer is to deal with the Battle of Bosworth.

## REV. W. S. JONES.

A farewell testimonial meeting in honor of Rev. W. S. Jones of Hyde Park, Pa., was held Monday evening, March 23, at the Welsh Baptist Church on the Heights, and during the evening he was presented with a beautiful gold-headed cane and an inkstand. Rev. J. T. Lloyd of Wilkesbarre was chairman of the meeting, Rev. W. F. Davies of Scranton, secretary, and Rev. J. A. Evans of Olyphant, treasurer of the movement. Rev. Edward Jenkins of Wilkesbarre made the presentation speech, and Rev. Mr. Jones replied feelingly and characteristically of himself. The ministers present who made remarks were: Revs. Dr. T. C. Edwards of Edwardsville, J. A. Evans of Olyphant, W. F. Davies of Scranton, B. I. Evans of Scranton, J. M. Lloyd of Taylor, W. D. Thomas of Pittston, H. M. Jones of Parsons, J. T. Lloyd of Wilkesbarre, John Skym of Lansford, J. E. Davies of Plymouth, T. P. Morgan of Whitney's Point, N. Y., W. D. Evans of South Wilkesbarre, J. O. Jones of Wilkesbarre, and Mr. Owens.



REV. W. S. JONES

The singers who took part were D. J. Williams, W. Anwyl, Miss Maggie A. Morgan, Mrs. H. Thomas, Roger Howells, Mrs. John Williams, Jos. Williams.

Ebenezer Davies, a member of the Hyde Park Church, also spoke in an eulogistic way of Rev. Mr. Jones.

Rev. Mr. Jones came from Wales four and a half years ago to become pastor of the church he has resigned from. The former pastor, Rev. Dr. J. W. Williams, who was compelled to resign on account of failing health, was the most eloquent and popular Welsh preacher on this side of the Atlantic. The new pastor, a young man, was achieving great things in Wales both when at college and as a pastor, and he was invited to fill Rev. Dr. Williams' charge. So ably has it been done that his favor spread among the Welsh people throughout the land. His stay in this country was not destined to be of long duration. One of the most influential Welsh Baptist churches in the famous old town of Carmarthen, Wales, extended to him an invitation to return. This has been under consideration by him for nearly a year, and with deep regret does he relinquish his pastorate of the Scranton church. The income is large, and further than this, the climate in Wales is more congenial to his health. The Welsh residents of Wyoming Valley will regret his removal equally as much as the members of his church, as he frequently occupied pulpits at special services in the Wyoming Valley.—Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Record.

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## EDWARD P. REYNOLDS.

Edward P. Reynolds died January 22, 1896, at his home in Columbus, Ohio. He was born in that city August 16, 1859, and was the son of Edward and Jane Reynolds. Owing to his father's death, Edward commenced the struggle of life at the tender age of eight years by selling papers, &c., not neglecting, however, to attend school. In the summer of 1876, he began to learn the printer's trade at the office of the "Ohio Statesman," working afterward successively at the offices of the "Ohio State Journal," and of the "United Mine Workers' Journal." He became an active member of the Typographical Union, and was soon elected Secretary and Treasurer, the duties of which position he faithfully and honorably discharged until a few weeks before his death. In 1893 he was delegated by the union to attend the Nine Hour Workday Convention held in Cincinnati, O., where the principal cities of the United States were represented, and where he was unanimously elected Secretary. He was also a member of the Columbus Lodge of Knights of Pythias, and at the time of his death was serving his second term as sergeant at arms of the City Council. The members of this body, together with the members of the Union and Lodge, as a tribute of respect, attended his funeral, which was in charge of the Knights of Pythias, the services being held in the Welsh Presbyterian Church, and conducted by Rev. Dr. Howell and Rev. Dr. Patton of the United Presbyterian Church. Mr. Reynolds was a young man of sterling character, highly esteemed by all his associates; a kind and loving husband and father, and all who knew him sincerely sympathize with his wife and two children, and other relatives left to mourn his loss and departure.

An old Welshwoman of the old school says that the best thing to do with boys who are rough and stubborn is to send them to work in the pits. "Weak ones," she added, "ought to be brought up as ministers, and them as isn't rough nor weak as pupil teachers."

Perhaps the whole secret of every kind of worthy success is in making fresh starts. Failures do not count as long as he who fails is determined to make a fresh start.

The hardest part of all conflict, it seems to me, is in being willing to go down and to be lost rather than to save our own selves by unworthy surrender

## APRIL.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

Vanquished is the storm and strife,
April comes with bloom and life;
April with her flowered words,
And her happy-hearted birds.
The warm blood of Mother Earth
Quickens with the newer birth,
And she weaves a carpet green
For the new-born vernal queen;
In its sparkling meshes run
Mimic emblems of the sun.
Now the silent silvern stream
Wakes from out its winter dream.
Merry makes the tuneful breeze—
Blossom-music in the trees,—
And the fleets of insects glide
On the atmospheric tide;
And the sun smiles over all,
Welcoming with rosy call.
Nature all begins to sing,
In response to voice of Spring.
Born of days of blight and drear,
Resurrection of the year.
Spring and her reviving breath
Cometh after gloom and death.

Idlewood, Pa.

## WELSH NEWS AND NOTES.

It is said that few parishes in Wales have given birth to greater or more useful men than Llangammarch, Brecknockshire. Here are some of them:—John Penry, the great martyr; Theophilus Jones, the celebrated Brecknockshire historian; Thomas Hughes, who became Bishop of Bristol; Theophilus Evans, author of "Drych y Prif Oesoedd;" James Howells, author of "Epistolae Hoelianae," the "Lexicon Tetraylotton," etc., etc.; while close to the confines of the parish is Prince Llewelyn's grave.

March 13, the Welshmen of Cincinnati met at Douglass Castle Hall, and organized a Cambrian Society on a non-sectarian and non-political basis. The object is to better the condition of the Welsh socially in Hamilton County, and aid poor Welshmen and women who may be dependent on charity. The society will meet on the fourth Friday of each month in Hall No. 1 of Douglass Castle Hall. The following permanent officers were elected: President, W. H. Jones; Secretary, John E. Jones Treasurer, John T. Davis; Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, Messrs. William Lloyd Hughes, J. Albert Jones and Thomas L. Evans.

There appears to be some prospects of a termination of the Penrhyn dispute. It is definitely given out that it is not intended to boycott the leaders of the men, but there does not appear to be any prospect of the men being reinstated in a body. On this point, an important explanation has been published by Mr. E. A. Young.

The authorities of the "Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain" have decided to hold an examination of candidates for the degree of bards, ovates, and musicians early this year, and not on one of the days of the Eisteddfod as in previous years. It is expected that this will be the means of increasing the number of candidates.

About two miles from Crickhowell is the pretty village of Llangenau, where the famous well of St. Cenau formerly enjoyed the repute of miraculous powers, and amongst other properties possessed that of giving the mastery of a house to the first of a newly married couple that drank its water. Hence the following incident is related by a Welsh benedict:—

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch,

But i' faith she had been more clever than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

It seems that the Welsh Colony at Patagonia is not the first or the only Welsh colony of the kind. As early as 1616 it is recorded that Captain Whitburn, who was born at Plymouth, was in that year appointed chief over a little colony of Welshmen in Newfoundland, which had been founded by Dr. Wm. Vaughan on the south part of the island, and named by him Cambria, now called Little Britain.

To celebrate his silver wedding the Marquis of Bute has given $5,000 to the town of Cardiff, the income to be given to poor girls who need the money to get married. Whenever the dowry is handed over, the Mayor of the town must read to the bride and groom the first eleven verses of the second chapter of the gospel according to John, the description of the miracle of turning water into wine at Cana.

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## THE IVORITES.

The Grand Lodge of American Ivorites will hold its Thirtieth Annual Meeting with Goronwy Lodge, Utica, N. Y., beginning May 11. The Grand Officers are: President, Rees Morgan, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Vice President, William E. Edmunds, Nanticoke, Pa.; Secretary, Daniel Bevan, Miners Mills, Pa.; Treasurer, Moses J. Jones, Poultney, Vt. The Order is beneficial and social, and intended to serve as a bond of union between Welsh Americans throughout the United States. It is fashioned somewhat after the Odd Fellows. The work is carried on in the Welsh language, but there are three or four flourishing English-speaking Lodges, notably Robert Morris Lodge, Hyde Park, Pa. The last Annual Report gave the membership of the Order as 2171, with funds amounting to $50,136.75. There are also several promising Junior Lodges. J. Courier Morris, of Robert Morris Lodge, recently read an excellent paper on the Order before his Lodge, which has been published in pamphlet form by the Governing Board. This Order is worthy of the support of Cambro-Americans.

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## ST. DAVID'S DAY CELEBRATIONS.

The Patron Saint of Wales was duly honored on the first of March, in nearly every place where Welshmen are to be found. We have space for only brief mention of some of the most important.

The Welsh Society of Philadelphia held its ninety-ninth annual celebration at the Bellevue, with the old-time enthusiasm. David T Davies, the president of the society, occupied the chair. One of the last acts of the late George B. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Rail road, was to write a letter to Mr. Davies, expressing regret that ill-health would prevent his attendance at the meeting; but death came before his letter was read. Eloquent addresses were made by ex-Lieutenant Governor William T. Davies, Rev. R. T. Jones, D. D., ex-Mayor Stewart, and others.

There was a large gathering of members of the Racine St. David's Society, and their friends at Castle Hall, probably not less than 500 were present. The meeting was called to order by the president of the society, T. L. Williams, who made a few remarks in Welsh, congratulating the society on the tenth anniversary of its organization, and of the favorable state of its treasury, and of the good work it has done, and is doing for indigent Welsh people. All needy persons that have made application for assistance were assisted, and others in different ways were helped to tide over present difficulties. He also spoke in English in regard to St. David, the patron saint of Wales. Much of the history of St. David is unreliable and traditional, but in regard to the great good he did for his countrymen, there can be no doubt, and his memory is worthy of commem-

oration. The Welsh people the world over celebrate the first of March in his memory. To this society he represents two ideas, namely, nationality and charity, and to make these ideas practicable was the idea of the society.

C. C. Gittings gave a most able address, and no synopiss of it would do it justice. His clear voice and fine sentences captivated the audience, and it will be well if the members of the society will heed his timely suggestions.

John A. Williams, treasurer, Geo. P. Howell, corresponding secretary, and John J. Jones, recording secretary, were each presented with a gold medal by the St. David Society, as a token of its appreciation of their faithful work in connection with the late Eisteddfod.

The music of the evening was furished by Evan O. Jones and party, W. O. Davies and party, Richard Hughes, Hugh O. Jones, T. M. Jones, Prof. S. S. Ingram, Miss Maggie Jones, John T. Rowlands and party, and the Cambrian Male Chorus, Prof. Ingram conductor. Miss Ethel Jones gave a piano solo, and William Vaughan and party in instrumental quartette.

A great many partook of ice cream, and flummery, a peculiar Welsh dish. All present testified that this was one of the most enjoyable entertainments the St. David's Society has ever given.

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The New York St. David's Society celebrated at the Savoy. The occasion was worthy of the reputation of the Society. The place of honor was occupied by William James, president of the society. Among those present were Hon. Thomas L. James, Hon. John S. Wise, Ffrangcon Davies, Rev. Anthony H. Evans, Daniel L. Jones, Howell C. Rees, Col. C. F. James, John T. Williams, Rev. William Lloyd, Ap Daniel, Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan, Mrs. Morgan, George W. James, H. H. Williams, Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, Rev. John Williams, Mrs. Thomas L. James, Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Constant, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Davies, Miss Wingate, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Rowlands, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Jenkins, William Jeremiah, D. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ap Rhys, Mrs. J. W. Davies, Thomas Morris, George M. Lewis and Miss Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Roberts, Mrs. C. F. James, Henry Parry, John M. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William Miles, Thomas D. Bowen, J. W. Anwyl, Henry J. Roberts, Dr. Eynon, Taliesin Evans, Mrs. John T. Williams, Miss M. R. Jones, James Hughes, J. C. Hughes, Miss Lizzie Hughes, Miss Annie Owen, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan V. Powell, Mrs. Anthony H. Evans, William Thomas, &c.

We shall publish the remarks of Ffrangcon Davies and Rev. Anthony H. Evans in our next issue.

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Nearly 500 of the Welsh residents of Wyoming Valley met in Jeremy Hall, Wilkesbarre, to celebrate St. David's Day, under the auspices of Llety Ivor Lodge of True Ivorites, the only purely Welsh organization in the United States.

At 7:30 every seat in the hall was taken, and at 8:30 every aisle was filled. The hall had been prettily decorated. On the left the Welsh banner, Y Ddraig Goch, occupied a place with the national emblem of Wales, the savory leek. The centre had Old Glory, while bunting was liberally displayed around the platform.

At 8 o'clock, according to the ancient custom, four Druids dressed in the ancient costume of Y Cymry marched from the ante room. They personated Dewi Sant, Ivor Hael, Hywel Dda and Owen Gwynedd, and seated themselves upon the platform. Thomas H. Richards here introduced the chairman of the evening, H. Y. Rees, who briefly alluded to St. David and to the object of the gathering.

Interesting literary and musical exercises followed, including an address by Index.

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Celebrations were also held in Wash-

ington, D. C., Scranton, Williamsburg, Ia., Woodside, L. I., Williamstown, Pa., Milwaukee, Wis., Pittsburg, Pa., Chicago, Boston, Columbus, O., Utica, N. Y., Cincinnati, O., and many other places.

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## ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

The annual meeting of Saint David's Society of the State of New York was held on Monday evening, March 15th, 1897, when the yearly reports of the officers and standing committees were presented and unanimously approved. The affairs of the Society are in a very flourishing condition. Financially, its treasury gains in value year after year.

The Rev. Dr. Parker Morgan afforded a very agreeable surprise to the Society, in session assembled, by announcing that he had received a letter from a Welsh lady (widow of a former President, and herself a Life Member of St. David's Society), informing him of her intention to endow a bed in perpetuity in the New York Presbyterian Hospital, in memory of her deceased husband, who was a life-long friend of the Society. The gift will be received by the Society through its specially elected Board of Trustees, who will have the right of nominating, from time to time, as occasion requires, persons to occupy said endowed bed.

The Society then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result: President, Charles F. James; First Vice President, Julien T. Davies; Second Vice President, Warren A. James, M. D.; Treasurer, Henry J. Roberts; Recording Secretary, Ap Daniel; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas D. Bowen; Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Parker Morgan; Counsel, Mornay Williams; Physician, William G. Eynon, M. D.; Stewards, John T. Williams, Hugh H. Williams, Geo. W. James, Thomas N. Jones, James A. Roberts. The several standing committees will be named by the new president, Col. James.—Ap D.

## SCIENTIFIC.

### ELECTRIC WAVES.

Certain as most physicists are that electric waves and light waves are one and the same thing, differing only in length, they have never yet been able to produce the "missing link" that connects them. The chasm grows narrower and narrower, however, and the shortest electric wave is now much closer to the longest infra-red wave of the spectrum than it was a year ago. Says "The Electrical World," in chronicling some recent work on the subject: "Those who have kept in touch with the progress made in the study of electric waves were doubtless much interested in the paper read by Professor Bose last fall before the Liverpool meeting of the British Association, in which he described a complete apparatus for the study of electric waves. Professor Bose pointed out that he had succeeded in obtaining a wave-length as small as six millimeters, or about one fortieth of the length which Hertz obtained in his pioneer investigations in this line of research. By means of the apparatus which he devised, Professor Bose was able to study with electric waves all the phenomena associated with light. According to our London contemporaries, this paper has been supplemented by a lecture at the Royal Institution, in which Professor Bose showed that any number of crystals, such as beryl, selenite, and cryolite, and to some extent tourmaline, are polarizers of electric waves. To these may be added vegetable fibers, such as common jute, and even human hair. The fact that ordinary crystals act as polarizers of electric waves indicated to Professor Bose that their conductivity is different in differ-

ent directions. Upon investigation he has found that this difference may amount to fourteen times as much in one direction as in another."

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## VARIOUS NOTES.

Insanity in the human subject is supposed by some to have no analogue in the lower animals. Yet many causes will lead to the permanent loss of self-control. Cattle driven from the country through a crowded town will often work themselves into a frenzy. Horses have gone mad on the battle-field. At Balaklava an Arabian horse turned on its attendant as he was drawing water, seized him in his mouth, threw him down, and kneeling on him attacked him like an infuriated dog. He bit off another soldier's finger. An instance is related of a docile horse suddenly going mad on a hot day. Everything that came in its way it seized in its teeth, and shook as a terrier does a rat. It raided the pigsties and threw the inmates one after another in the air, trampling on the bodies as they fell. Afterward it almost killed its own master, after maiming for life the farrier who was called in. This must have been a case of insanity, the cause of which is often to be found in congenital malformations of the bones of the head. A scientist of authority even goes so far as to prove by what appears to be incontestible evidence that cats, dogs, and monkeys have been observed to have delusions very similar to those of insane people."

The philosophy of color in light is presented in an original way by a contributor in "Knowledge," with some facts which have a scientific and industrial bearing. It is noted that the light from an electric arc, for instance, when seen near at hand, has a distinctively bluish color, but this same light, when viewed from a distance, appears yellowish, certain of its rays having been absorbed by the water vapor in the air on its passage to the eye; for a similar reason, the sun is now, by some, considered to be a blue star; his light, which would appear intensely white and rich in blue rays especially, if it could be seen beyond our atmosphere, appears yellowish after it has passed through that atmosphere and lost some of its most refrangible constituent rays. The effect of absorption, in producing color is seen in the fact that powdered bodies generally appear white, a fact accounted for when it is considered that a powder consists of particles arranged at all angles, so that the light falling upon it meets various surfaces, and is mostly reflected before it has passed below the surface, and thus the white light reaching it is not deprived of some of its constituents by selective absorption, as would be the case if it penetrated the substance, and was then reflected. In this way powdered red glass appears white.

The odor of the sweet pea, according to a contributor to the "Medical Record," "is so offensive to flies that it will drive them out of the sick room, though it is not usually in the slightest degree disagreeable to the patient." It is, therefore, recommended that sweet peas be placed in the sick room during fly time.

Natural gas has been decided by the courts to be a mineral, it having been found by the United States Circuit Court that the natural gas piped from Shirkstown, Canada, to Buffalo, N. Y., is not subject to duty because it is within the definition of "crude minerals."

"Outside of the Siberian Railroad, extensive improvements are to be made in Russian railroads," says "The Engineering and Mining Journal." "The Ministry of Ways and Communication intends to order this year 455 new locomotives, 300 passenger-cars, 200 oil-tank cars, and 10,000 freight cars. About $5,000,000 will be spent in bulding new branch lines."

Those who wish to retain good health should follow these rules, according to

"The Medical News:" "Eat fruit for breakfast and for luncheon. Avoid pastry. Shun muffins and crumpets and buttered toast. Eat whole-meal bread. Decline potatoes if they are served more than once a day. Walk four miles every day. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water, and sleep eight hours."

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It appears from 6,456 kinds of fear described by Pres. G. Stanley Hall in a recent study of the subject, says "The Boston Transcript," "that thunder-storms are feared most, that reptiles follow, with strangers and darkness as close seconds, while fire, death, domestic animals, disease, wild animals, water, ghosts, insects, rats and mice, robbers, high winds, dream-fears, cats and dogs, cyclones, solitude, drowning, birds, etc., represent decreasing degrees of fearfulness."

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The six great European Powers have declared a blockade of the ports of the island of Crete. It has been officially announced in the British Parliament that Crete would not be permitted to remain under Turkish control. It is the wish of the powers to grant autonomy to the Cretans, but they desire annexation to Greece. It is believed that Russia, Germany and Austria are determined that this shall not take place; and Great Britain, France and Italy acquiesce in this view. Should Greece be allowed to annex Crete, the probabilities are that Servia and Montenegro, would want a slice of Turkey. This might lead to a European war, for which all the powers seem to be preparing. The determination to prevent Greece from taking Crete, has probably been taken in the hope of averting a war until each power is satisfied that it can secure its share of the Turkish empire when the inevitable collapse takes place. The Greeks, however, have declared that they will not withdraw from the island. It is understood that Great Britain declines to join in a blockade of the Greek ports.

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Professor Henry Drumomnd died March 11, at Tunbridge, England, after a long illness. He was born at Stirling, Scotland, in 1851, and was the son of a wealthy merchant. While at college he was greatly influenced by Mr. Moody, who was making an evangelistic tour of Great Britain, and he accompanied Mr. Moody and labored with him for two years. It was in 1883 that he began to be widely known through his book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." He then made an exploration and scientific tour of Central East Africa, and published the results of his observations in a work, "Tropical Africa," which was received with much favor. He visited this country in 1877, and again in 1886. His fame rests mostly on his "Greatest Thing in the World."

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William McKinley was inaugurated President, and Garret Hobart Vice President of the United States on the fourth of March. As is customary, the oath of office was first administered to the Vice-President elect in the Senate chamber, and immediately after, Mr. Hobart opened the special session of the Senate as its presiding officer, and the newly-elected Senators were sworn in. The procession then formed and proceeded to the platform outside the Senate wing of the Capitol, where Chief Justice Fuller administered the oath of office to President McKinley. Mr. Cleveland was present, and extended the customary courtesies to his successor. President McKinley's wife and mother were among the witnesses of the ceremony.

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The President read his inaugural ad-

dress to a throng of perhaps fifty thousand persons. He expressed himself in favor of a non-partisan commission to investigate the currency question; promised early attention to the subject of international bimetallism; urged the necessity of more revenue, and of tariff revision along protective lines; argued in favor of a re-enactment and extension of reciprocity arrangements; urged upon the Senate early action on the arbitration treaty between this country and Great Britain; and expressed cordial approval of civil service reform.

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The selection of Cabinet advisers by the President was not completed until the day before the inauguration. The list of nominations, as sent in to the Senate, included John Sherman of Ohio as Secretary of State; Lyman J. Gage of Illinois as Secretary of the Treasury; Russell A. Alger of Michigan as Secretary of War; James Wilson of Iowa as Secretary of Agriculure; Joseph McKenna of California as Attorney General; John D. Long of Massachusetts, as Secretary of the Navy; James A. Gary of Maryland, as Postmaster General; and Cornelius N. Bliss of New York, as Secretary of the Interior. The nomination of Mr. Snerman was immediately confirmed without reference to a committee, a courtesy usually accorded Senators nominated by the President. The other nominations were referred to committees, and immediately referred back and confirmed.

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The general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain, signed by ex-Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote, has been before the Senate for some time. The amendments already made by the Senate, and those under discussion, will change the treaty beyond recognition by its framers. One amendment provides substantially that no agreement to submit any question to arbitration under the treaty can have any binding force until it shall have been laid before the Senate by the President, and "concurred in by two-thirds of the Senators present." The article making King Oscar of Sweden and Norway the umpire in specified cases where the arbitrators appointed by the two parties cannot agree disappears utterly and finally. There are other radical changes made, but the most important is one that says we will submit to arbitration "all questions which the Senate may then deem fit for arbitration."

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCELLANY.

### CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Little Mary was sent to the store one day to have some syrup sent up for the table. "Does your mother want refined syrup?" asked the merchant. "I think she does," answered Mary. "She is a very nice lady."

One day in the kindergarten little Harry was having a hard time threading his needle. Miss Brown said she thought the eye of the needle must be too small, to which Henry replied: "Yes, Miss Brown, and I fink the fred is too fat."

Baby Fred has an auntie he loves very much indeed, but of course no one can quite equal mamma in his estimation. The other day he was asked the familiar question: "Whose boy are you?" "I'm mamma's and auntie's," he answered; "but," he added quickly, "my head belongs to mamma."

The man who brought milk to Herbert's house drove two horses, one a very white one, the other a deep cream color. Herbert saw them coming one morning, and called to his mother, "Mamma, here come Skim Milk and Cream."

A little girl had been ill and had struggled through the early stage of convalescence. She had taken "nourishing" broths and "nourishing" jellies until her soul was weary of them.

One morning she electrified the family by sitting bolt upright in bed and saying:

"I want you to take notice, I'm not going to take any more nourishment. I'm hungry, and I want my dinner. and not another mouthful of nourishment will I eat."

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## A BLACK HERO.

By Wallace Putnam Reed.

Massachusetts found a black hero in Crispus Attucks, and perpetuated his memory in marble; and Georgia should in some appropriate fashion take care of the name and fame of Austin Dabney, who was a faithful slave, a brave soldier, and a gentleman, in servitude and in freedom.

At the beginning of the revolutionary war Dabney was a young mulatto slave in the family of a Mr. Harris, in Wilkes County, Georgia. He was remarkably intelligent and fearless, and sympathized so strongly with the cause of the colonists, that he was permitted to join a company of volunteers and continue in the service during the struggle.

There were many tories in Georgia throughout the revolution, and their methods of warfare caused the patriots to hate them even more bitterly than they did the British. The mulatto soldier was loyal to his white neighbors, and he made their grievances his own, and his daring exploits caused him to to be dreaded by the red-coated invaders and their local allies. Whether engaged in hunting down the tories at home or in fighting the British at the front, Dabney was always to be found in the thick of the fray, where his strong arm was most needed.

He was severely wounded during the latter part of the war, and his life was saved by the careful nursing of the Harris family.

When the ex-slave was restored to health, and hostilities had ceased, he found that his benefactor had lost his property, and was reduced to poverty. Then this black hero and gentleman showed himself at his best. He went to work for the unfortunate family, and gave Mr. Harris the greater part of his earnings and his pension money.

In the course of a few years Dabney, in common with other veterans, drew a lot of land in Walton County. He removed to his new home, carrying the Harrises with him. At first some of the whites protested against the action of the State in thus rewarding a negro who had been a slave, and Dabney and anti-Dabney parties were formed. But a better feeling soon prevailed, and the brave fellow was allowed to enjoy his property undisturbed.

Dabney built a nice home on his place for Mr. Harris, and a modest cabin for himself. He worked early and late for his white friends, and denied himself many comforts in order to help them.

One of the boys in the family was very bright, and people predicted a successful future for him if he could only get an education. When the matter was explained to Dabney he was delighted.

"Young marster shall go to college and be a lawyer," he said. "It only means a little more work for me, and a little less extravagance. I'll fix it all right."

And he did fix it. For several years he worked harder than ever. His shabby clothes showed more patches, but his face showed more smiles.

The young man went through the State University, and the old negro footed the bill. The graduate then studied law, and Dabney provided the money to pay his expenses.

It was a proud day for this faithful friend when he saw his young master admitted to the bar. Dabney stood in the courtroom just outside of the inclosure reserved for the lawyers, and when the youthful applicant was formally declared an attorney and coun-

selor at law, the big-hearted friend who had sacrificed so much for him wept silent tears of joy.

Austin Dabney was known all over the State, and as a rule he was treated with respect and kindness by all classes.

Once a year he rode on horseback to Savannah to draw his pension. Upon one of these trips he chanced to overtake a Colonel Pope, who was on a similar mission. The two journeyed along together, talking about old times, and each found the other's companionship very pleasant.

At last they came in sight of the city of Savannah, and Colonel Pope thought it well to speak a word of caution.

"Dabney," he said, "you know how much I think of you, and how much I like to ride with you through the country. Things are different, however, in the city, and if we should ride side by side through the streets, people would talk about it."

The negro bowed, and assured him that he would not forget his place. When they reached the outskirts of the town the black man fell behind, and rode some distance in the rear of the white gentleman.

Colonel Pope often told the story of the trip with great glee. He said that when he rode past the residence of Governor Jackson, who then lived in Savannah, that dignified official bowed and spoke to him, but when he saw Dabney he rushed into the street, shook hands with him, and actually pulled him from his horse, and led him into the mansion, where he insisted upon entertaining him as his guest.

"That's the way it turned out," said the colonel in conclusion. "After I had been so particular about appearances, and had entered the city in style, I remained unnoticed at a hotel, while the nigger whose company I had rejected was entertained by the governor!"

Dabney improved his property until he made it a valuable farm. He saved a snug sum of money, and when he died he left it all, with his real estate, to the Harris family.

A few facts about this remarkable negro may be found in "White's Historical Collections of Georgia," but the story of his life should be more widely known.

Austin Dabney deserves a monument from the State and the people he loved so well and served so loyally.—Chicago Times Herald.

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## OBEYING ORDERS.

A Prussian officer once posted a veteran in front of his own residence, with orders to pace up and down a certain distance, and on no account to lower his gun from the "carry." The officer, a pompous, self-important man, was expecting visitors that day, and he wished to impress them with his military style. Calling the soldier before him, he gave his orders.

"You are to pass the distance assigned, with your gun at the 'carry.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"On no account are you to deviate from your walk, or remove your weapon from its position. You understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"You will observe strict silence. On no account are you to speak with any one on your beat. You understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"Very well; go, and obey!"

An hour after, the officer's guests were ushered into his presence. They entered, each with a broad grin on his countenance.

"My friend," asked one of them of the host, "what is this procession in front of your house?"

"Procession! Procession! There is no procession!" blurted out the host, growing red in the face.

"But look for yourself."

The commander rushed to the window. There was the soldier, as stiff and erect as his own weapon, with eyes stolidly staring right ahead, marching

solemnly up and down his beat, while following him was a mob of young street loafers, armed with old brooms, sticks, pitchforks and other improvised weapons. Seeing that the soldier was, apparently, oblivious to all around him, one bold scamp had affixed to the sentinel's coat-tail a string, at whose end dangled a rusty tin can. And this unique procession had been going on for half an hour, to the intense delight of the populace in the street and the edification of the guests when they arrived.

Out rushed the irate officer. The mob, seeing him, dispersed, and he began to vent his anger on the sentinel.

"Idiot! Blockhead! Senseless! Why did you not strike them down, disperse them?"

"The commander forgets. I had orders not to remove my gun from position."

"True. I am a fool! But you might have ordered them off."

"The commander, pardon me, forgets again. I had orders not to speak."

"It is true. But"—

"There is no but. You ordered. I obeyed. What more can be said?"

Indeed, nothing could be said. The officer swallowed his wrath as best he could. It would be altogether unmilitary to punish a soldier for obeying orders.

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## ARE THE QUARRIES CROWN LANDS?

A writer in one of the Welsh papers questions the title of Lord Penrhyn to the quarries that are supposed to belong to him. He says: "The dispute at 'Lord Penrhyn's' quarries affords an opportunity of calling public attention to some points connected with the tenure of land in Wales. I believe that a large portion of Wales is held under grants from the Crown; also that in some cases Crown grants have been made in 'fee tail' only, and not in fee simple. In such cases as those last-mentioned, a reversion (on the dying out of the issue-in-tail) belongs to the Crown, and there is great danger of the tenure being forgotten and the Crown (i. e., the public) losing the reversion. In many instances where there is a grant from the Crown a small quit rent is reserved to the Crown. Such a quit rent is of some service as a balge and memento of the tenure. Unfortunately, it has been the custom of the Government office called the 'Woods and Forests' to sell these quit rents to the 'owners' of the land for trifling sums. A list should be made out of lands in Wales under which the minerals belong to the Crown. These are between 300,000 and 400,000 acres. In 1889, Mr. Gully stated that the unenclosed waste land belonging to the Crown in Wales exceeded 84,000 acres."

Lord Penrhyn, says "Truth," "was a witness before the Welsh Land Commission, and when asked to produce his title he refused. At some time or other he and his predecessors in possession seem to have squatted on the land upon which the slate mountain is situated. Against the Crown there must be undisputed possession for sixty years, and probably the squatting took place before then. But it is a curious thing that the right to regard the mountain as his property is derived from some predecessor of his laying hold on what did not belong to him.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

"When you stepped on that gentleman's foot, Tommie, I hope you apologized?"

"Oh, yes; indeed I did," said Tommie, "and he gave me ten cents for being such a good boy."

"Did he? And what did you do then?"

"Stepped on the other, and apologized again, but it didn't work."

"Tell me something peculiar to Vermont," said the teacher. "Dey all sleeps in stone beds," said Hans. "Why, how do you know that?" asked the teacher.

"The book say 'great beds of rock is found dere,'" said Hans.

There is no rose without a thorn;
There's fuzz on all the peaches;
There never is a banquet given
Without a lot of speeches.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Shallow: "What a queer name for a fish—'smelt.' I wonder where they come from." Mr. Shallow: "I can't say for a certainty, but I think they are of German origin, and come from the Oder."—Boston Courier.

Here lies a poor woman who always was busy;
She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy,
She belonged to ten clubs, and read Browning by sight,
Showed at luncheons and teas, and would vote if she might;
She served on a school board with courage and zeal;
She golfed, and she kodaked, and rode on a wheel;
She read Tolstoi and Ibsen, knew microbes by name,
Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter" and "Dame;"
Her children went in for the top education;
Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration.
One day on her tablets she found an hour free;
The shock was too great, and she died instantlee!
—Philadelphia Record.

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## ENGLISH INCONGRUITIES.

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine;
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother, and also of brethren.
But though we may say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim!
So the English, I think you all will agree,
Is the greatest language you ever did see.
—Commonwealth.

———o:o———

## CURIOSITIES OF THE CALENDAR.

One of the men who make up the calendars used as advertisements has evolved a few simple rules to facilitate the process. They are: No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins

on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other, and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when the comparison is between days before and after February 29.

———o:o———

## WELSH HISTORY.

"Owen Rhoscomyl," the name by which the author of "Battlement and Tower" is known, answers his critics in a caustic and satirical column letter in one of the Welsh English weeklies, in the course of which he makes some good points.

"It is a proverb," he says, "that the Welshman will not buy fiction unless the book be a mere exercise in polemics, dubbed a novel. We had indeed one novelist—and to get a hearing he had to publish by subscription!

But 'the fellow I am after' is the Welshman who unfortunately does not speak Welsh. I know there is a tendency in certain circles to damn him with 'Oh, he be hanged! Dic-Sion-Dafydd!' But he is not always a Dic-Sion, or if he be, it is usually because he has no means of justifying any possible pride in his race.

Since the only way of reaching this English-speaking Welshman, and making him as eager in national pride as the man who speaks only 'yr hen iaith,' is by way of English literature, we must e'en approach him on that side. What I want is to instil into the mind of the English-speaking Welshman an inkling of the idea that, if he will only turn to study the ancient history of his own race, he need never again hesitate to look level-eyed across the earth into the faces of the gathered nations, for the proudest of them all has no prouder record than that long heart-rousing epic; sometimes sad, and sometimes splendid; rife always with the to stir the souls of men; which, ingly from under the dust and as death itself, flowered ultimatel late upon the stubborn field of worth."

Rhoscomyl indignantly resent imputation that he is not a Wels

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## AN IRISH EISTEDDFOD.

The executive committee of the League has published an appeal patriotism and generosity of the race in America for support on of a Gaelic Literary Festival will be held at Dublin on the 1 May next. The programme and ticulars of the festival are contai the January number of the " Journal." From this it will be that it is proposed to offer priz original essays, poems and son the Irish language, and for the r tion of Gaelic pieces. The compos sent in will be read at the meeting, and the awards will be in public by a committee of d guished Irish scholars who will a adjudicators. It is fully expected an annual prize meeting of thi scription would have a very sti ting effect on the Irish language r ment. The coming festival will b first of its kind held in Irelan nearly nine hundred years.

———o:o———

A large number of friends an quaintances will be pained to lea the death of Mr. William P. J Gilberton, Pa. The sad event place March 17, 1897, after a brie severe illness from pneumonia. Jones was well known throug Schuylkill Co., Pa., and highly este for his many excellent qualities of and heart. He was a brother of James F. Jones, Cival and Mining gineer, Philadelphia, Pa., and als Rev. John P. Jones, D. D., missio in Madura, Southern India.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

A National Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XVII. MAY, 1897. No. 5.

REV. T. CYNONFARDD EDWARDS, D D.

The subject of this sketch is probably the best known Cambro-American Congregational clergyman in the United States. His ability and versatility have made his name familiar to Welsh-speaking people everywhere, and to a goodly portion of the American and British public. As clergyman, lecturer, elocutionist, Eisteddfodic conductor, poet and author, he fills a unique position among Cambro-Americans. He has read, studied and traveled much, is a keen observer of men as well as of nature; wields a facile pen, and can graphically and felicitously describe what he has seen. It gives us pleasure to announce that Dr. Edwards will contribute to the pages of the "Cambrian." An article by him—"A Day in Rome"—will appear in our next issue, illustrated from original photographs taken by Cynonfardd.

Rev. Dr. Edwards is a native of Glamorganshire, Wales. He was born near Swansea, December 6, 1848, so that he is now in the maturity of his manhood. Having decided to enter the Christian ministry,

he was educated at the Carmarthen Presbyterian College. Coming to America, he was ordained at Mineral Ridge, Ohio, where he remained one year and a half. In January, 1872, he removed to Wilkesbarre, Pa., and in January, 1878, took charge of the Edwardsdale Congregational Church. During 1878 and 1879 both churches were under his charge, but in 1880, he gave up the pastorate of the Wilkesbarre church, in order to give his full time to his Edwardsdale charge, where he was very successful. In 1891 he went to Wales, and was pastor of the Ebenezer Church of Cardiff from June, 1891, to May, 1893. He then returned to his old home in Kingston and his old church in Edwardsdale. This church has now a membership of over four hundred active and faithful Christian workers. The labors of Rev. Dr. Edwards in connection with the various activities of church work are amazingly arduous, and the devotion with which the members second the pastor's efforts is an inspiration to any one that makes himself acquainted with the facts.

As might be expected, Marietta College, Ohio, conferred on him the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity in 1891. He was Professor of Elocution in the Wyoming Seminary for ten years, and still continues to give lessons to private pupils in this necessary, but much neglected, art. Such was Dr. Edwards' fame as a teacher of elocution, that he was offered a position in Princeton College, and als the National School of Orator Philadelphia. He refused bot these tempting offers in order t main in the Welsh ministry. 1875 he published a collectio poems, and later a Welsh elocut ary work ("Darllen a Siar While in Wales he published English Text Book on Elocu for the use of schools and colle

It was natural that Cynonf should enter the literary aren the Eisteddfod, and just as na that he should be a frequent wi He won two chair prizes—on the Wyoming Valley Eisted held at Pittston in 1873, sub "Solomon," and the other at H Park in 1875, subject, "The M flower." He won a host of c prizes for poems, essays and tions; and in his younger da few in music.

He began his career as Eist fodic conductor when nineteen y of age, and has probably broke record in that line. He was ductor at the Pennsylvania Ce nial Eisteddfod, 1876, and Wo Fair Eisteddfod in 1893. Als the National Eisteddfod of Wal Bangor in 1890; Swansea, 1 Rhyl, 1892; Llandudno, 1896. was also engaged for Pontypri 1893, but failed to go, and is engaged for Newport, 1897. has also conducted and adjudi at the semi-nationals in Wales, Llanrwst; Festiniog, Bridgend, Carphilly; and at the principal teddfods of the United States,

Utica, Granville, Scranton, Wilkesbarre, Allentown, Pottsville, Mahanoy, Pittsburg, Youngstown, Cleveland, Sharon, Lima, &c., &c. In some of those towns he acted in this capacity several years in succession.

Cynonfardd, as we have said, has been an extensive traveler. He visited the Pacific Coast, touring through California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Salt Lake City, Denver, &c., &c. Last year he visited France, Italy and Switzerland.

His popularity with his denomination is attested by frequent invitations to attend Gymanvas in New York State, Kansas, Wisconsin, Iowa and others. And his success as a popular lecturer has been phenomenal in Wales and the United States. He frequently lectured in all the colleges of Wales during 1891-93, viz: Brecon, Bangor, Bala, Carmarthen, Trevecca, Pontypool and Cardiff. Also in most of the towns of the Principality to all denominations, in Baptist, Methodist, Wesleyan and Congregational Churches. During the last two years he has been busily occupied lecturing in different States on some of the following subjects: "Through Paris to Rome," (Illustrated with views taken en route); "From Naples to the Bridge of Sighs," (With views of Vesuvius, Pompeii, etc., taken en route); "Trip to the Golden Gate," (With or without stereopticon views); "Dramatic and Humorous Readings;" "The Eloquence of Other People;" "The Man for Today."

His domestic life has been most happy. Mrs. Edwards was Miss Morgan, daughter of Rev. J. Morgan, Cwmbach, Aberdare. They have six children living, five daughters and one son. The eldest daughter is married to Rev. O. L. Morris, West Bromwich, Eng.

## ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Historical Sketch:

By William Miles, One of Its Founders.

First Paper.

The history of the St. David's Society of the city of New York, covers a period of about 62 years, say from 1835 to 1897. In the course of that time, it has undergone more or less changes in its construction and organization, but its main features and objects have been practically carried into execution in the spirit and intent of its founders.

In the spring of 1834, a banquet was given by a number of the Welsh residents of the city, at St. John's Hall, (Masonic), which was largely attended. The Hon. Gideon Lee, Mayor of the city, the Hon. Charles

G. Ferris, Member of Congress, and other distinguished persons were present. The occasion was one of note and interest on account of the large number present and the enthusiasm displayed.

This banquet was the immediate cause that led to the organization of the "Saint David's Society." There was already in existence a Welsh society known as "The Ancient Britons' Benefit Society," chartered as far back as 1805, which was in a prosperous condition. Its object, however, was confined to giving relief to its members in cases of sickness and distress. It took no lead or active part, as a society, in public matters concerning the Welsh people and their relationship to other nationalities. It was felt that there should an be organization with the latter end in view.

On their way home from the banquet, Mr. Thomas Ingram Jones and the writer of this sketch discussed the practicability of organizing a society to supply the need already mentioned, and forthwith they went to work and made a draft of a constitution and by-laws to be submitted to the Welsh people at a public meeting, for their approbation. This constitution was formally adopted in about a year afterward.

The following named persons were elected as officers of the new society: Gen. Morgan Lewis, President; Thomas Ingram Jones and Edgar W. Davies, Vice Presidents; Luke Davies, Treasurer; G. W. Griffiths, Recording Secretary; Wm. Miles, Corresponding Secretary; Evan Griffiths, John Jenkins, Thomas George, Jr., David Roberts, Joseph Morgan, William Price, John Jones, Daniel L. Jones, John H. Jones, John Morgan, R. J. Williams and Robert Roberts, Directors.

In 1838 the society became incorporated by an act of the Legislature of the State. We give the following extract from the act of incorporation:

**"An Act to incorporate the St. David's Benefit and Benevolent Society of the City of New York, passed April 6th, 1838:**

**"The People of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows: 1st, Morgan Lewis, Thomas I. Jones, Edgar W. Davies, William Miles, John Morgan, David Jones, John Jones, Benjamin J. Owens, William Probyn, and such other persons as may be associated, or may hereafter associate with them for that purpose, are hereby constituted and declared a body corporate by the name of the St. David's Benefit and Benevolent Society of the City of New York, and the object of said corporation shall be the mutual relief of the members of the corporation, when by reason of sickness or infirmities, any member shall require pecuniary relief, etc."**

In 1841, by the mutual consent of all the members, an important change in the Constitution and By-Laws of the society took place, by which its dual character was brought to a close.

It was believed that the two objects, benefit and benevolent, would be made more effective and useful by acting independently. Accord-

ingly steps were taken to carry the same into effect, and thereupon an arrangement was made by which two independent societies were organized out of the existing one; one to be called "The St. David's Benefit Society," and the other to be called "The St. David's Benevolent Society," each to have and control their respective funds.

By this arrangement the business of the separate branches proceeded on without interruption, and in due time they procured separate charters from the State.

The Benefit Society continued in existence until a few years ago, when it wound up its affairs and divided its funds equally among its members. It had done excellent service in its day, by alleviating the wants of members who became sick. It was economically and faithfully managed, fulfilling all its obligations during the period of its existence.

In regard to the Benevolent Society, the rule has been in dispensing alms, to distribute them among the needy and most deserving Welsh, and their connections, regardless of membership. Indeed, I do not remember any of its members ever applying for assistance, although such may have been the case.

I may say that the calls for aid have been principally from those who had no trades to fall back upon. It is rarely that women ask for assistance.

The chief effort of the members of the society has been to find employment for persons of good character, and good habits; but it should not be inferred that a cold shoulder was turned to the undeserving. A large amount of good has been accomplished by finding employment for persons of meritorious character, many of whom have risen to positions of trust and responsibility.

I remember when the society tried the experiment of loaning money to applicants for aid, instead of giving it, with a promise that when their circumstances enabled them, they would repay the amount loaned them. I regret to say that the amount returned was not very creditable.

In May, 1846, the society obtained a charter from which I copy the following extracts:

**"The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:**

**"Section I. David C. Colden, David Thomas, William Lewis, David Roberts, J. J. Jones, T. J. Evans, Morgan Morgans, Senior, T. I. Jones, William J. Williams, Daniel L. Jones, John Evans, Evan Lewis, John Phillips, William David, David Morris, Thomas Watkins, J. G. H. Griffith, Hugh R. Hughes, R. E. Davies, Owen Baxter, E. W. Morgan, R. E. Edwards, James Jones, Richard Jones, John Morgan, Robert Evans, Lewis Pugh, Thomas Jones, William Williams, William Roberts, S. J. Jones, Edward Dolsen, Thomas Phillips, Thomas Lloyd, David Morgan, Robert Morris, Taliesin Williams, John Richards, and such other persons as now are associated as the St. David's Benevolent Society of the Cities of New York and Brooklyn, or may hereafter become associated with them, are hereby constituted a body corporate, by the**

name of "The St. David's Benevolent Society" of the Cities of New York and Brooklyn.

"Sec. 2. The objects of the Society are to afford pecuniary relief to the indigent and reduced members of the Society; to all distressed Welshmen and Welshwomen; to those who have recently emigrated to this country, as well as to those who have resided here for a longer or shorter period of time; and that, in addition to pecuniary relief, the Society may offer to the distressed such other aid and assistance as may be required, and the Society may have it in its power to bestow; and also to collect and preserve information respecting Wales and the Welsh people and their descendants in this country; to cultivate a knowledge of the history of Wales, and of the Welsh language and literature, and to promote social intercourse among the members of the Society, and those connected with them by the ties of kindred and country."

In May, 1889, the society was authorized by the Supreme Court of the State of New York, by its decree, entered May 29, 1889, to assume the name of the "St. David's Society of the State of New York," which is its present title. The foregoing extracts from the charter of the society give a general knowledge of its present legal standing, so far as they bear on its corporate rights.

All moneys received by the Society, unless otherwise specifically stipulated by the contributors, are placed to the credit of a permanent fund, the principal of which is to remain intact, and the income therefrom only, is applicable to the relief of the sick and distressed, and the payment of necessary expenses.

In the organization of the society special attention was given to the selection of a suitable person to fulfill the office of President. The matter required the most careful deliberation. All the members of the organization, with commendable spirit, abstained from the use of their names for the first office. There was, however, a disposition manifested to favor the election of Edgar W. Davies. When that was hinted to him, however, he promptly and emphatically prohibited the use of his name for that office, and said the society must seek outside of its members for the proper candidate. He said that he knew a gentleman of the highest qualifications for the office; and from his personal knowledge of him and his well-known sympathy with the Welsh people, Mr. Davies felt assured that he would gladly accept the office and deem it a great honor to be the society's representative. He then suggested the name of Gen. Morgan Lewis, whose father, Francis Lewis, was a colonialist and a prominent figure in the American Revolution, as well as one of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence. Mr. Davies and some other persons whose names have slipped my memory, were appointed a committee to solicit the General's acceptance of the office. The General, in accepting it, expressed himself in terms of grateful acknowledgement for the compliment, and said that he felt it to be one of the highest honors ever conferred on him. He

was proud of being selected to represent his race in a nation in which the Welsh people had done so much to give it a separate national existence. In accordance with the report of the committee General Morgan Lewis was unanimously elected the society's President, and he continued to serve as such until 1841, a period of six years, when he retired on account of his infirmities and advanced years.

New York City.

## THE ROBERT MORRIS ENGLISH LODGE OF IVORITES.

By John Courier Morris.

Young blood, pride and ambition, inoculated with the virus of robust manhood, judiciously seasoned with good judgment, fair education, unyielding sternness and honorable purposes will, invariably reach the highest altitudes found in the long journey of life. Barriers must crumble, and success will triumphantly waft around the throne of universal love and peace and good will.

Pride and ambition are the motive power of education. Manhood and sternness its propellers and guiding bars, and rich and wholesome young blood the feeders and lubricators of its wheels of action.

Congenial spirits are the embodiment of harmony. Harmony soothes the soul. It invigorates the mind and gives new and additional elasticity, vigor and strength to the various levers that manipulate the complicated machinery of an active life.

Youth is the model of the man. Early inclinations, habits, morals, education, and good, bad or indifferent training are the seeds sown for future development. The child is the father of the man. Early training is the moulder of character, and traits formulated and trained in earlier years will bear fruit accordingly in maturer years. Habits formed and cultivated under these conditions, as a rule, will forever remain the most prominent features in a man's character. They are, indeed, reliable indicators whereby one's character is readily deciphered. Character tells the burden of one's future life.

Some great writer tells us that "the possession of nobility of character can see experience in the past, an end in the present, and an aim in the future. His ambitions are not lost in the clouds, but are wafted through the winds of heaven to the Great White Throne."

Education is the most important virus that can be injected into the human mind. If properly diffused, it broadens, refines, enlightens, and purifies the intellectual organs. It must be used not only to improve yourself, but all around you. Without trained minds society is worth-

less. Education is true civilization. Society needs intellectual seasoning. It was Henry Ward Beecher, we believe, who said that education was the motor that furnished wings to the soul.

Wholesome young blood, pride, ambition, and education, are the dominant characteristics that permeate the noble work that is being accomplished by the Robert Morris English Lodge of American True Ivorites, of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Although the youngest lodge, we believe, in the order, yet, in point of membership, activity and solid work, it easily leads in the march of Ivorism in this country. The magnificent work accomplished by these young men is a matter of pride and great exultation to those patriotic Welshmen who have served so well and so long under the banner of Ivorism in the parent lodge of the Order.

The majority of the members are American-born Welshmen, young, bright, ambitious, enthusiastic, well educated, and thoroughly imbued with the democratic ideas and principles of American government, judicious freeedom of speech, unconditional latitude in religious expression, equal rights to all men, and other innumerable privileges and prerogatives not enjoyed by the subjects of the autocratic rulers of foreign countries. They are as thoroughly American in principle and practice as the proudest of the descendants of the martyrs of the Mayflower, and as loyal and enthusiastic in their love of home and country as the most ardent New

Dr. Beddoe. J. Courier Morris. Roger Evans. L. A. Howell. J. H. Phillips. W. R. Lewis. E. D. Jones.

PAST PRESIDENTS.

Englander. Notwithstanding their prime, if not extreme Americanism, which, indeed, is a very pardonable crime, there lies, nevertheless, a sacred spot next their hearts which overflows with ardent and inextinguishable love for the lore and religion of unconquerable old Gwalia.

The Robert Morris Lodge was organized on January 27, 1894, when sixty-five members were duly initiated in the mysteries of Ivorism. The initiatory ceremonies were conducted by that distinguished Ivor, the late D. P. Thomas, Grand Secretary of the order in America, assisted by Hon. Benjamin Hughes and Mr. Henry P. Davies, officers of the Grand Lodge. The following gentlemen were initiated to fill the different officers: President, John H. Phillips; Vice President, John Courier Morris; Recording Secretary, the late Prof. W. George Powell; Financial Secretary, G. A. Williams; Treasurer, John J. Davies.

From its infancy its success has been remarkable in many directions, and its progressiveness distinguished for the many innovations of an intellectual nature that have been augmented into its social and literary curriculum. Its list of membership at present shows the names of nearly two hundred young people of the best social standing in the community, and the list continues to grow very much larger as the lodge grows older, notwithstanding the extreme caution that is being demonstrated in this direction. The lodge is housed in a substantial building on one of the prettiest avenues in the city, Main avenue, on

Roger Evans. Howell Harris. J. H. Phillips. D. Philip Williams.
J. J. Davies. E. D. Jones. W. R. Lewis. E. E. Robathan. D. J. Davies.
EISTEDDFOD COMMITTEE.

the West Side. The entire floor of the second story is occupied by the lodge, which consists of a large meeting and entertainment hall, furnished substantially, decorated handsomely, and lighted with incandescent lights. It is one of the prettiest lodge rooms in the city. A commodious reception parlor, magnificently furnished and carpeted, and decorated most elaborately with tapestry and pictures of historical and financial value, occupies a large portion of the north side of the building, with three smaller parlors and a large kitchen in the rear. The kitchen is furnished with ample cooking utensils to meet the most stringent requirement. Through clever manipulation and a splendid eye to business, the rent costs the lodge nothing. The lodge room, which is occupied by several other organizations, covers the rent and more. Financially the lodge is in a robust condition. The Eisteddfod of 1896 cleared four hundred dollars over expenses, and the Eisteddfod of 1897 is expected to do better. The prospects are favorable, and a magnificent Eisteddfod is expected on the 11th of May.

The distinguished features wherein lies the phenomenal success of the lodge are its social and literary entertainments, and last winter's season was an unusually interesting one from a musical and literary standpoint. Many of the foremost orators and literateurs of the city are active members of the Robert Morris Lodge, and none more prominent and abler than our distinguished fellow citizen, Prof. Geo. Howell, Superintendent of our public schools, who delivered at the close of the season, his masterly oration on "The Silent Masters." It was a magnificent effort, demonstrating wonderful familiarity with the genius and peculiarities of the dead masters, and delivered in Mr. Howell's most charming style. His services as a lyceum and an institute orator are in great demand. He is a polished and graceful speaker. There is poetry, wit, humor, and the tenderest pathos in all his lectures. He speaks quietly and in a conversational tone, as a rule, but he is richly endowed with dramatic powers. He is a skilled and trained elocutionist, a college-bred man, a lawyer, and a frequent contributor to the foremost magazines. Recently, Prof. Howell was one of the prominent speakers at an educational institute at Harrisburg. The leading paper speaks of him thusly: "Professor Howell possesses that rare attribute, sympathy, which enables him to find his way readily to those who sit under his teachings. His experience as a public school teacher brings him in close touch with all things that belong peculiarly to the profession of teaching. Broadly intelligent, he leaves the petty things that have, in the past, so narrowed and warped the teacher's life, and leads the way to the regions of high thinking and scientific research. He believes that education should be a part of the daily

life of the people, to have it not a divorced or isolated factor of the social fabric, but the great central thought, the fulfilling of the law, when all children will everywhere be held sacred and when all men will be brothers—he believes teaching to be the greatest thing in the world, because it is the incarnation of love."

Mr. Howell Harris' subject was "Political Theories." This was the most original, philosophical and analytical oration of the series. Although a comparatively young man, there are none to dispute his superiority in originality and versatility. He is encyclopaedic in knowledge, beautiful in metaphor, smooth in rhetoric, convincing, and unusually interesting. He is not an orator, but is a very pleasing speaker, nevertheless, and speaks entirely without gestures. He always treats his subject with an even excellence, hence his power over an audience. He is the ideal literateur of the Robert Morris Lodge. Several articles from the pen of Mr. Harris have been published in the best magazines. He is a leading mining engineer under the Connell Company.

Mr. E. E. Robathan's subject was "George Eliot." Mr. Robathan comes from a very distinguished stock on both sides. He is the eldest son of the late Dr. Robathan, a medical expert of distinction, and widely known in Northwestern Pennsylvania a decade or two ago, and is a grandson of the late Rev. Benjamin Bowen, of Olyphant, a charming old character in his day, and well known to the Welsh Baptists of America in the good old days of the past. Although only 28 years of age, he is one of the most popular speakers in the city, and in the last campaign spoke from the same platforms as some of the most distinguished orators of the Republican party. He has served two

Emerson Owen. John R. Farr. John J. Davies

terms in the Council chamber, and established for himself a name that he may well be proud of. He is a student and was a boon companion of the late lamented Prof. W. Geo. Powell, a gentleman of scholarly attainments and a literateur of magnificent abilities. This companionship is already bearing its fruits and we predict a brilliant future for Mr. Robathan.

Mr. John J. Davies' subject was "Chemistry." He is a professional and trained chemist. This was an illustrated lecture, and the demonstrations were exceedingly instructive and peculiarly interesting. Mr. Davies is a matter-of-fact man, and like his talented father, Mr. Henry P. Davies, his well of splendid information bubbles over with the liquid of live and interesting mind matter. He is one of the best informed men in the community, a student, and has a very happy faculty of imparting his knowledge to others. As an analytical chemist he leads in the profession.

We may here mention the names of some other gentlemen who take a lively interest in the literature of the lodge:

W. R. Lewis, Esq., a ripe scholar and a graduate of Bloomsburg, one of the best colleges in the State of Pennsylvania, is one of the leading civil and criminal lawyers of the Lackawanna bar, and a gentleman of unexceptional integrity. He is a full-blooded Welshman and speaks and reads the good old mother tongue. He is a patriotic Ivor and was born in one of the fairest valleys of Wales, the beautiful Vale of Towy. He is chairman of the committee having charge of the Robert Morris Lodge Eisteddfod. He is an intellectual giant and the strongest debater in the lodge. It is the firm belief of his friends that the ermine awaits him.

Hon. J. R. Farr's name is as well known to Pennsylvanians as is McKinley's to the people of the United States. He is the author of the "Pennsylvania Compulsory Educational Bill," which, after a hard-fought battle in the Pennsylvania Legislature, has finally become a law. He has represented the Hyde Park district in the Legislature four terms. He is the editor and proprietor of the Courier-Progress. Mr. Farr is a graduate of Lafayette, and is a man of influence in the Republican party, and a writer and speaker of convincing force.

John M. Harris, Esq., is a Princeton graduate, and a lawyer of ability. He is a scholarly speaker and very popular. His new oration on "Julius Cæsar" is well spoken of. This the lodge is promised in the future.

D. J. Davies, Esq., a graduate of Ann Arbor, and assistant city solicitor. He is recording secretary of the lodge and a gentleman of many accomplishments. A more sincere Ivor never breathed. Very much of the success of the lodge is due to the indefatigable efforts of this hard-working officer. He is a polished speaker and a graceful writer.

W. Gaylord Thomas, Esq., is a well-known figure on the Republican platform. He is a prominent Mason, and at present is Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the State of Pennsylvania. He is a lawyer of distinction and is assistant district attorney.

John R. Edwards, Esq. a graduate of Princeton, and a lawyer. He studied law with his distinguished father, Judge H. M. Edwards, who is known as one of the ablest jurists in Pennsylvania. He has inherited much of the ability of his father and has a bright future before him.

Dr. Beddoe has been a prominent figure for the last twenty-five years in the literary circles of our city, and in his younger years was an elocutionist of superior merits. He is a very well-informed gentleman, a polished speaker, a true blue Ivor, and an Eisteddfodwr from the cradle down.

Dr. J. J. Roberts is the most enthusiastic Robert Morris man, and is foremost in every movement that benefits the good of the order. He is a scholarly gentleman and one of the most generous of men.

Dr. Jenkins is a cultured gentleman, and a poet of merit. He has won many prizes for English poems and verses. He favors the lodge quite frequently with some of his effusions.

Other gentlemen who deserve especial credit for probably the most important work in connection with the lodge are Messrs. John H. Phillips, E. D. Jones, Roger Evans, Louis A. Howell, Philip Williams, John Edwards and D. J. Reese, whose fidelity to principle and tenacity of purpose have never failed or

Gwyliam A. Williams.

faltered. These are the Ivors who "make ends meet."

In a future article we shall write of the newspaper men—Messrs. G. A. Williams, C. E. Daniels, Emerson Owen and H. R. Hughes—who have contributed so handsomely to the success of the lodge, and of whom many pleasant things can be said; and the musical men, many of whom have earned a reputation that is far more than local.

Long membership in the Masonic and Pythian fraternities, and many years of varied and continuous service in newspaper work, have brought us in contact with excellent intellectual material, but confined to a single circle, we have never come across a better or more even intellectual material than that which

is found in the Robert Morris Lodge. We do not wish it to be inferred from our foregoing remarks that Scranton is "the only place on earth" that is capable of producing such material, and that the people we have referred to "are the only pebbles on the beach" of intellectuality. On the contrary, such material can be found in fair quantities in the Welsh communities of Utica, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Youngstown, Milwaukee, Chicago, New York and other cities. May they grasp the opportunity. Opportunity, oftentimes, has given us many remarkable men and women. How many splendid instances could we quote from the long list of the remarkable men and women of the United States, who are the product of "opportunity?" They are legion.

Let us float a new banner over the glorious old temple of Ivorism!

Such are the conditions surrounding Ivorism in this country, if we should have it prosper, that the fathers, in the near future, will have to change front—change conditions and language. It grieves us to believe it, but such, indeed, are the conditions confronting us. The battle for superiority in the field of intellect must be fought in the language of the majority. This should not, necessarily, diminish our ardor and our love for the mother tongue. It would simply be a change in position in the great battle of life for the better, a change from the background to a more favorable position in the front, where our powers and our virtues as a people would appear to a far greater advantage. More anon on this line.

Scranton, Pa.

## I'LL KNOW IT THEN.

By Mrs. Anna A. Lewis.

When I am done with all the changing scenes of life,
And lay me down in death's sweet sleep to rest,
When I have pressed beyond the toiling and the strife,
Have gone to join the happy and the blest—
When all the lonely days and weary nights are passed,
And I have gained the home of love and light,
When naught to me are summer's heat or winter's blast,
But where around me all is fair and bright—
Oh, then I'll know why oft the way was lone and drear,
And sorrow's waves swept o'er my anguished heart,
I'll see as in a glass reflected bright and clear,
The reason why 'twas best for me to part
With all those joys that make our stay on earth so blest—
Why those I loved, and who enfolded me
In their protecting love, were laid away to rest,
Whilst my frail bark tossed helpless o'er life's sea.
I'll know it then—I'll hear it from the lips of One
Who shares my griefs—to whose dear hand I cling,
Who walks with me from early dawn to setting sun,
And then around my couch at night doth bring
Angels of peace, who soothe me till I sleep, and dream
Sweet dreams, that when I waken comfort me,
And thus with strength renewed the way doth brighter seem,
And I, upheld, despairing cease to be.

Turin, N. Y.

## "THE LAND WE LIVE IN."

An address in response to the toast, "The Land We Live In," at the banquet of the New York St. David's Society, March 1, 1897.

By Rev. Anthony H. Evans.

Behind me the Red Dragon! Before me the Stars and Stripes! We are gathered here to-night under the influence of each. I love the dear old land! I would die for that flag!

Every Welshman ought to be proud of his descent, and I am sure that every Welshman is who is here to-night. Every Welshman who has the honor of being an American ought to shout the glory of the land of his adoption.

You all have heard, perhaps, of the old colored minister who went to a Presbyterian clergyman in the South and asked him his advice. The colored minister had been preaching on predestination, sanctification and justification, and he had preached himself all out. The Presbyterian clergyman thought the

matter over a little time and then he said, "I think you would better do this: You would better preach on the text "Thou shalt not steal." The colored preacher thought the matter over a little while. He thought of the chickens in his neighborhood, and of the different members of his congregation, and he said, "Massa, dat am a good text, but I venture to say it would produce coolness in the congregation."

Now, there is nothing in the toast to which I respond to-night that is calculated to produce 'coolness' in this audience. We love this land because it is a land of schools. My father had six sons; I was the oldest of the six. I was a lad of eight when I had finished playing on the sands of the Dee. I was but a child when my father spoke to me of the new land across the sea, and the impression made upon my mind as a boy, when we started off in the ship across the great ocean, was, "My boy, you will get your education in America; you will have joys in America that you can not have here," and that was the impression upon my mind by my father's starting, long years ago, it seems to me now—starting across the sea to this new land.

America is the land of the red schoolhouse; America is the land of the college and the university; America is the land of educational advantages, universal from sea to sea. You and I as Welshmen stand by the school, because you and I as Welshmen believe in education.

America is the land of opportunity. Chief Justice Fuller, when he made a speech in Chicago many years ago, before he was made Chief Justice, declared, "America is opportunity."

Behold this rail-splitter! He comes to command the nation's respect; he comes to the helm of this government; he steers it through four years of its most perilous history, and dies a martyr to the truth, that men are free and equal before God.

It was a tanner boy that came to command the most magnificent army that ever had assembled upon earth, and it was a tanner boy that led the boys in blue through the wilderness to Appomatox, and whipped that brilliant General, Robert E. Lee.

And I remember that it was a canal driver that came to occupy the chief seat in the nation, James A. Garfield.

This is the land of opportunity. Brains, intelligence, industry, pluck, persistence—these are the qualities that make men kings. Cromwell said that he would just as soon run a sword through a king as through any other kind of a man. That is the spirit that the Welshman has. He has it everywhere. Kingdoms and kings are nothing to him; men and women are everything. We believe not in a divine right of kinghead, but in a divine right of manhood.

We love this land because it is common to every man who loves

labor and honesty, and brotherhood and progress. Her statue is a statue of light, and it throws its rays across over the sea in all directions, and we are saying to all nations, "Send your best." We will make them into the best nation there is on the face of the earth. This land is a land of brotherhood and a land of promise. The two most powerful flags on the earth to-day are the American Stars and Stripes and the British Flag, and to-day they are touching each other in mutual fraternity, and God forbid that any Senate of the United States, or any body of men, should pull those two flags apart.

Oh, that we might stand forever together, Anglo-Saxon, Welshman, American, for everything that is best on earth for humanity and for freedom. And what shall we pledge ourselves to? We Welshmen that love liberty, that are independent by nature, that have an inheritance of heroism; what shall we pledge ourselves to to-night, as Americans under the Stars and Stripes, and inspired by that Red Dragon?

We will pledge ourselves to the permanent maintainance of the public schools; to the furtherance of all free institutions; to the progress of all liberty-loving peoples gathered within this land; and we will show that we ourselves are true Welshmen by being true Americans. We will show that we are true to the inspirations of our race when we uphold and defend the rights of all the people that live under the Stars and Stripes.

## SUNNY MEMORIES OF CONFERENCE CHUMS.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones.

It was in the summer of 185—. The Conference met at one of our flourishing villages in Northern New York. I always looked forward to these seasons with sweet anticipations. I was then a one-horse preacher, serving a one-horse charge. But wait a moment, dear reader. I do not use the term in its slang meaning. I simply mean that at that time I served charges that had a number of preaching appointments, and were of an importance that demanded, in addition to the regular minister sent from Conference, an "assistant" in the shape of an itinerant horse. Now you understand why I called myself a one-horse preacher, and the circuit a one horse charge. I could easily write creditable memorials of these faithful helpers, but I must pass along. If John Wesley's views in regard to certain passages in the eighth of Romans are correct, then in the resurrection of the brutes, there will be a glorious array of Methodist horses anointed with the oil of glad-

ness above their fellows, while their joyful neighing shall echo along the sides of celestial mountains.

On arriving at the seat of the Conference I was directed by the preacher in charge to the residence of Mr. W., a prominent citizen of the village, where, as he said, I would find a number of congenial spirits. It so proved. We had often met before, and soon our hearts were knit together in sweet Christian fellowship. Up stairs, aside from several lodging rooms, we had a large sitting room where we could meet at any time to enjoy each other's society. Here we would often discuss points of interest connected with the Conference; but our greatest enjoyment flowed from the relating of incidents connected with our itinerant lives. These were numerous, and all of them worthy to be preserved and remembered. Some time ago in looking over a pile of old manuscripts, I found the following, which will give the reader some idea of our mutual entertainment. They were numbered, and bore such headings as at that time impressed my mind. No. 1 is headed.

JACK AND POPPET.

"I am comparatively young among you, Americans," said Brother M., who was a genial Welshman. "In my own experience in this country there have been no incidents that would add any interest to this occasion, and so you will please excuse me."

"No excuse Brother M.," said Brother L., "Give us something from Wales of any sort that you may deem best," and in this he was joined by the others.

"Well," said Brother M., "I will give you a specimen of the manner in which the late Rev. Mr. Richards of Abergwaen used to administer reproof, when needed, at church meetings. He always used figures, and his favorite was the horse.

"At one time a certain society was much grieved with one of its official members, who insisted on having his own way in regard to every church measure, and who, if it was not granted, would show bad temper, and utterly refuse to cooperate with his brethren. He was a man of ability and means, and when all would submit to his dictation he would be liberal. But he was so selfish and obstinate that it was very hard to get along with him. Mr. Richards was aware of this, and at one of their church meetings when this obstinate man was present, among other remarks he brought in his favorite figure in this fashion:

"Yes, Jack is a good horse, but not as good as Poppet. Poppet is easily managed at any time and at any place. Jack is a strong, powerful horse; but sometimes he is obstinate and ugly, and often acts the worst when he is mostly needed. Jack can draw splendidly, you understand, but he must have his own way, or he will not draw a pound. Jack must be the leader or nothing. Put him between the thills or in the

middle, and he will not move an inch. Coaxing and threatening will be useless. But let him be the foremost horse, and he will show wonderful energy. Sometimes when he don't get his own way he will fall into a violent fit of kicking, to the great danger of all who are near him. You will understand that Jack, in many respects, is a good horse, but he has these tricks. If these were taken out of him he would be a valuable horse. He is not like Poppet. Poppet is ever willing and ready. He is not as strong as Jack, but is perfectly reliable. He will work faithfully at all times and in any sphere. You may put him in the shaft, or in the middle, or foremost, and he will pull steadily. You may put sacks of grain on his back to carry to the mill, and he will move along most willingly. Two or three of the children may get on his back at once, and with the greatest pleasure he will take them to school. Ah, everybody admires Poppet! As for Jack; although a good horse in his way, he is not to be trusted. It is not best to put a sack on his back to go to the mill, nor the children to carry to school. It would be a very dangerous experiment. Better far to depend on Poppet.'

"And in this way, without referring to names, nor directly to individuals, Mr. Richards would administer reproof that almost always produced a favorable effect. I have already found that in America as well as Wales we have some Jacks, but thank heaven, compared with our noble Poppets they are very few."

No. 2 is headed:

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

"Yes," said Brother S., with that deep solemnity which was his on peculiar occasions, "we are to 'weep with those that weep.' Every minister has mingled in scenes of bereavement, to administer comfort to the disconsolate. It was in the early part of my ministry, and at the commencement of the Conference year on my new charge. On a certain Tuesday, after a hard morning study, I thought I would devote a part of the afternoon to visiting my parishioners, and forming their acquaintance. In my congregation on the Sabbath previous, I had noticed a lady in dark habiliments, which I naturally took as an evidence of bereavement, especially as the expression of her countenance suggested deep inward sorrow. I first called at the house of Brother Stelbins, who was one of my stewards. Sister Stelbins received me cordially. She was ready and fluent in her conversation, and mingled her sentences with such a degree of wit and pleasantry as to make me feel perfectly at home. If she had a fault at all, it was an over-readiness to indulge too freely in hilarity.

" 'Sister Stelbins,' I said, 'I noticed in the congregation on the Sabbath, in the third seat from the altar in the middle pews, a lady in black. She seemed to be in deep grief.'

" 'O,' answered Sister Stelbins,

'that was Sister Thomas. She lives on this street, the third house below on this side.'

"'I should judge from her sorrowful appearance,' said I, 'that she has lately passed through scenes of bereavement.'

"I was pained at her reply, which seemed to me unsympathetic and trifling; and so with as much earnestness in my manner as would become a stranger, I kindly replied:

"'When you meet with a like bereavement, you will judge poor Sister Thomas with more tenderness.'

"Sister S. simply answered, 'Pardon me, Brother S., but I will assure you I am not a hard-hearted woman,' and the subject was dropped.

"I parted with Sister S., and slowly walked toward the mansion of Sister Thomas. She answered my call in person, remarking:

"'Brother S., I am glad to see you. I knew you would call. My mind was just resting on some consolatory passages in your Sabbath sermon.'

"'I am thankful,' said I, 'that anything in my humble discourse has served to cheer you in the day of adversity.'

"'Thank you,' she replied in a tremulous voice; 'some think I go too far; but he was the idol of my heart. If not with me in the street, he was the first to welcome me home. I miss him at morning, noon and night.'

"'And how old was this dear object of your affection?' I asked.

"'He had just completed his fifth year,' was the reply.

"'And what was the nature of his sickness?' I inquired, brushing away a tear.

"'At first it was a cold,' she said, 'but it ended in a fever. He knew me to the very last. I was not aware that he was so near going. I knelt by his little bed, but he heeded me not.' 'Fido,' said I, 'dear Fido, don't you know me? He opened his eyes, gently wagged his tail and died.

"Fortunately my hat was within easy reach, and the door was not closed. The next moment the new parson was making rapid strides toward the parsonage, and I am sure that I heard the voice of Sister Stelbins in laughter as I passed the door. From that day I have had but little taste for dogmatic theology."

Of course Brother S. presented a grave countenance throughout, and even at the close, when the rest of us roared, he looked more solemn than ever.

No. 3 is headed:

THE SOOTHING EFFECTS OF BREAD AND MILK POULTICE.

"You see," said Brother J., "in those days I was bashful and modest. Well, you may laugh as much as you please. I suppose you think that those are rather doubtful terms when applied to me, but it is true. Perhaps you did not know me then. Years have worked a great change.

I tell you again, brethren, without the least joking, that there was a time when I was both bashful and modest.

"It was at a ministerial association at O——. I was sent to 'chum it' with my dear Brother R. at a certain house near the church. We took an early supper, and having at another place eaten a late dinner, I scarcely took anything for tea. That evening I preached; there were lengthy exercises after the sermon, and the meeting closed at a late hour. In company with my good Brother R. I reached my lodging-place under the unmistakable impression that I was very hungry. I was hoping that the good lady of the house would ask me to eat something, but she didn't, and my hunger was momentarily growing more alarming. You see, at home, I had been in the habit of having milk every night. 'Bad habit?' I don't believe a word of it. I have used it—well, from a very early period, and it agrees with me splendidly. But I am digressing. At that moment things looked dark, and a night of keen hunger stared me in the face. 'Why didn't I ask?' There! now comes in the proof of my bashfulness. Ask? No, indeed, and I fully made up my mind to suffer.

"'Brother J.,' asked Brother R., 'What is the matter with you?'

"'O, nothing serious,' I replied, 'I am a little tired. The meeting you know was very lengthy,' and I looked toward my hostess, hoping that this would fetch her, but it didn't.

"By the way, on the week previous, Brother R. had met with an accident, by which his leg, below the knee, was badly bruised, and at this time he was quite lame, and complained of pain.

"'And what do you do for it, Brother R.?' asked the lady.

"'At night I poultice it thoroughly with bread and milk,' answered Brother R., 'and if it will not trouble you too much I will ask you to make me some, and I will put it on when we get up stairs.'

"'Don't talk about trouble,' said the little woman, jumping up, 'I will have it ready in a little while.'

"There boys! Aye, then did I see that my redemption was drawing nigh. I could actually feel the aspect of my countenance changing, while mentally I exultingly cried, 'I am saved! I am saved!'

"'In a case like this,' said Brother R., 'bread and milk poultice is capital.'

"'There can be nothing better,' said I in an elevated voice, if it is only applied in sufficient quantity.'

"'That's so,' said the lady, 'and I will make a good lot.'

And so she did, for I keenly watched the quantity as well as the quality. It was all right—nice white bread, pure milk, a clear, shining tin basin, and better than all 'a good lot' of it.

"'Will you need any assistance, Brother R.?' was asked.

"'Brother J. will lend a helping

hand when we get up stairs,' was the reply.

"'With the greatest pleasure,' I replied.

"After prayers we went to our chamber; Brother R. leading, bearing in his hand the sovereign remedy, while in eager expectation I followed on. When I revealed to my good friend the real situation, and the fortunate way of escape, he fell into a fit of immoderate laughter. Well, he treated me with the utmost generosity. The poultice was divided on the most equitable terms. Our slumber was tranquil and peaceful. Brother R. kept the secret, at least until we left O—."

Those dear chums I affectionately remember. A little humorous indulgence now and then when released from their ministerial duties does not in the least injure the spirituality of brethren so disposed by their natural temperament. Laughter is a gift from the Lord. Like many other blessings, it may be abused, but in thousands of instances it proves a healing balm for both body and mind.

Utica, N. Y.

## THE WELSH PEOPLE AS AMERICAN CITIZENS.

An address delivered at the St. David's Day celebration in Ironton, O.

By E. S. Wilson.

There is a striking element in the Welsh character which, to my mind, is a gladsome and hopeful sign, and that is its resistance to materialistic tendencies; not that it ignores material progress, or is indifferent to scientific achievements—very far from this; but that it exalts the spirit, and sees in ideality, sentiment, faith, inspiration, those divine attributes that materialize in lofty deeds and purposes.

From the very beginning, the Cymro dreamed and hoped, and looked beyond. It was the Welshman away over in Asia, who first saw the star of empire moving westward, and followed it. He followed it to the rim of the ocean, and there on the mountains and in the valleys of Wales, he stood his ground for centuries, and fed his spirit, and sang his song, and builded his faith, and fought his fight, crystalizing in his soul all those attributes that make life grand, dutiful, divine. More than a millennium rolled by, sweeping tongues and races into the past, but that heroic spirit of Wales, sweet and tender as it is bold and defiant, stood through the ages as constant as the stars. Here, in this stronghold of nature, battling for home and love, were generated those sentiments of the soul, that blossom in music, poetry, worship and patriotism. He did not express his spirit in great monuments of art, trade and government, but in a grander triumph of the humanities, which minister to a serene life, and a home of love and children.

It is surmised, and certainly cannot be disproved, that far back in Eden, it was the Welsh tongue that was first loosened to the accents of love, and that Adam told the first sweet story to Eve in rippling and pellucid Cambrian; and that this language alone percolated through the wild diversion of Babel, to carry to the latest generations the lovely scent of Paradise. I cannot say this is absolutely true, but I mean no flattery, when I say, there is a peculiar fitness of the historic trend to the actual situation. But there is one legend I would feign reserve from the mist of oblivion, and that is the story of Madoc, the first citizen of America, whose dream of a vast continent in the West, whither he sailed and sailed, is now unfolded in this republic of liberty, religion and sentiment, which constitute the ideality of Welsh manhood and brotherhood.

It is this kindred sentiment, sifted down through the ages, growing stronger and sweeter in the light of knowledge, always loyal to God, to truth, to country, to home, that finds its best expression in American citizenship, which it adorns and ennobles. The Welsh spirit illustrates that form of virtue upon which this republic rests. It embodies more than knowledge, more than power, more than loyalty, even. It touches the emotions, and sweeps the strings of love, religion, courage, sacrifice, and attunes itself with the duties of life. It seeks the diviner graces of truth. These are not glittering generalities. There is a positive force in ideality, in emotion, in poetic purpose; and under the menace of materialism, one of the needs of the times. And so, I exalt this occasion. I hail it as a happy influence. The Welshman came to these shores in the beginning, and brightened the wilderness with the light of his soul; he fought for the Republic at its birth; he shed his blood for its defence when assailed by slavery; he has carried into every avenue of life the rich inheritance of beautiful and heroic days; and so, American citizenship in memory and fact, receives a potency from this presence that blesses the land of his birth, that borders our matter-of-fact with the fairer hues of life, and that fills the waste places with dreams that make us hope and labor on.

# PREMATURELY OLD.

## (Yn Hen Cyn Ei Amser)—Elfed

"Thou art not yet fifty years old."—John viii. 57.

TRANSLATION BY AP DANIEL.

I.

Great King of distant years untold,
Beyond all man's account of time.
Millenniums bright didst thou behold,
And spend within the Heavenly clime,
Yet art not old!

Thou didst discern that misty light,
The first in silent space to glow,
Dart from the deep chaotic night,
And to a world didst watch it grow,
Yet art not old!

Thou stood'st above the pale-hued earth
Through countless ages past recall,
Till Clwyd's rich vale brought flowers forth,
And Man became the chief of all,
Yet art not old!

Thou on Methuselah didst gaze
When but a little babe was he,
And after one millennium's space,
Bright flowers on his grave didst see,
Yet art not old!

Thou heardest Moses on the hill
Praise God in glorious ecstacy,
And didst observe the Spirit fill
And close the Book with Malachi!
Yet art not old!

II.

O Heaven's e'er youthful Deity!
Effulgence of Eternal Day!
What waves of sorrow rolled o'er Thee?
How soon, on Earth's tempestuous way,
Didst Thou wax old!

At "thirty years" didst thou depart
From thy fond mother's hearth, to roam,
"How young," said Mary's loving heart,
"Would I could keep him here at home
Till he grows old!"

What wondrous cold! God's only Son!
'Mid chilling sin, is wan and worn,
The hue Divine seems well-nigh gone,
And 'neath the world's reproach and scorn,
He waxeth old!

With ease He made each star so bright,
With ease ordained both sun and moon,
But as He prayed alone, at night,
Upon the chilly mount! how soon
Waxed Jesus old!

"Thou hast not yet filled fifty years!"
Nay, human wrath and pain Divine,
As Autumn's cold the foliage sears,
Have caused His heavenly bloom to pine,
And made Him old!

The countless years of Heaven above
Make none grow old! Th'angelic throng
That saw God's purposes of love
Break forth, ere woe was born of wrong,
Are not yet old!

No, 'tis not Heaven but Earth that makes
The choicest gifts of God wax old,
The Son of God man's nature takes
And lo! beneath His griefs untold,
He's old, He's old!

III.

Whate'er is great is old: No time
To Love and Justice doth belong,
The great White Throne stands aye sublime,
Yea, Heaven and Mind, and Day and Song,
All these are old!

Whate'er is great is ever new,
The beauties of the Land of light,
Like flowers in May beneath the dew,
Appear each day renewed and bright,
And ne'er wax old!

O Youthful Jesus, God's own Son!
O ancient Christ, Life of the lost!
Who hast, thro' grief, perfection won,
And ransomed us at such a cost
That made Thee old!

"His locks of hair as wool were white"—
And on the Cross this hair He wore,
"His Eye, as flaming fire, was bright"—
He's old, He's young, though pain he bore,
He's young, He's old! !

New York City.

# WELSH INLAND LAKES.

By J. E. Thomas, C. E.

## II.

On the northern flanks of Snowdon are several small lakes or tarns nestling high up in the wild ravines leading from the summit, and in each of these valleys moraine mounds are numerous. Cwm Glas, lying under Crib Coch, is a notable instance, and Ramsay says that "on three sides it is bounded by tall cliffs and mountain peaks, in the midst of which lie two little deep, clear tarns, about two thousand two hundred feet above the sea, each in a perfect basin of rock, in this, on a small scale, resembling the Todtensee, and the lake behind the hotel of the Grinsel."

Colwyn Bay.

About a mile to the westward is another mountain valley, Cwm Brwynog, leading from Crib y Ddisgyl, near the summit of Snowdon, and on it a small lake, Llynddu'r Arddu, around which is "a great stony moraine mound." There is here a huge stone, estimated by Ramsay to weigh five thousand tons, and a story is told of this stone, the same as Mrs. Hemans tells of a stone on Cader Idris, that if a man sleeps on it for a night, he awakens either a poet or a madman.

The most important lake on the slopes of Snowdon is about a mile east of the summit, Llyn Llydaw, one hundred and ten acres in area, about a mile long, and one hundred and eighty feet deep, and at a height of one thousand five hundred and twenty-seven feet above the

sea; with Llyn Glaslyn, one hundred and fourteen feet deep, which drains into it, lying nearer Pen y Wyddfa, and at a height of considerably over two thousand feet. This lake is shut in by huge precipices, which at the further end of the lake come sheer down from the highest peak of Snowdon right into the water, a descent of some one thousand five hundred feet—one of the grandest cliffs in Wales.

In "Hours of Exercise on the Alps," published by Longmans, is a chapter describing the ascent of Snowdon by Professors Tyndall and Huxley, December 28th, 1860, certainly not a safe time of the year for such an enterprise except by experienced Alpine climbers, and rather risky even to such. They had, however, a good guide. The description is by Tyndall, and the route is from Pen y Gwryd, passing Llyn Llydaw and Glaslyn. The description is worth reproducing. "The scene was grand in the extreme. Before us were the buttresses of Snowdon, crowned by the conical peak; while below us were three llyns, black as ink, and contracting additional gloom from the shadow of the mountain. The lines of weathering had caused the frozen rime to deposit itself upon the rocks as on the tendrils of the vine, the crags being fantastically wreathed with runners of ice. The summit, when we looked at it, damped our ardour a little; it seemed very distant, and the day was sinking fast. From the summit, the mountain sloped downward to a col, which linked it with a bold eminence to our right. At the col we aimed, and half an hour before reaching it, we passed the steepest portion of the track. This I quitted, seeking to cut off the zig-zags, but gained nothing but trouble in the attempt. This difficulty conquered, the col was clearly within reach. On its curve we met a fine snow cornice, through which we broke at a plunge, and gained safe footing on the mountain rim. The health and gladness of that moment were a full recompense for the entire journey into Wales. We went upwards along the edge of the cone, with the noble sweep of the snow cornice on our left. The huts at the top were all cased in ice, and from their chimneys and projections the snow was drawn into a kind of plumage by the wind. The crystals had set themselves so as to present the exact appearance of feathers, and in some cases these were stuck against a common axis, so as accurately to resemble the plumes in the soldiers' caps. It was three o'clock when we gained the summit. Above and beyond us the heavens were of the densest grey; towards the western horizon this was broken by belts of fiery red, which nearer the sun brightened to orange and yellow. The mountains of Flintshire were flooded with glory, and later on, through the gaps in the ranges, the sunlight was poured in colored beams, which could be tracked through the air to the places on which their radiance fell. The scene would bear comparison with the splendor of the Alps themselves."

Another important lake in the Snowdon district is Llyn Cwellyn, on the main road from Beddgelert to Carnarvon. It is over a mile in length, a quarter of a mile wide, and about two hundred acres in area. Several small tarns on the west of Snowdon and Llyn y Gader, two miles south of Llyn Cwellyn, drain into it. Near the outlet of the lake is Castell Cidwm, the site of an ancient fortress, and the scenery around will well repay a visit. Llyn Cwellyn has its legend as well, which is very beautiful; but it is familiar in various forms to the students of myth.

"The fairies were dancing one night near Llyn Cwellyn when a young man, who had hidden himself in a thicket, rushed out and seized a beautiful fay, who, it is needless to add, was a lady. The rest instantly vanished, while he brought his prize in triumph home. After many entreaties she consented to become his wife, on condition that if he should ever strike her with cold iron, she would leave him forever. The happy swain had no difficulty in entering into an engagement so readily, as he thought, observed. They were married, and in course of time a son and daughter appeared on the scene, but, unfortunately one day, in throwing a missile at a horse it hit his fairy wife, who instantly disappeared forever. Her beautiful face was never again beheld by mortal, but one evening these plaintive lines were whispered in the breeze, heard only by the bereaved husband,—

**'Rhag bod anwyd ar fy mab**
**Yn rhodd rhowch arno gob ei dad,**
**Rhag bod anwyd ar liw'r cann**
**Rhoddwch arni bais ei mam.'"**

In one of the most charming valleys in Wales, Nant Gwynant, forming the eastern limit of Snowdon, are two lakes—Llyn Gwynant, ninety acres in area, and Llyn y Dinas, sixty acres in area. On the north-western slopes of the former are moraine mounds and striations on the rock surfaces, showing the direction of the glacier that came down from the side of Llyn Llydaw, and when it reached the valley the striations take a turn to the south-west, proving that the glacier were gradually declining. Just below Llyn y Dinas is Dinas Emrys on a wooded eminence, where legend says Vortigern retired and Merlin Ambrosius came to his aid.

Two lakes called Llyniau Nant y Llef, or more generally known as "Nantlle Lakes," are situated in one of the most romantic passes in Snowdonia. It is said that in passing up this valley by Drws y Coed we get one of the finest views of Snowdon. The upper lake is eighty acres in extent, and the lower one about one hundred acres; unfortunately one of them is being gradually filled with slate refuse. It was from this valley that Wilson the artist took his celebrated picture of Snowdon. At the head of the valley in the direction of Rhyd Ddu, is Llyn y Dywarchen, a minor wonder of Wales, because of its floating island at one time. In 1695, Gibson only saw a little green

patch near the brink "which is all the occasion of the fable of the wandering island." Halley, the astronomer, visiting the spot a year or two after the editor of Camden, controverts Gibson's statement (in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1698) thus,—"In one of these lakes I was on board a floating island as it may be called; the lake is scarcely half a mile about, environed with a boggy soil, a piece of which about six yards long and four broad floats on the water, having broad-spreading fungous roots on its sides, the lightness of which buoys it up. It was driven on the lee shore, but I launched it off and swam it to be satisfied it floated. This I take the more notice of, because it is denied to be true by the author of the additions to Camden lately published, but I myself saw it as described, and was told it had formerly been bigger, there being a lesser spot that they told us had been heretofore a part thereof, which floated likewise." Wilson took this lake and island as the subject of one of his pictures, and of it the following story is told, —"It is said that the artist was for a long time puzzled how to give a notion of the phenomenon in a painting, but at length he conquered the difficulty by depicting a man standing on the island in the act of wafting it nearer the shore with the aid of a long staff. There is still just the remains of the island to be seen, and that is all.

There are lakes such as Llyniau Mymbyr in Nant Gwryd and others that we have not specially referred to, but that they are all of them the result of glacial action in the manner referred to by the late Professor Ramsay is beyond doubt.

## CHRISTMAS EVANS AS PREACHER.

By Rev. D. T. Phillips.

### III.

Despite its anachronism, the following is a sample of Christmas Evans's witty and entertaining style. The sermon is based on the second chapter of Matthew's gospel. In reference to the Magi's inquiry concerning the young child, he says: "The Magi, according to instructions, proceed to ascertain the whereabouts of the child Jesus. I see them approach some village, and reaching the turnpike gate they ask: 'Do you know anything of the young Child?' The gatekeeper, supposing that they were asking the amount of the toll, replied: 'O! three half penny an ass to pay.' 'We do not ask you the amount of the toll, but whether you know about the young Child that was born around these parts.' 'No! I do not,' answers the toll collector, 'but there is a blacksmith's shop a little farther on; inquire there, and

you are likely to obtain the information you desire.' The wise men proceed, and reaching the blacksmith's establishment they shout, 'Hey! do you know anything about the young Child?' A harsh voice answers: 'No use, gentlemen; you can't have your asses shod just now; call in about two hours.' 'We don't ask you to shoe the asses; we have simply called to inquire if you know anything of the marvelous young Child that has recently been born.' 'No,' exclaims the son of Tubal Cain; 'go and inquire at the tavern on your way. Lots of drummers put up there; probably you may hear something there about Him.' On they trot, and coming opposite the country inn they cry out: 'Hello, there! does anyone around here know anything of the young Child that has just made His appearance?' 'Hurry up, girl, and take a pint of porter to the strangers.' 'We don't ask for your porter, but about the young Child.' 'Beg pardon, gentlemen, I thought you looked thirsty and wanted a drink. No offense, I trust," replied the landlord; 'the best thing you can do is to follow up the street till you reach a grocery store. They take in all the newspapers; there you are likely to obtain the desired information.' Bidding the Boniface 'god-bye,' onward they journey until the grocery establishment is reached: 'Do you, Mr. Groceryman, know anything concerning the wonderful Child that has lately been born?' 'Reach a half quarter of tobacco to the gentlemen.' 'We don't ask you for tobacco, but for some information concerning the young Child our eyes and heart long to see.' 'Excuse me, sirs, I regret very much that I cannot aid you; there is an old rabbi a little farther on, to the right; you will find him a genial, obliging gentleman; if anyone can assist you, it is he.' Arriving at the rabbi's residence the travelers knock at the door. A venerable man with long, white, flowing beard appears and bids them step in. 'What can I do for you, strangers?' 'We have come to inquire from you if you know anything of the young Child that has just been born?' The rabbi refers to his chronicles and papers, and then says: 'Well, gentlemen, something remarkable has just taken place, or is about to transpire; the time seems ripe for some extraordinary revelation. I advise you to ride a little distance farther, until you reach the banks of the Jordan; there you will find a great crowd gathered from all parts. Inquire for the Baptist preacher. His name is John. He is the son of an old priest by the name of Zechariah. He seems to have received some strange revelation.' Soon they found themselves near the river's bank. John was pointed out to them. He wore a raiment of camel's hair around his loins, and seemed to be at home in baptizing scores of men and women in the river. They caught his eye, and cried out to him: 'Do you know anything concerning this child Jesus?' 'Yes,' replied the Baptist herald, 'there He is. Behold the Lamb of God, which

taketh away the sin of the world. He will bruise the old dragon's head, and bring in everlasting righteousness to all who believe in His name.'"

Several humorous incidents are related concerning this marvelous preacher. He had a fine horse, named Jack. He claimed that for his itinerating purposes he needed the finest animal that could be purchased—that it was no credit to the ambassador of Jesus Christ to be straddling a skinny, played-out-looking apology. Once in his travels he was met by several Church of England students of Lampeter College, who twitted him upon his inconsistency. Having respectfully accosted the old preacher, they propounded, as they thought, a difficult conundrum: "We want to know, Mr. Evans, how you can reconcile your practice with your profession? You know that you have been a great stickler for following Jesus Christ as literally as possible, and that in everything. You know, Mr. Evans, that the Scripture declares that the disciple must not be above his Lord, nor the servant above his master. Our Lord was content to ride upon a humble ass, but you seem to think that you must have a fine horse to ride on. Do you call that consistency?" "Well, young men, I see your difficulty. You cannot understand why I, a servant, must ride on this fine animal of mine, while my blessed Master rode on an ass. I can easily explain the difficulty. You see, young men, the country where I came from, Anglesea, is very scarce of asses, and when they happen to find one they send him right off to Lampeter College to make a parson of him."

Once he met the celebrated Rev. John Herring, of Cardigan, on the brow of a mountain. It was a hot day in July. They were on their way to their respective preaching appointments. "Well! well! this is something wonderful; how strange to see Christmas in July!' "Yes, it is strange, isn't it? But I think it is a grea t deal more strange to see a live herring on dry land."

This Mr. Herring spent a few months in Bristol Baptist College, England, trying to study the classics, mathematics, and other branches of learning, but he soon became nauseated with his studies, and left the city clandestinely. His natural and spiritual endowments, however, soon secured him one of the foremost pulpits of the principality. In one of his earliest sermons after his ordination he exclaimed, "Yes, brethren and sisters, I was in Bristol College trying to study 'hic,' 'haec,' 'hoc,' and 'hujus' of all genders, but I could endure it no longer. I became disgusted with the whole business. For the life of me, I can't understand what is the use of 'hic,' 'haec,' 'hoc,' and 'hujus' of all genders in the salvation of immortal souls."

Among the wise, witty, eloquent, and successful preachers who were contemporaneous with Christmas

Evans and John Herring were four fellow-townsmen, David Cadwalader, David Rolant, John Evans, and Robert Thomas. My beloved father was intimately acquainted with them. We can only briefly refer to Robert Thomas, of Bala, North Wales. He was one of God's noblemen. He was once in the predicament which overtook Father Taylor, of Boston, when he said, "My verb has lost its nominative case, but I am bound for the land of glory." When Robert preached at a certain place he became excited and confused. When he reached his "second head" it was not there. It had not flown through the window, but had escaped his memory. "Secondly," he said, "yes, there is a secondly here. Were there not, I would dismiss you right here and now, but there is a secondly here, and you must hear it. O yes! If I had only my first head, I would let you all go home right away. I shall soon introduce you to my second point. This second head is much more important than my first head;" and having beaten around the bush for some time, he found it at last and said, "Here it is," and from that moment to the end of his sermon he held the audience spellbound.

In those days the battle of polemics raged furiously. The subject of stubborn contention was "whether the atonement was universal or limited in its extent." Robert Thomas introduced his text: "And He died for all." Everybody was on the tiptoe of excitement. Knowing that he was a Calvinistic Methodist preacher, they anticipated a happy solution of the question. He spoke in the colloquial style: "Well, Robert Thomas, what is your opinion? Is the atonement universal or limited?" "Well, I am of Paul's opinion." "But what is Paul's opinion?" "Well, Paul is exactly of my opinion." "Yes, that's all very well; but what is your opinion and Paul's opinion?" "We are both of the same opinion." This might sound trivial to some, but in Robert Thomas it sounded natural and striking, and stimulated attention to the original exegesis which followed. John Evans was once asked by his anxious wife "whether they might know each other in heaven." "Of course we will, Betsy; do you think we will be bigger fools there than here?"

Chicago, Ill.

# THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

## NOTES ON THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS FOR MAY.

By Mrs. Jessie N. Lewis.

Sunday, May 2.

Topic—Christian Enterprise. Jonah 3: 1-10.

How may a Christian be enterprising?

(1) In his business, profession, farming, whatever may be his calling in life. Christianity has no patience with laziness, but, on the contrary, energetic self-support is taught all through the Bible. We are to "go to the ant" and to "behold the fowls of the air" for examples of thrift and enterprise.

(2) In his business relations in the church. One of the greatest needs of the church to-day is consecrated business talent, in pastors and laymen. God's work is not charity. As much system and honor in debt-paying is required by the church as by any other organization.

(3) In discharging his religious obligations. Much more manly would Jonah have been had he obeyed the first word of the Lord. When he exercised a little stir and enterprise, he found his task accomplished when only a third of the ground had been covered. So when we are called to speak, to pray, to sing, for Christ, any duty in his name will be performed most easily by using a little consecrated enterprise.

Sunday, May 9.

Topic—Why I love Jesus. 1 John 4: 19; John 3: 14-17.

(A union meeting with the Juniors suggested, with Junior superintendent as leader).

We have a personal religion. Each one has been touched by an especial phase of Christ's character. One loves him because of the spotless purity of his life, making it an ideal pattern. Another thinks of the world so beautiful here as being only the type of what Christ has gone to prepare for his faithful ones beyond.

Some of us are thoughtless, careless, of ourselves and others, but Jesus deals with us so wisely and patiently. We ought to love him for it. Some one he has healed in body and mind. Another has gained the victory through Jesus over some sinful habit. It is one proof of the divinity of Christ that people of all classes find themselves drawn to him, and made satisfied.

Most of all, "we love him because he first loved us." Love is a powerful magnet. Sympathy, charity or love works miracles among men. Much more then does divine love win us to the only begotten Son of the Father.

Sunday, May 16.

Topic—Some things worth living for. 1 John 2: 12-17.

Browning says: "How good is man's life, the mere living!" Even to feel the warm life-blood coursing through our veins in the spring-time is an exhilaration. Let us not forget to thank God for life itself in such a beautiful world.

It is everyone's business to make his life worth as much as possible. The physical must be trained, and the intellect. These two are worth exercising to the full. The sympathies, the warm heart-life is another inspiration but all the more as they are cultivated for the sake of others. Ambition is a noble impulse to living when it is ambition

for the things that endure. Wisdom that begins with the fear of the Lord is a prize to be striven after. Our fellow-men were counted of enough value for Christ to die for them. Are they not worth our little lives?

Our own life may seem hum-drum, but if we are touching some other life with an ennobling influence, we have something to live for.

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Sunday, May 23.

Topic—Peace: when to seek it, and how. Gen. 13: 5-18.

Peace is harmony with God. Out of harmony with him is like a discord in some symphony of music.

Christ came not to bring peace but a sword. "Woe unto you," he says, "when all men shall speak well of you." That is, when God's approval is set aside, and you long to have all the world speak well of you, when you are patient with wrong-doing, when you make friends with wicked men, not that they may come to a better life, but that you may win their good opinion.

Yet peace means just as truly, harmony with men. Abram said to Lot, "Let there be no strife, for we are brethren." Pride and self will cause many a church quarrel. For two Christians to be at variance is as if two ships, bound for the same harbor, should run deliberately into each other. Christ left a peace to his children, "not as the world giveth," that can put us in harmony with God and man.

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Sunday, May 30.

Topic—"That ye bear much fruit." John 15: 1-14.

This is the real end for every Christian life. Beauty and symmetry are praiseworthy, but until some "fruit of the Spirit" appears, the life is incomplete. Only by perfect union with the vine can this be, otherwise the branch is cast forth and is withered. We may wish to bear fruit, we may plan that next year will we become united to the vine, but this isn't fruit.

The vine does not say, "Now I must pull up my trunk and stretch out my branches, for I am going to bear fruit." God's sunshine and rain, with nature's soil, do the work. With the energizing Holy Spirit coursing through our soul, the sun of righteousness shining upon us, we cannot help but bear fruit.

The tree does not eat its own fruit. Let us keep in mind that this fruit-bearing is for others rather than ourselves. We are enriched that we may enrich others. We cannot read each ones life entire, as the richest clusters are found sometimes hidden beneath the leaves, so our ripest fruit may be hidden for God alone.

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## TOO MANY CHURCH SOCIETIES.

The question has been under discussion for some time in the religious papers whether the increasing number of societies auxiliary to the churches was not a hindrance rather than a help to religious progress. It has been alleged that strength is frittered away, and that time which might be occupied in prayer, meditation, and Christian work is wasted in attending to the details of these numerous societies. The Congregationalist has an article on this general subject, the specific question which it discusses being, "Has the church retired and handed its work over to the societies?" A movement is suggested for the purpose of "bringing the church together and directing its united energies to practical ends."

The Presbyterian Banner speaking on the above subject says: "Certainly societies have multiplied to such an extent that the church is in danger of being lost sight of altogether. Not long since when at a dinner table where several ladies occupied the time with discussing what the different societies were doing, a gentleman largely engaged in business, at a little lull in the conversation, asked, 'What has become of the church? When I was a boy, it was the church that did all these things.'"

# FIELD OF LETTERS

## NEW BOOKS.

THE WELSH LAND COMMISSION: A Digest of its Report. By D. Llenfer Thomas. London: Whitaker & Co. Cardiff: Western Mail, 1896.

The value of this copious Digest of 466 pages is much enhanced by a fairly good index. The original Report of the Welsh Land Commission is a bulky work of "nearly one thousand pages folio; weighing about two pounds." The object in view in making this Digest was to bring the essential portions of the bulkier report within reach of those who are limited as to time as well as money. Mr. Thomas appears to have done his work well; making a readable book out of very dry materials. To those who wish to know the conditions of Welsh agriculture and agriculturists, this work will well repay a careful persual. To those Cambro-Americans who left Wales while young, or those American born whose parents were natives of Wales, as well as Americans, the revelations of this volume as to the relations of the government to the people are simply astounding. American orators declaim against paternal government, but we are mere tyros in socialism as compared to the British. The conditions in Wales, however, are entirely different from what they are here, and we are not competent judges of this paternalism unless we have comprehended the conditions of society over there, and the relations of the tenant farmer to the land owner; relations that have grown through centuries of subjection and submission on one hand, and a feeling of inherent superiority on the other, a feeling that frequently engendered arrogance and domineering oppression.

Independent of any interest one may feel in the Welsh land question, this volume contains a vast amount of general historical information, much of it apparently irrelevant, but really valuable and necessary in forming an intelligent opinion of the portions bearing directly upon the main question.

The first chapter is devoted to the commission, giving a brief biographical sketch of each member. The second chapter treats of the geography and natural history of Wales, together with a historical sketch of the Welsh people, their language and institutions. The other chapters deal with the relations of landlords and tenants, rents, and the scheme of the ecclesiastical commissioners to loan money to tenants who wished to purchase their holdings, which scheme, we are told, "has worked satisfactorily." Much valuable information is given in relation to Welsh customs as to land tenure. The conclusions of the Commission are given in detail, including both majority and minority reports.

It is probable, as the Aberystwyth "Cambrian News" contends, that nothing will come of this report; but it has at least made accessible much interesting information. It may not be a function of government to do this; but the government appears to do many things in Great Britain, not dreamt of in American philosophy.

The Digest is well-written, concise in language, intelligible in statement, and full where fullness is called for by the importance of the subject matter in its bearing upon the main question.

CANIADAU CYMRU. Wedi eu Dethol a'u Golygu gan W. Lewis Jones. Bangor: Jarvis & Foster. 1897. Pris 3s. 6d.

The most expensive edition of this collection of the Songs of Wales, has been all sold. The copy before us is good enough to be in any library. It is printed in the best style of the art, with clear type on good paper. The taste shown in the production of books in Wales, leads us to hope that the improvement will sometime reach the newspaper offices. The merit of the volume, however, is not found in its appearance. Prof. W. Lewis Jones has brought together a collection of the best lyrics to be found in the Welsh language, beginning with Hugh Morus and ending with Ceiriog. The comments of Mr. Jones on Welsh poetry, in the introduction, have the merit of suggestiveness rather than criticism. The first need of Welsh literature, today, is candid, intelligent criticism of its poetry, which differs from that of any other nation, and which, unfortunately, has got into a rut. We are inclined to think that much of the charm of Islwyn's poetry is found in its novelty rather than its intrinsic merit. The claim that he is the greatest of Welsh poets may be well-founded, but it is too soon to settle that question. Whoever may be the greatest Welsh poet, whoever reads "Caniadau Cymru" will read what is well worth the reading.

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THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE HISTORY. Prepared in the Light of Recent Investigations, by some of the Foremost Thinkers in Europe and America. Beautifully Illustrated. Edited by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, LL. D., with an Introduction by Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M. P. Published by the Henry O. Shepard Company, Chicago.

This superbly printed royal octavo volume of over 900 pages, is profusely illustrated, and has numerous maps to aid the reader in understanding the text. The contributors include some of the most eminent men in the various denominations in the Christian church. Mr. Gladstone furnishes a General Introduction, setting forth the value of scriptural studies to the laity; Rev. A. H. Sayce, the great Assyriologist, writes on the Literature of the Old Testament; Rev. Samuel Ives Curtiss, D. D., treats of the Manuscript of the Old Testament; Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., writes on "From the Creation to the Dawn of Human History;" Rev. Elmer H. Capen, D. D., of Tufts College; Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulers, D. D., of Armour Institute, Chicago; Rev. George F. Pentecost, D. D., London; Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D., New York City; Rev. Martyn Summerbell, D. D., Lewiston, Me.; Rev. Frank M. Bristol, D. D., Evanston, Ill.; and others equally well known, write on different epochs in Bible History. As usual in books of this character, a resume is given of the history of the Jews from the close of the Old Testament narrative to the opening of the New. In addition to this, the history of the church is given for the first two centuries of the Christian era. The book is an invaluable aid to the Bible student, as it throws on the simple story of the Scriptures the light of the discoveries of antiquarians and explorers, as well as the ripest Christian scholarship. The style is eminently plain with no trace of pedantry or parade of learning. It is emphatically a people's Bible history in character. We trust the sumptuous style in which the volume is brought out does not put it out of the reach of the "people" it is intended to serve.

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## MINOR MENTION.

Rev. Joseph Roberts, D. D., New York, has in press a volume of sermons on Science and Religion, dealing mostly with the Creation.

Rev. T. Cynfelyn Benjamin, formerly of Pittsburg, has issued a small volume of short poems since his return to Wales.

The Welsh Baptists have in preparation a new hymnal on the lines of the Congregational hymnal, containing hymns with tunes, chants, and anthems.

A Welsh "Cofiant" of Kilsby is about to be issued from the Wrexham press. The work is from the pen of the Rev. Vyrnwy Morgan, the author of the English version, of which an edition of nearly 2,000 copies has almost been exhausted. The Welsh edition is a more pretentious work, containing many pages of new matter, and a large number of Kilsby's private letters.

"Y Cronicl Cenhadol" is a Welsh missionary magazine just started in Wales. The editorship is in the hands of Rev. W. Davies, Llandilo, and its pages are replete with bright and interesting articles.

"Rhodd Mam."—It was first published in the year 1811. The author was the Rev. John Parry, of Chester. It went through 24 editions during the author's life. The little catechism was translated into English in 1813, and went through 13 editions in that language. It has been translated into the Cassian language, and published in Calcutta.

Remo.—The first hymn in the Calvinistic Methodists' new Hymnal is a translation of Bishop Heber's well known Morning Hymn. The Cardiff "Times" says: "Dyfed must feel uneasy to find his initials under it, though he may have had some hand in correcting the translation.

Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans is preparing for publication a complete edition, with a full glossary and notes, of all the earliest known manuscripts of the Mabinogion and Arthurian Romances.

Notwithstanding the watchful supervision exercised in the production of the new hymn book of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, several errors and misprints have crept into the letterpress. One of the most glaring of these is to be found in Hymn 864, where "Caersalem, dinas hedd" (Jerusalem, the City of Peace), is rendered as "Caersalem, dinas bedd" (The Cit the Grave.

A contemporary says: "It is doul whether, thirty years ago, a si member of both houses of Parlian knew a word of Welsh." A mei of both houses of Parliament woul a curiosity, whether he knew Wels not.

Mr. Gladstone's use of the word " sened" in his letter on the Cretan q tion, has led some people to exa their dictionaries, a very good thin do.

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"DAVID MORGAN, or the Influenc Fireside Instruction," is the title novel written in the Welsh langu just issued from the press of Griffiths, Utica, N. Y.

The author, R. R. Williams, L'Anse, Mich., has been long and fa ably known to the readers of W publications as an interesting and structive writer; and we do not tate to assert that he will not by means injure his literary reputatio the issuing of this volume. The ject was given for competition by Granville, N. Y., Eisteddfod, and o five competitors Mr. Williams took prize. The adjudicator, Judge H Edwards, Scranton, Pa., spoke of high terms, and has since written he approved of its publication, and that as a recital of events, the sto natural, interesting and instructive that he derived much pleasure in ing and adjudicating it. While is nothing exciting or sensational in story, it by no means lacks inte and the author never loses sight o subject. It can safely be pronou as wholesome reading, and it can l ly fail of being beneficial in its i ence. The print is clear, the p good, its appearance attractive, a reflects credit upon the press tha sued it. The price of the book, b in cloth, is 75c.; in paper, 50c.

# PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

## JANE, MARY AND MARGARET JONES.

The following interesting story appeared in the New York "World" of a recent date:

"More than half a century ago, three sisters were born in a little town in Wales—Jane, Mary and Margaret Jones. A brother was also born—Louis—but he does not figure in this story.

They were pious people, the Joneses. With them religion was no idle thing. It was to them the reality of life—that which men call life being to them but its shadow, a fleeting dream, the preface of the story.

Forty years ago Jane and Margaret came to this country in the crowded steerage of a clipper ship. Jane, the oldest of the family, was then about nineteen. The voyage was long and tempestuous. It was a terrible experience through which the sisters passed, with small-pox raging in one part of the vessel, and many of the passengers dying.

"Sister," said Jane one night, "I have been long communing with God, and have made up my mind to give to Him all that I can make in the New World. It will be very little, I know, but I shall save what I can, and give it to our church."

Margaret, who was of an easy, yielding nature, said that she would do the same.

When the girls reached New York they found employment as housemaids. Jane was not long in showing her employers that she was a jewel among domestic servants. She rose from grade to grade until she became housekeeper, and served in that capacity in some of the richest families in the city. She was a Methodist in religion, and joined the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. She gave freely to the church always, but aside from that she saved her money like a miser. Margaret did the same, and Mary, when she followed her sisters to this country, also put aside a comfortable nest egg.

The sisters died, and each time that a will was opened it was found they had left their money to Jane to be used as she saw fit, for the glory of God and the church with which they were connected.

The snows gathered about the brow of honest Jane Jones, but there came no trace of frost about her kind old heart. She never wavered in her purpose. Her will was made. It left all to the Park Avenue Church.

One day, reading of some disputed will in the newspapers, it occurred to her that if she waited until she was dead there might be some expensive dispute about her gift.

She sent for her pastor, Rev. Dr. Albert D. Vail.

"I want to give all I possess to the church," she said simply. It took his breath away.

"I am getting old," she continued, "I want to be relieved of the care of it."

"But, my dear Miss Jones," he said, "how will you be taken care of?"

"Oh, the Lord will take care of me," she said. "A crust of bread is all I need. He feeds the ravens and the sparrows."

Dr. Vail would not listen to her giving up her property exclusively. So lawyers were called in, and a deed of gift prepared, but it was arranged that the interest on her property should go to Miss Jones as long as she lives.

She owns a house at No. 348 East Fifty-seventh street worth $17,000, and a mortgage for $10,000 on another piece of property. G. B. Disbrow, a prominent real estate man, will manage the estate for the joint behalf of Miss Jones and the church."

In order to verify this remarkable transaction, we addressed a letter of inquiry to Rev. Albert D. Vail, D. D. In his reply, Dr. Vail says: "The account given in the New York 'World' of Saturday last, is correct. The reporter got his facts from Miss Jones herself, and so I suppose, the items are all right. The property has been passed over to the Church. She has money enough left in the Savings Bank for some time for her own uses. It is a noble gift of a plain, simple woman, who has cherished the plan for years."

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We invite the attention of our readers to a very interesting article, appearing elsewhere in this number, on the Saint David's Society of New York, written, by request, by Mr. William Miles, one of its founders, and who has been seven times its president. For over 60 years Mr. Miles has been conspicuously connected with most of the national benevolent, literary and social movements of the Welsh people of New York, and is, therefore, eminently qualified not only to write the history of the Society, but also to discuss other matters concerning our nationality. During all these years he has labored incessantly, and contributed liberally and unostentatiously out of his means to the various projects for giving his countrymen greater prominence among their fellow citizens. Mr. Miles is well known in New York as a very successful merchant. He was at one time president of the Mechanics' Institute, and was the organizer and the strongest supporter, financially, of the evening classes, which became such an attractive and valuable feature of that institution, such as Architectural Drawing, Machine Drawing, Ornamental and Figure Drawing, and Ornamental and Figure Modeling, Mathematics, &c. A great number of mechanics availed themselves of the opportunity to obtain instruction in these useful branches of knowledge, which was of incalculable benefit to them through life, and they look back with gratitude to the institution as the chief instrument in starting them on a successful career. These enterprises required time, labor, patience, to make them succeed. Mr. Miles also organized classes similar to the above in the Mechanics and Traders' Society, which are in a flourishing condition to-day. It is scarcely necessary to state that all this work has been a "labor of love" with him. Though Mr. Miles is now in his eighty-fifth year, he is still hale and hearty, with mental faculties unimpaired, and, to all appearances with years more of useful life before him.

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The late "Mathews, Ewenni" had a deep-rooted objection to all manner of fuss. On one occasion, on a week night, he was preaching in a small town in Breconshire, and the good wife at the Ty Capel had made great preparations for a substantial and elaborate supper for the preacher after his labors in the pulpit. Such was her anxiety that everything should go off right, that she sacrificed her desire to hear the sermon to the preparation of the meal. Judge then of her consternation when the guest, being invited to take his seat at the table, calmly answered: "W i byth yn byta swpar 'lwch chi, a fe gymra i damad o fara a chaws os gwelwch yn dda." ("I never take supper, look you, but will taste a bit of bread and cheese, if you please."

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The numerous friends and admirers of Mr. Owen M. Edwards, M. A., will regret to learn of the death of his eldest son, Ab Owain, which took place recently, from malignant fever, at Llanuwchllyn, Bala.

Owen M. Edwards, M. A., editor of "Wales" and other periodicals, says the "Weekly Mail," has had a remarkable career. The son of a Merionethshire peasant, he knew no English before he was thirteen years of age. His extraordinary powers only revealed themselves when he was a student at the Aberystwyth University College, where he took a brilliant degree at the London University, and carried off the chief honors in English literature. After spending a short time at Glasgow, Mr. Edwards proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford. While an undergraduate his career was a succession of triumphs. In 1884 he gained the Brackenbury History Scholarship; in 1886 he carried off the Stanhope Prize for an English essay; in 1887 he took the Lothian Prize and a first class in the History School; the following year he took the Arnold Prize for an essay on "The History of the Protestant Reformation in France," thus performing the unprecedented feat of winning the three great history "blue ribbons" of Oxford. In 1888 he was elected Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College—a position which he has filled with conspicuous success. It is not, however, as a brilliant student of history that he is known and loved in Wales, but as the leader of the literary revival which has been so marked a feature of Welsh life during the last ten years. Mr. Edwards is the proprietor and editor of five magazines—four of which are published in the Welsh language. He has been busy bringing out edition after edition of Welsh classics when he has not been publishing delightful descriptions in idiomatic Welsh of his own travels in Brittany or Italy or Switzerland, and a few weeks ago saw the publication of his fine edition of the works of "Islwyn," whom Mr. Edwards considers to be the greatest Welsh poet of the century.

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At New Brunswick, N. J., William Henry Walker, once an enthusiastic member of the local American Volunteers, attended a meeting of the organization. When Miss Elizabeth Evans, a rather fragile-looking young officer, arose to speak, Walker addressed her in such a loud tone that the attention of the audience was distracted.

Miss Evans asked him to be quiet, but he paid no attention to her. Her cheeks grew red with indignation after a few minutes, and she warned Walker that if he did not keep still she would expel him.

"Oh, you would not bother me Liz," replied Walker familiarly. "We are old friends."

Miss Evans resented this scornfully, and bounding down the steps of the platform rushed to Walker's seat. She grabbed his collar with both hands, and jerked him out of his place. He was too much surprised to give much resistance. She dragged him to a door at the rear of the hall opening on the street, it is said, and then, while another member of the corps held open the door, she threw Walker down the six stone steps into the street.

Miss Evans then fainted, and the meeting was stopped until she recovered.

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Rev. John Owen has been made Bishop of St. David's; Llawdden has been made Dean of St. David's. Welshmen naturally say that the appointments should have been reversed. On the contrary the appointments are eminently proper. John Owen is an aggressive Churchman; Llawdden is in his sympathies a Nonconformist. Were more of the Welsh Established Church clergymen like the new Bishop of St. David's, more of them would be promoted.

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Our correspondent E. J. D. is informed that Father Ignatius is at present at Llantheny Abbey, Abergavenny, South Wales, as a note just received from him informs us. A portrait of Father Ignatius, with a sketch of his life, appeared in the "Cambrian" for May, 1891.

Pritchard Morgan, M. P., is in China trying to secure concessions to develop the mines of that country.

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Mr. Scott Gatty, who discovered in the Heralds' College the other day some valuable Welsh manuscripts containing heraldic and genealogical information of high value, is credited with the opinion that heraldry originated among the Welsh people.

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Miss Beatrice Johnstone, R. A. M., a former member of the Welsh Ladies' Choir, intends shortly to proceed to Milan to further pursue her musical studies.

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There is little hope that the authorities will agree to the desire expressed that Bishop Owen's consecration should take place in Wales, and that the Welsh language should be used at the service.

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Mr. R. A. Lewis, who has been appointed treasurer of the Welsh Central Board of Intermediate Education, as the largest authority of its kind in Wales, will have to distribute a very large proportion of the funds which the Central Board will have at its command.

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Rev. Llewelyn Bevan, Melbourne, formerly of New York, is spoken of as the probable successor of Rev. Herber Evans in the principalship of Bala-Bangor College.

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On April 8, 1861, President Lincoln signed the first commission for a post office employee of his term. The man who had the honor of being the first appointee of the martyred President was Owen Evans of Pittsburg. Mr. Evans is still employed in the Pittsburg Post Office.

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An appeal is again being made on behalf of Llew Llwyfo, as the maintenance is about exhausted.

## EMINENT WELSH POETS.

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Lewys Morys, author of "Celtic Britain," &c., was a good friend at one time of both Ieuan Brydydd Hir and Goronwy Owain, and was proud of making observations and corrections on their poems. To Ieuan Brydydd Hir he wrote:—"I do not know a man in our country who can write a poem which shall want as few corrections." Of Goronwy Owain's poem, "Cywydd y Farn," he writes, "It is the best thing I ever read in Welsh." In a letter he addressed to the Brydydd Hir he says, "I have shared the dominion of Poetry in Wales between you and Goronwy. He shall have the North, and you South Wales. But he has more subjects, a hundred to one, than you have, unless Glamorgan affords some." These promising young gentlemen and distinguished scholars failed entirely to find employment by which they could exist in their own country, while men of much inferior talents, and ignorant of the language of the people they were supposed to serve, were well provided. The one left the country and died in the backwoods of America; the other it was reported, died of starvation while crossing a Welsh mountain. Still they are with us in their works, and, as long as the language exists, will not be forgotten.

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Sir Josiah Mason was born in Kidderminster, England, February 23, 1795, and died June 21, 1881. Mr. Mason never forgot his laborers, when he established copper-smelting works in Wales; he built neat cottages for his workmen, and schools for three hundred and fifty children. The Welsh people refused to allow their children to attend school where they would be taught English. Mr. Mason struck a novel idea, and overcame this by distributing hats, bonnets and other things to the pupils, and once in school they needed no urging to remain there.

(Copied from his memoir).

At a Welsh parish meeting, recently, one of the candidates for a position was a bachelor, but on his examination paper he was described as a "spinster."

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The total amount of the prizes offered at the Newport National Eisteddfod is £1716. In the department of poetry the prizes amount to £195, in the prose to £226, in the musical £895, and in the art £400. Out of these amounts £50 is given by the National Eisteddfod Association in the department of poetry, £30 in the musical compositions section, and £20 in the department of domestic arts.

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During last year the Argentine Government established 10 "National Elementary Schools" in the Welsh Colony of Chubat. The teachers are all Welsh people, and their salary ranges from 100 to 130 dollars per month.

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It is said that certain quiet investigations into the validity of Lord Penrhyn's title, are being made by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. The attention of Parliament will probably be directed to the matter.

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Early in the present century several old Welsh Bibles could be seen in most of the Parish Churches in Herefordshire.

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The Carnarvon "Herald" says editorially, that, "The long expected new start in connection with railway making in North Wales seems about to be made. Anglesea is to be covered with a network of electric railways. In Carnarvonshire, there is renewed activity with a view of bringing the Snowdon Valley line to Carnarvon, and extending it from Rhyd-ddu through Beddgelert to Portmadoc. When that has been accomplished there are plenty of other districts which need attention. The various schemes to approach Llandudno will apparently be pushed forward with vigor. The Great Western Company is about to spend large sums on improvements in the Valley of Dee; and in Montgomeryshire, the public bodies show much enterprise and determination. Aberystwyth will push a tentacle towards the Devil's Bridge and Plinlimon. Altogether, we seem to be waking up. It is a great pity, however, that most of the schemes are petty parochial affairs destined to be swamped sooner or later by the existing railway companies. If Wales had far-seeing statesmen instead of dull and imaginative rent-receivers, we should have a network of narrow-gauge electric railways worked by water power connected with, but at the same time independent of the great lines."

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The dispute between Lord Penrhyn and his workmen has entered upon a new phase. A conference was finally held between a deputation from the workmen, and Lord Penrhyn and his agents. While the conference failed to bring the parties to an agreement, it cleared matters up greatly, and both parties now know what they disagree about. We quote from the Aberystwyth "Cambrian News:"

"Mr. W. H. Williams was the men's spokesman, and right well he dis-

charged his very difficult duty. He went straight to the point. He kept his temper most admirably. He resisted every temptation to discuss side issues. He was dignified and courteous, and showed a thorough mastery of the men's side of the subject. Lord Penrhyn was patient, and manifested his thorough acquaintance with the working of the quarries. He met each point and discussed it without bitterness, and it would be impossible, if the names were not attached, to discover which was the quarryman, and which was the peer. The result was deeply disappointing, but both the men and Lord Penrhyn are standing out for a real principle which is not less real or less important because, as Mr. W. H. Williams epigrammatically put it at the mass meeting of the men on Saturday, the difference can be expressed as between "permitting" and "recognizing" a committee. W. H. Williams asked on behalf of the men that Lord Penrhyn should recognize a Committee in the quarries to which complaints should be submitted, and that the Committee should be permitted to consider whether a single workman receives injustice, and if the Committee arrive at the decision that such workman is receiving injustice, that the Committee, as such, should have a right to send a deputation to the Manager with reference to that man's case, so that the deputation would emanate from the Committee. In answer to this Lord Penrhyn said that he could not recognize a Committee with powers of that kind."

So the matter now stands. The men want a committee to which the individual workman may bring his complaint, and if this committee finds the complaint well founded, the case should be presented to the authorities of the quarry through such committee on behalf of the workman. Lord Penrhyn is willing to permit such a committee, but will not recognize it as representing the workmen. The momentous conference ended in the deputation regretting in well-chosen words that the interview had not ended more satisfactorily:

Lord Penrhyn: I am much obliged to you for what you have said, and I can only say further I am very sorry that you did not come here long ago to have a talk.

Mr W. H. Williams: I hope, my lord, that, if we further discuss this question, we may come to see it in the same light. I think there is more really in the way the thing is looked at than there is in the practical application of it; but still I cannot conceal that there is a good deal of difference of opinion on this point between us.

Lord Penrhyn: There is a difference of opinion; I admit that; but you cannot expect everybody to be of the same way of thinking. My object is to try and reconcile things as much as I can.

Mr. W. H. Williams: We earnestly hope that you and they will finally come to see this in the same light.

Lord Penrhyn: I do not see why you should expect me to see it in the same light as you, more than I should expect you to see it in the same light as myself.

Mr. W. H. Williams: It takes a long time, my lord, for 3,000 men to come to the same opinion upon anything. It is not impossible that we may change our opinions, but those are our views to-day.

The issue is quite simple, namely, whether there shall be in the Penrhyn Quarries the Management and the workmen, and between the two a recognized Committee which is to decide what is a workman's grievance that is worthy to be taken up by all the men. The men are ably represented. Lord Penrhyn fully understands the situation, and has evidently carefully calculated the cost of his action. Up to the present time not a word has been said by Lord Penrhyn or by his late workmen to embitter their future relations. The men need money, and we hope they will receive generous support, as it is desirable that the will of the men should consent to any new arrangement rather than that their bodies should be coerced.

If anything is done for the men in America, it should take the form of hard money, not empty resolutions.

# SCIENTIFIC

In a lecture recently delivered in Boston, Prof. Dolbear, combated the opinion that ether is a very attenuated formal matter. He based his position on a comparison of the qualities of matter with those of ether; in seventeen particulars this comparison was made, his purpose being to show that matter has definite structure, the parts of which are different, that there is a certain calculable quantity of it in the universe, that it is heterogeneous, that one particle attracts another, that it is subject to friction, has inertia, is chemically selective, heatable, elastic, and a transformer of energy; in all of these particulars it differs from the ether, which is structureless, unlimited in quantity, and homogenous, all parts being like all other parts—nor is it attractive, or else it would have gathered in denser masses near the sun and other large bodies, nor has it any inertia or chemical relations; does not absorb heat, and is not a transformer of energy. Finally, Prof. Dolbear points out, ether receives wave vibrations, and delivers them without loss at their destination, and, again, matter appeals to the senses, which ether does not.—New York Sun.

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The magnitude of the great feat of modern engineering which is contemplated in the proposed Chicago sewage canal may be more fully appreciated by a glance at the latest published estimates of the work required. The canal is to be twenty-eight miles long, and so designed as to allow the waters of Lake Michigan to flow through it at the rate of 10,000 cubic feet a second. This velocity of current is expected to dilute the sewage so thoroughly as to purify the canal stream before it shall reach the cities on the banks of the Illinois river. The width of the alluvial bottom of the canal will be 202 feet, and much of the excavation must be through solid rock. Of this there is estimated to be 12,000,000 cubic yards; of wet soil, 4,500,000 cubic yards, and of alluvial and hard soil, 23,000,000 cubic yards—a grand total of 40,000,000 cubic yards for removal.—Baltimore Journal of Commerce.

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It requires 1400 thicknesses of gold leaf to equal a sheet of thin paper, and 280,000 to form an inch. It is said that one establishment in Cincinnati each year beats out 21,000 gold dollars into gold leaf.

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## ORIGIN OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

The long-debated question of the origin of the North American Indian is in a fair way to be answered at last, for it is to be taken up intelligently and with funds enough assured to carry the investigation through. The plan involves the acquisition of relics of pre-historic America and Northeastern Asia, and the study of present conditions of the aboriginal tribes still remaining. This work has long appealed to students and collectors, and its realization now is due, it appears, to the fact that the Siberian railroad will obliterate much valuable evidence in Northeastern Asia.

The funds for the enterprise have been generously provided by President Morris K. Jesup, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, who is not only a trained scientist, but a man of wealth. Professor F. W. Putnam, of Harvard College, who is also curator of the Peabody Museum and curator of the anthropological department of the American Museum of Natural History at New York, is to direct

the work, and men of scientific training will personally conduct the investigations, headed by Dr. Franz Boas, of the American Museum, who will leave New York for the Coast about May 1. It is needless to say that this is a very important work. We have been disposed to jump at the conclusion that the Asiatics came here either by easy stages across through the South Pacific islands or else along the shores of the North Pacific, but this is yet to be established. Before the theory of Asiatic migration hither can safely be promulgated, myths, folk-lore, popular poetry, and tradition, language, habits, customs, skulls, hands, eyes, complexion, hair, and all physical characteristics must be minutely studied. This work is to be so thoroughly done—six years being the minimum allowance—that it will probably settle the question of the Asiatic origin of the North American Indian. The subject has many interesting bearings. It is customary now for historical writers to locate in every country its autochthonous people—sprung from the soil—whether in the Philippines or in Britain, and the settlement of this North American problem will help toward a conclusion as to how many sporadic rises of the human race there were. Another study aided will be that of the effect of this climate upon man, recently exemplified by Professor Starr's experiments going to show that we are gradually but surely approaching the Indian type. If it is found that the primitive peoples of the north of Asia and America were at one time identical, their later differences will show the effect of climate—an effect which can not fail to be perpetual in its influence, mitigated to some extent, of course, by transoceanic contact. —Portland Oregonian.

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Since the discovery of the X rays, it has been proposed to utilize them in some way or other in nearly every existing art and science, often in ways that are palpably absurd. A more sensible suggestion than some of these was made recently in a paper read by Caryl D. Haskins before the Northwestern Electrical Association at Milwaukee. Mr. Haskins proposes to use the rays in the rough analysis of samples of coal. Says he in the paper to which we have referred:

"It is my belief that quite successful rough analyses of coals can be accomplished by means of the fluoroscope. The density of the shadow of a coal sample viewed through a fluoroscope is dependent upon the percentage of ash, and by matching the shadow of the sample under investigation with that of a sample of coal of similar size and thickness, and with a known percentage of ash, speedy and probably quite accurate results may be obtained."

Commenting on this suggestion "Electricity" says on its editorial page (February 17):

"To those unfamiliar with the chemistry of steel this proposition may seem visionary and impracticable, but to the steel metallurgist it will appear merely as an extension of methods long employed by him."

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"Modern Medicine" is waging an unrelenting warfare on the oyster. It says: "A creature whose diet consists of the offal of the ocean, and which dines upon material so filthy and noxious in character that it requires the unceasing activity of a liver costituting nearly one-half the bulk of its body to protect it from impending death, can under no circumstances be fit for use as a human aliment. * * * There is but one means which can be safely relied upon for protection against infection from this source, viz., to discard the oyster from our bill of fare. It may be a wholesome and proper food for cormorants, fish-hawks, and turkey buzzards, but science as well as nature and analogy is now teaching us that the human stomach was never intended to be a sepulcher for scavengers."

# CURRENT EVENTS.

The principal topic of interest among all civilized nations at the present time is the Turco-Grecian war, which is now raging. It has been commenced with great activity, and already there has been much hard fighting, both parties claiming to have gained advantages, but as yet nothing decisive has transpired. It is thought that, unless other nations are drawn into the fray, that the war will be of short duration. Owing to the great disparity between the strength of the contending parties it is generally believed that the Grecians will be the sufferers—although sympathy in this country is altogether with the Greeks.

The New York Sun says: "It is not surprising, on the whole, that the Turkish government has taken the step it has. By proclaiming war it has brought matters to an issue and forces the hands of the Greek government. It also puts the powers under the obligation of declaring themselves and coming to a decision as to their attitude toward the belligerents. The situation has now been regularized and divested of its ambiguity."

Secretary Sherman has reiterated the statements he made to the Associated Press representative that, while the government regretted the existence of war, Turkey and Greece were so far from us that it was a matter which concerned the United States but little. Strict neutrality he declared must be preserved. The Secretary has no fear but that the citizens of the United States would be amply protected. Very few of them were in the countries at war, and most of them are in the cities of Constantinople and Athens.

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While it is not worth while to borrow trouble, the course of the Japanese government in sending two warships to Honolulu furnishes occasion for serious concern. The Hawaiian government persisted in its determination to turn back the flood of Japanese immigration which has been for months setting toward the islands. It directed the return of a shipload of these immigrants, who have already reached Kobe. This action of the executive was sustained by the Hawaiian court. The answer of Japan is the issue of orders stopping the immigration movement and dispatching two warships to the islands. Simultaneously the Japanese press, acting presumably on official inspiration, or at least with official sanction, breaks out in articles urging the government to take a firm attitude not only toward Hawaii, but toward the United States. Meanwhile, the Philadelphia has sailed from San Diego to Honolulu, and it may safely be guessed that there will be no haste about recalling the Marion, which is now there. It looks as if matters were hastening to a crisis in Hawaii. The old treaty between Hawaii and Japan, under which an unrestricted immigration of Japanese was permitted, remains in existence, and can not be abrogated without the consent of both parties. The course of the Hawaiian government, in interfering to check the influx of immigrants, however necessary it may have been to the preservation of the islands from

Japanese control, might not unjustly be regarded by Japan as a violation of treaty rights. The fact that the immigration movement is not a private affair, but has the encouragement of the Japanese government, and is virtually a colonization movement, will naturally make Japan more strenuous in the matter. If only Hawaii and Japan were concerned, the Hawaiian government might be forced to reconsider its action and submit to being overwhelmed with Japanese immigrants. But there is another factor in the case of which it might be well that the Japanese government should be reminded. The Congress of the United States, by joint resolution, approved by the President, has formally declared that this country will not permit foreign interference in the affairs of Hawaii. We may or may not annex the islands, but we have served notice upon other nations to keep their hands off of them. This notification applies to Japan, and ambitious as that country has come to be in its recent and sudden expansion, it may well pause before it proceeds too far. The dispatch of the Philadelphia to Honolulu is a wise precaution. Her arrival will encourage the Hawaiian government to stand its ground and will be a notification to the Japanese that in certain contingencies the little republic of the Pacinc will not stand alone.

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The recent union evangelistic meetings in South Boston, in which three Episcopal rectors participated, may bring forth unexpected fruit. The fact that Methodist ministers, in the course of these services, were permitted to speak from Episcopal pulpits and to wear surplices is resented by members of the Church Union, a ritualistic organization. While no official action has yet been taken, the interviews with various persons concerned make clear the line of cleavage between the High Church and the Broad Church party.

Ex-Senator Daniel Wolsey Voorhees, of Indiana, died in Washington city on April 10. The Washington Post says: "He was thirty-four years of age when he entered the House of Representatives, and in his seventieth year, when his busy and eventful life closed in this city. For more than an average generation he was a conspicuous figure in national politics. Nature endowed him with a splendid figure, a commanding presence, a voice of wonderful power and flexibility, and with those intellectual qualities that, under proper cultivation, make an orator. As a political campaigner, taking the stump to carry his district or his State, Mr. Voorhees had no equal in Indiana, and few in the United States. The great secret of Mr. Voorhees' wonderful success in retaining the confidence and support of the people was his absolute fidelity to his friends. They knew that he could always be trusted."

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President James B. Angell, of Michigan University, has been appointed minister to Turkey by President McKinley. Need of a vigorous hand at Constantinople has doubtless been persuasive with the President, and also of great influence in deciding President Angell to absent himself from the university. President Angell has been identified with our diplomatic service as a special commissioner in some delicate negotiations with China. His knowledge of diplomacy admirably fits him for the labor of representing American interests at the court of the Sultan.

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On April 12 President McKinley announced the appointment of ex-Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, Senator Wolcott, and Mr. Charles J. Paine, of Boston, as commissioners to an international monetary conference. This commission is provided for by an act approved on March 2 last, "for the promotion of an international agreement for bimetallism."

## ACUTE SENSES.

There are many good stories about the sharpness of sense of persons who have been trained in the exercise of them. That of the wine-taster who declared, on sipping from a glass of wine taken from a butt, just brought in, that the liquor had a taste of iron and leather, which was justified when the butt was emptied, by the discovery of a small key with a leather tag, is apocryphal. But it is hardly more wonderful than what was once related in a scientific lecture, in relation to the trained sense of smell in dogs and hunters:

While we were talking, two young dogs had gone to a small eminence a few rods from the old man's cabin, and, with their noses in the air, would at short intervals utter a low, warning cry.

The trapper soon noticed it, and, calling to an old dog in the cabin, he said, "Dave, go up yonder and see what those youngsters are making a fuss about."

The dog, after reaching the place and standing a moment with outstretched neck and distended nostrils, gave a clear but low warning notice, such as I had never heard from a dog before.

"Is that so, Dave?" said the old man. He immediately went to the same place, and began to sniff the air, much after the manner of the dogs.

"Sure enough, Dave," he said, "you are right."

"What is it?" I asked.

"The prairie is on fire," he said, "some thirty or forty miles north-west from here. I must set a back-fire on the other side of the creek, or my cabin and bees will be in ashes before morning, should the wind rise; and, by the way," he said, "you go back by the way you came, and tell the people to set back-fires at once, and have them send word to the settlements below."

Before starting, I tried my sense of smell; and, although I imitated the attitude of the trapper and the dog, I could detect nothing but the sweet October air. The warning given by the dogs was justified in the event.

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## SOME WATER USES WELL TO REMEMBER.

The "Phrenological Journal" gives the following useful hints on the application of water in severe attacks of illness. The adult member of a family should keep them in mind for an emergency.

A proper towel folded several times, and dipped in hot water, quickly wrung and applied over the site of toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief.

This treatment for colic has been found to work like magic.

Nothing so promptly cuts short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water, when applied early in the case, and thoroughly.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is an excellent cathartic in the case of constipation, while it has a soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels.

This treatment, continued a few months, with the addition of a cup of hot water slowly sipped half an hour before each meal, with proper attention to diet, will cure most cases of dyspepsia.

Ordinary headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

## CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

The following bright sayings are taken from the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat:"

"Papa, don't say must to me; it makes we feel won't all over."

Johnnie Chaffie—Come, Mamie, let us play Adam and Eve. Mamie—How will we play it? "You tempt me with an apple, and I'll eat it."

Willie—Mamma, what does "blood" relations mean? Mamma—It means near relations, Willie. Willie (after a thoughtful pause)—Then, mamma, you and papa must be the bloodiest relations I've got.

Fond parent—Don't you know better, Bobby, than to leave your chewing gum on a chair, where people will sit down on it? Bobby—It's all right, father; I've got another piece.

Aunt Dorothy had just finished her preparations for a bicycle ride, and appeared at the door arrayed in bloomers. "Oh, auntie!" exclaimed Jerry, who was playing in the garden, "are you going to be my uncle?"

"There is too much system in this school business," growled Tommy. "Just because I snickered a little the monitor turned me over to the teacher, the teacher turned me over to the principal, and the principal turned me over to paw." "Was that all?" "No. Paw turned me over his knee."

Sweet little Meg came into her Sunday School class one morning, her eyes filled with tears, and looking up into her teacher's face, said: "Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the path, for he's awfully cross to strangers."

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## WORDS THAT TROUBLE THE TONGUE.

Drimaidhvickhillichattan is the name of a small hamlet in the Isle of Mull containing not more than a dozen inhabitants. How they pronounce it is a mystery only to be solved by some one acquainted with Gaelic, but the fact that the Scots are a nation of few words seems easy to explain, if they have many such words as the above in their language.

Perhaps, however, the Germans may be fairly said to carry off the palm in word-coining. How is this for a specimen: Constaninopelischerdudleisackpfeifer? or this one, Jungfrauenzimmerdurchschwindersuchtoedungs?"

The first means a Constantinopolitan bagpipe-player, and the last is the name of a young ladies' club which adorns the brass plate of the door of a house in Cologne to this day?

Rabelais gives the following name to a particular book which was supposed to be in the library of Pantagruel's medical student friend Victor—"Antipericatarnetanaparabeugedanpetecrilrutiones Toordicantium;" whilst Anantachaturdasivratakatha is an actual Sancrit word to be found in any Sanscrit dictionary, and the word Cluinstaridysarchedes occurs in the works of Plautus, the Latin comedy writer.—Harper's Round Table.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

"If all the world were blind," said an Irishman, who had just been inspecting a school for the blind, "what a melancholy sight it would be!"

A dandy, wishing to be witty, accosted an old ragman as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart don't you?" "Yes; jump in! jump in!"

Mrs. L—— had a nurse-maid, not long over, who, in airing her young charge one day, met with a bicycle club of ten going at full speed. On returning to the house, she exclaimed, "Oh, mum, the baby nearly lipt out of his carriage fur rejoicement, fur he saw tin min ridin' on thim philosophers!"—Mrs. Partington.

Minister.—Well, John, I've nae doot frae your long experience ye cood occupy the poolpit for an afternune yersel', should an emergency occur. Beadle—Hoots, ay, sir; there's nae difficulty in that; but then, where in the hael parish wad ye got onybody qualified to act as beadle?

# THE CAMBRIAN.

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## SOME GLADSTONIAN LESSONS.

In this month's issue we give to our readers a brief synopsis of a lecture delivered by Mrs. Jennie H. Jones of Cincinnati, O., April 15, under the auspices of the Woman's Press Club of that city. Mrs. Jones is not unknown to the readers of the "Cambrian," having been for several years an occasional contributor to its columns. She is the wife of W. H. Jones, the attorney, and is a teacher in the Intermediate Schools of Cincinnati. She is a native of Wales, but has been a resident of the Queen City and vicinity for about thirty years. She was educated in Wales, and received her professional training as a teacher in the Normal College of the British and Foreign School Society, London, England. She has long been identified with all progressive movements in the educational field, and is well known throughout the

MRS. JENNIE H. JONES

State of Ohio, as a writer for educational journals, as well as a popular and successful institute instructor and lecturer. Several years ago she attained more than local fame by her novel and successful demonstration of the Phonic method of teaching primary reading, in connection with which she prepared a Reader illustrating the application of this method.

Mrs. Jones is an enthusiastic Welsh woman, and together with her husband, takes a deep and lively interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the Welsh people in Cincinnati and its neighborhood. She has frequently appeared upon their programmes of public exercises, and is always ready, by every means in her power, to assist in any movement having for its object the advancement of her countrymen. She is connected with and holds prominent positions in the most influential clubs of Cincinnati, such as the Woman's Club, Woman's Press Club, Teachers' Club, and others, and is often heard in platform efforts in connection with these organizations. A few years ago Mrs. Jones spent two years as critic in a Teachers' Normal Seminary in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. At the end of that time she received a flattering offer from a similar institution in New York City, but her desire to return to her home in Cincinnati, led her to decline the offer. She is at present engaged in teaching Language and Reading in the senior classes of the Third Intermediate School, the principal of which is Prof. E. H. Prichard, an ardent Welshman, though of American birth.

In commenting upon Mrs. Jones's recent lecture entitled "Some Gladstonian Lessons," the Cincinnati "Commercial Tribune," the leading newspaper of the State of Ohio, says: "It is safe to say that the life of the great English statesman will never be better epitomized than it has been in this delightful lecture which Mrs. Jones has prepared with such care and grace. It deserves to rank with the finished efforts of the biographer who will write the life of this remarkable man when he has passed into history. The life of the Grand Old Man was traced intelligently, earnestly, lovingly, from the influences surrounding his earliest childhood, through his college days, and all the phases of his political career. Mrs. Jones possesses the faculty of investing her subjects with life and vitality, and the man and his motives must remain a vivid picture in the minds of her hearers. The lecture abounded in incidental wit and wisdom. Mrs. Jones has the ready ability to come into sympathetic touch with her audience, and the interest in what she has to say never for a moment wanes."

Mrs. Jones spoke in part as follows:

"No man liveth unto himself," said one inspired writer. "Hitch your wagon to a star," said another while a third declared that

**"Lives of great men all remind us,**
**We can make our lives sublime."**

The life of Mr. Gladstone is the life of a great man—great as a scholar, great as an orator, great as a statesman, and transcendently great, as exemplifying all the attributes which constitute the highest type of true and noble manhood. All history is, according to Carlyle, but the accumulated biography of great men. That page of England's history covering the last sixty years is luminous with the records of progress in constitutional rights, and the extension of human liberties. It is, to a large extent, the reflection of sixty years' labors of the greatest living statesman, as well as the greatest living Englishman, William Ewart Gladstone.

In common with all others whose lives have been devoted to the cause of humanity, Mr. Gladstone has had violent and unscrupulous opponents, who have not hesitated to impugn his motives, nor to misconstrue his most patriotic measures. They have said that for place and power, he would turn his back on his convictions, and prove recreant to the cause he professed to espouse. A close and impartial examination of his life and work, will furnish evidence which will completely refute such charges, and which will reveal a steady, rational line of evolution, resulting in a near approach to the perfect man. No subterfuge or sophistry is needed in explaining any course he has pursued, nor in tracing his development from the narrowest and most conservative Toryism to the broadest and most radical Liberalism.

Mr. Gladstone was born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809, and December 29, 1896, all Christendom congratulated him on his eighty-seventh birthday. His parents were Scotch of the substantial middle class, and his rugged strength is doubtless an inheritance from his sturdy ancestors. His mother, Anne Robertson, was descended from Robert Bruce, and the name Gledstane plays a prominent part in Scotland's early struggle with its more formidable neighbors. Mr. Gladstone's father was a prosperous merchant, an ardent Tory, but a man of unquestioned integrity. His mother was a woman of scholarly attainments and charming personality; hence it is seen that Mr. Gladstone was born well. Imbibing his early politics from his father, and from Canning, his father's warm personal friend, it is not surprising that he began life as a Tory, nor that he then regarded liberty as an evil. At a subsequent period of his life, he is heard exclaiming with patriotic fervor: 'If you want a bulwark against despotism, there is no rampart like the breasts of free men.' Mr. Gladstone was born in an atmosphere impregnated with despotism. His subsequent life has been a gradual liberation from ancestral Toryism with its unreasoning, unyielding preference for things as they were, and a steady progress towards things as he thinks they should be. To those who would regard this change as an inconsistency, I would quote the words of Emerson: 'A foolish consistency is

the hobgoblin of little minds. Speak what you think to-day in hard words, and what you may think to-morrow, speak to-morrow in hard words, though it contradict everything you said to-day.' Change of opinion means progress, and that it is commendable consistency never to change one's opinion, is the most stultifying of heresies. He who at sixty holds the same views that he held at thirty, has added but little, if anything, to his intellectual and spiritual stature.

Mr. Gladstone's education was begun at Eton, where he remained six years. It was finished at Oxford, where he graduated double-first, that is, first in both classics and mathematics. When quite a young lad he tested his strength as a writer, having been editor of, and chief contributor to the 'Eton Miscellany,' which extended over two volumes. His hopes and fears at this the beginning of his career as an author, he sets forth in language evincing an intensity of earnestness rarely found in one so young. Truly this child was father to the man. While at Eton, the ambitious lad became a member of the Debating Society, which was composed of the bright boys in the school, and in which were discussed subjects literary, historical, and political. To his father's wisdom was due in some measure young Gladstone's ability in debate, for from a young child, father and son had freely discussed current and historical events. And who can say how much of Mr. Gladstone's matchless oratory in after years, was due to this persistent and systematic training which he received as a child in the family circle? One of the youthful editor's remarkable contributions to the "Miscellany" was entitled "Eloquence," in which he dwelt in a humorous vein upon the oratory of auctioneers, shopkeepers and beggars, and in an ardent outburst of enthusiasm magnified the tendency and mission of the debating society.

During Mr. Gladstone's four years' stay at Oxford, he was always prominent in debate, and one of his last brilliant efforts while there, is said to have given him his first seat in the House of Commons. But let me again emphasize the fact, that the foundation for this masterly forensic eloquence, was laid in the days of his boyhood. It was begun where all such training should begin, in the family circle, which unhappily, however, rarely offers the necessary facilities. But in every high school, college, and university, provision should be made, not only for elocutionary training, but for discussion and debate. Every student should be taught to examine critically and impartially all sides of a question, to reason clearly and logically from premises to conclusion, to use arguments fairly and skillfully, and with well modulated voice, to express his thoughts in a fluent, pleasing and convincing manner. Mr. Gladstone was able to do all this before he was eighteen. Let us pause for a moment to make the inquiry: How many of our

young people of to-day, who have finished their education, are thus equipped to do battle with the problems in life which will surely confront them, and from which there is no escape?

Referring to Mr. Gladstone's oratorical power, Justin McCarthy says: "The speech was a performance that belonged to the fine arts. It occupied several hours in its delivery, but no one wished it shorter by a single sentence."

The world of to-day needs the orator. In this day and age, when men should seek peace instead of war; when nations should settle great questions of state policy without recourse to the barbarous methods of the past, the orator, inspired with love of truth and humanity, should go forth on his mission, leading and swaying the multitude, preaching the gospel of peace on earth and good will to men, enlightening the masses, so that they may see the true merits of the questions that vitally concern their interests, and so guiding, persuading, and convincing them, that the truth shall become to them irresistible. An orator such as this was Mr. Gladstone, for at the close of some of his inimitable speeches in the British parliament, his listeners were no longer Conservatives and Liberals; they had been welded into patriots by the soul-stirring fire of matchless eloquence.

But great as Mr. Gladstone is as an orator, he is greater still as a lover of humanity. His voice has ever been raised against tyranny and oppression, and he has ever pleaded for those rights and prerogatives of manhood, for which the name United States of America is a synonym. As early as 1845 he proposed to a friend a walking tour through Ireland, not for the purpose of admiring its enchanting lakes and magic castles, not for the purpose of feasting his eyes on the eternal verdure of its hills and valleys, nor of lingering on the banks of its limpid and gently meandering streams, but for the purpose of inquiring what were the facilities afforded the people of the Emerald Isle for securing secular and religious education.

In 1850, while visiting Naples, Mr. Gladstone's soul revolted at the cruelties perpetrated by Ferdinand II. upon his wretched subjects. The great philanthropist descended into loathsome dungeons, so that he might be enabled to plead more effectually the cause of the imprisoned Neapolitans. In this exposure, he struck a powerful blow at despotism, and contributed in no small degree towards the movement which through that savior of Italy, Count Cavour, culminated in the redemption of that country's unhappy people.

Again in 1875 Mr. Gladstone's voice and pen stirred all Europe in denunciation of the infamous persecution of Bulgarian Christians by the Mahomedans. Referring a few months ago to similar atrocities he said: "Such outrages are a disgrace to civilization, and as long as I have a voice it shall be raised against them, and in behalf of humanity."

In the cause of unhappy Ireland, Mr. Gladstone's efforts never flagged. From his first act to reduce her burdens through the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1868, to his last speech in 1894 upon the subject of Home Rule, he never ceased to hear the still small voice crying "Justice for Ireland," and never relaxed his efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the most unhappy people in the British Empire.

Mr. Gladstone has labored continuously for the extension of education among the poorer classes, not education which is technical and mechanical, but that in which culture of intellect and culture of soul go hand in hand. He has given sedulous attention to the interests of the poor, and has endeavored to secure for labor adequate compensation. He founded the Post Office Savings Bank, which, two or three years ago, contained an aggregate of the working people's savings to the amount of several million pounds. He advocated the extension of the franchise to such an extent, that he was accused of Americanizing the institutions of England, and of taking a downward course towards democracy. But true to his convictions, whenever he became convinced that the great masses of the people demanded a measure, he was ready to advocate it.

To the politician, his life will remain a pure and imperishable example. The candid and unbiassed biographer will proclaim him a statesman who was guided by noble purposes and altruistic principles. None but the unscrupulous traducer will sully his reputation by accusations of tortuousness and subterfuge. He has demonstrated that high moral rectitude is not incompatible with true political greatness.

Mr. Gladstone's physical energy, vivacity and power of endurance have long attracted universal admiration. His buoyancy of spirits and receptivity of youth have been attained by steady, but congenial work, plain and simple habits of living, an adequate amount of exercise in the open air, and the requisite seven or eight hours out of every twenty-four, of unbroken sleep. The amount of work crowded into his life, has been possible only through strict adherence to rule and method. He arranges, classifies and systematizes his materials with consummate care and skill. He is great as a scholar and as an author. In 1879 he published in seven volumes his "Gleanings from Past Years," and his Homeric writings alone, would place him on a high pinnacle in the temple of literature. Himself a musician, he has pronounced the "March of the Men of Harlech" the most soul-stirring national anthem ever written. Long residence among the Welsh people, and a deep, personal interest in their musical and literary festivals, have given Mr. Gladstone a warm place in the heart of every native of "this little land of the bard, far-famed of yore."

A few years ago Queen Victoria offered Mr. Gladstone an earldom,

but he declined the honor, preferring to remain William E. Gladstone, one of the people. Like the monument of Euripides, Mr. Gladstone's name would do honor to any title, but no title in the gift of royalty, could add honor or dignity to the name of William E. Gladstone. Having a deeply religious nature, he believed that the principles of Christ should rule a Christian nation, and that the crowning triumph of this life's endeavors, is Christian perfection. It is not likely that he will again resume the reins of political leadership, but the influence of his ideal life will continue to bless not only Great Britain, but all humanity. An uncrowned king of the world! Take him all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again. His exemplary career of incessant action is suggestive of many striking and valuable lessons, a few of which may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. That the ability to write well, and the ability to speak well, that is, the ability to address assemblages of people, so as to please, enlighten, persuade, and convince, should be cultivated, by regular and persistent practice during the formative period of childhood and youth.

2. That physical well-being, induced by congenial work, suitable exercise, and simple habits of living, is essential not only to long life, but to the highest mental and spiritual development.

3. That those who are engaged in continuous, intellectual pursuits should have daily, certain hours of perfect relaxation.

4. That the unvarying exercise of mental power in one direction only, is not essential to the greatest intellectual vigor.

5. That memory in order to become and remain to the end, a faithful servant, must receive constant, careful and systematic cultivation.

6. That in order to make the most of life's opportunities, by doing the greatest possible amount of hard work, there must be in all things, great and small, skillful planning, and methodical execution.

7. That every action should be based upon honest, intelligent conviction, and in obedience to the demands of duty and the dictates of conscience.

8. That a gradual, symmetrical, growth culminating in the perfection of manhood, can not be attained by a blind adherence to authority, precedent, or party conservatism, but by such transition of opinions and beliefs as come to the student through a diligent and unbiassed search after truth, and a frank and fearless acceptance of the results.

9. That politics should never be divorced from morality, nor civil from ethical laws.

10. That the crowning glory of life should be the living principle and daily practice of the religion embodied in the command, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you;" the religion

which makes the whole life one endless prayer; the religion which enables devout souls to soar heavenward when eternal forms and conventional attitudes are wanting; the religion which engenders those divinest of emotions, love and pity for suffering, enslaved humanity; the religion which secures for possessor that royal passport to i mortality: "Well done, good a faithful servant, thou hast be faithful over a few things, I v make thee ruler over many thin enter thou into the joy of thy Lor

Cincinnati, O.

## A DAY IN ROME.

By Rev. T. Cynonfardd Edwards, D. D.

My entrance into Rome, which is frequently called "The Eternal City," was at the midnight hour of April 29th, 1896. The ride from Pisa, where I had visited the Leaning Tower, was very exhilarating by reason of passing so many localities made memorable and eminent renowned statesmen, warriors a scholars of past ages. The de

Arch of Severus in Roman Forum.
*Photographed by Cynonfardd.*

seated anticipation of each pa senger in our car was mc intense and thrilling than c be easily described, as we we

speeding along nearer and nearer to Rome. The surprise was great and favorable when our train entered a grand depot lighted by profusion of arc electric lamps. What a contrast between our welcome there and the reception extended to the Apostle Paul when he first entered Rome.

Ancient Rome, as it now is, looking towards Palatine Hill, from Mamertine Prison
*Photographed by Cynonfardd.*

Awaiting us was a comfortable bus, large enough to carry a party of sixteen; with all the baggage stowed on the outside of it; and drawn by two well-groomed horses. At the hotel we found polite servants waiting for us, with comfortable rooms in readiness. The accommodations at the first-class hotels in Rome, and in all the large cities of Italy, are everything that could be reasonably expected. And as a rule, the table is satisfactory too. The "continental breakfast" is very simple, consisting of a roll of bread with butter, and a well prepared jug of coffee, or chocolate, or a pot of tea. Luncheon is served at noon, and dinner in the evening. No one should expect to see Rome in less than nine or ten days, under the direction of a competent guide. The acknowledged best authority now as a guide in Rome is the eminent archaeologist Dr. Russell Forbes, who has resided in the city for more than a quarter of a century. I would advise intending visitors to study his books, even if they take other guides to lead them. Do not

attempt the task of seeing Rome without a responsible guide, unless you can give twelve months' time to do it. After a good night's rest and simple breakfast, we started out in carriages to visit the ancient Roman

Outside of Mamertine Prison, Rome.
*Photographed by Cynonfardd.*

Forum on the first day. Modern Rome we can see at other times; but the old city we are anxious to view first of all, and as often as possible.

We now stand on the old original market, and meeting place of the Romans. Until within a few years this surface was covered with debris to the thickness of fourteen feet, and even thirty feet in some parts. The Forum was not, as many have supposed, a building, but an open space, surrounded with buildings, the whole forming the Forum. It was 260 yds. long, and 55 yds. wide at the bottom. The top, under the capitol, was 140 yards wide. The temples were built on lofty platforms, to give them a more commanding appearance. There remain to-day portions of the temple of Castor and Pollux; temple of Vespasian; temple-tomb of Caesar; the temple of Saturn; and the Bascilica Julia, &c. The most interest-

ing of the triumphal arches in the Forum is the arch of Septimus Severus. It was erected in A. D. 205, by the Senate of Rome in honor of the Emperor Severus and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta.

cessions that passed along it, and from the sacred buildings that lined it. It was a great pleasure to see the old roads of Rome. I often wished that the American road supervisors had seen them, and learn

Looking towards Capitoline Hill.
*Photographed by Cynonfardd.*

The principal street through the Forum was the Via Sacra. It commenced on Palatine Hill, passing by the Arch of Titus, and then sloping down into the Forum. It entered the Forum at the Temple of Antoninus, passing in front of the Temple of Caesar, and then through the centre of the Forum to the foot of the Capitol. Livy says that it was paved B. C. 174. It was called "The Sacred Way" from the sacred pro-

how to make good roads. After a brief review of the Forum, our party was led into the famous Mamertine Prison.

According to the historian Livy, this was erected in the year 121 A. U. C., which would mean fully 632 years before Christ. The upper part of the prison was rebuilt in the time of Tiberius, as we know from an inscription remaining in the cornice over the flight of steps under

the adjoining church. It seems to have been used exclusively for state prisoners. Manlius was confined in it B. C. 382. Jugurtha, King of Numidia, was starved to death in it B. C. 104. Cataline conspirators were strangled in it by order of the Consul Cicero, B. C. 55, and others. This was the only prison of Rome for many centuries. One prison may have been enough in those times, when it was against the law to confine a Roman citizen before he was tried. The Roman Catholic tradition is that St. Peter and St. Paul were confined here, and they show us the pillar to which they say the two apostles were chained, though there are no marks of a staple having been fixed in the stone, as represented in the bronze bas-relief. Our attention was called to a fountain which is said to have miraculously sprung up when the jailers were converted and desired to be baptized. Below this chamber is another dark and cold chamber, into which the worst criminals were cast through a hole which was in the floor of the upper room. The winding stone steps leading down into this final resort of the criminal, are steep, narrow and dark. On the side of the hard rock wall, carefully guarded by iron bars, an indentation is shown which, they say, was caused by the jailers beating Peter's face against the rock. He must have had rather a hard head. Many an absurd tradition is palmed off as real truth concerning some of the old historic spots in Rome, as well as in Jerusalem, &c. Guides are prone to do that, even in Wales and in Ireland, their motto seeming to be "anything for a living." While inspecting the various points of interest in the Forum our attention was called to the spot where Mark Antony delivered the memorable speech over the dead body of Caesar. For the tenor and style of Antony's address we must accept Shakespeare's immortal version.

**I show sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,**
**And bids them speak for me. But were I Brutus,**
**And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony**
**Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue**
**"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him,**
**The evil that men do lives after them;**
**The good is oft interred with their bones:**
**So let it be with Caesar.**

* * * * *

**In every wound of Caesar, that should move**
**The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."**

The following day we visited St. Peter's Cathedral and the Vatican, the home of the Pope.

Kingston, Pa.

## DAFYDD AB GWILYM.

By Willis Arden.

A "natural child," and born within a hedge:
Dafydd ab Gwilym, and cradled in the brake
Lone poet of the leaves, for Morfudd's sake
He wandered him from field to mountain ledge,
And sought the keeping of the lovers' pledge:
Nor Morfudd sped not thence her vow to make,
But by the Bwa Bach's side her place to take,
And Dafydd, drunk with sorrow, sought the sedge.

In vagabondage went this bard him by,
Child of Gwilym of Gam and Ardudoyl,
His bed the verdure, and his roof the sky,
His pillow every wild and friendly soil:
And Dafydd, knowing not the ways of toil,
Within the ash-grove laid him down to die.

New York City.

## THE LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

Address in responding to the toast, "Land of Our Fathers," at the banquet of the New York St. David's Society, March 1, 1897.

By Ffrangcon Davies.

It is with feelings of unbounded satisfaction that I find myself called upon to respond to this toast here to-night, not from any sense of inward capacity for so bracing a task as this, as from the knowledge, which I feel to be sincere, which I feel to be true—to be earnest and honest—the feeling that I have within my bosom, (as I well know you all have within yours), a perennial font of loyalty which springs up at the very mention of the land, the hills, the mountains and the dales, which we all love so well, the land of our fathers. There is poetry, there is music, there is satisfaction, in the very sound of it.

And I will say at the very outset, that to me there is no cleaner, stronger, more heaven-born passion, than this passion which stirs the patriot heart. The love of country, I take it, is the very cleanest of all passions that God has seen fit to implant in the human breast.

"Dulce est pro patria mori," says the Latin; the Greek agonized for his state; the breast of the German is stirred with simple love of his fatherland; the breast of the Frenchman is filled with the most fervid and hot patriotism, which he is ever ready to sacrifice upon the altar of his country; and in the heart of the average American, as I go to and

fro throughout the length and breadth of your beautiful country, I find also an ever-growing love of his land.

It is the land of adoption of a great many of you, but there is nothing more pathetic, more beautiful, that I find among you here than the affection for his country which characterizes the average American.

I love your country, too, and the patriotism that I find amongst the Americans, the love of country that is felt amongst them, is to me one of the most satisfactory things I know of.

Now, this love of country we, as Welshmen, indulge in, perhaps, rather too much. Some who are not Welsh will say we are a little too fervid in this matter; but I take it that after all there is nothing which lifts us up to a higher realm than this love of "The Land of Our Fathers;" and if anyone doubts that we are full of this feeling, why, I, in the name (although I am not a delegate from the Eisteddfod)—in the name of the Eisteddfod, I want you to come to Newport and hear the assembled multitudes when they break out into that noble and grand national anthem of ours,

**Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad."**

I think that the sound which they will hear on that occasion will go to prove to any sceptic that we are people who love our country, and love it well.

And furthermore, I take it, that this love is something better than a mere empty sentiment. We instinctively seek the betterment of whatever we love. We look abroad and we see the efforts that are being made by other nationalities of the world in the direction of education, in the extension of the nobility of religion, and we find that in this way the nations that we move among, the nations that we see, the nations whose methods we see to understand, give us something which we take back into our country, and which we endeavor to plant there to the betterment of the people among whom we live.

Time was when there was a small party that indulged in what was the very suicidal policy of "Wales for the Welsh." I don't say "Wales for the Welsh," but on the contrary, with all you gentlemen who have made homes for yourselves in this great land, my cry is, "The world for the Welsh, and the world and the Welsh for Wales, and Wales for the world."

Let us go forth into the world; let us see the work of God among the nations of the world, because we as Welsh people have a power of receptivity and of independent application, which enables our people to rise to the very highest positions among the nations of the world. We have among us men who are ready, on the slightest occasion, to take their place in the ranks of the advancing battalions of humanity.

Some one may say, "Well, you are proud of this." Yes, I am proud

of it, in an honest kind of way, not in a puffed up sense.

At the close of these few imperfect remarks, I would say that my life is spent in singing songs instead of making speeches, and I find that I have lost nerve in facing audiences and making speeches; but I will end by saying that I am proud of the position in which I find my countrymen in a land like your country of America. If a country like America shows its appreciation of people who have left dear old Wales, the chances are that those men are worth something, and I take it that we all agree that we are glad to take the standard of our nationality to prove that we are worth something in the world; not to say that Wales and the Welsh are created for Wales and the Welsh merely, but that it is wisdom to take the standard of our patriotism and high ideals and plant them among the nations of the earth, as proof that there is a work for men, as individuals, as there is work for men as exponents of a national sentiment of high aim, high endeavor and high achievement.

## WELSH INLAND LAKES.

By J. E. Thomas, C. E.

### III.

Between the valleys of the Conway and the Dee, in Denbighshire, we find an important and interesting range of mountains known as Mynydd Hiraethog, quite in contrast with the rugged peaks of the adjoining counties of Merioneth and Carnarvon. The difference is owing partly no doubt to the prevalence of igneous masses in the latter, whilst Hiraethog mountains are the softer beds of shales and grits. The surface of the surrounding country is beautifully diversified, and in many parts the scenery is highly picturesque. The highest points in the Hiraethog group are Moel Saesiog (1533 feet), and Mwdwl Eithin (1748 feet), and on its northern flanks, distant some four to five miles from Pentre Voelas, are two important lakes called Llyn Alwen and Llyn Aled. The latter is about sixty acres, and the former forty acres, in extent. From Llyn Aled a fine stream running through a charming valley, Dyffryn Aled, joins the Elwy; and from Llyn Alwen, a river of that name runs through an interesting country in an opposite or south-westerly direction by Llanfihangel Glyn Myfyr and Bettws Gwerfyl Goch, joining the river Dee at Llangar, near Corwen. The greater part of the Hiraethog mountains, and especially near the

lakes, are covered with black turf and heath, so that we have little or hardly any distinct traces or remains of glaciers, except boulders and the lakes themselves. The river Elwy has its source in the small lake called Llyn Moelfre, also on the same mountains and parish of Gwytherin.

Upon bleak and moory mountains, about two miles south of Afon Machno, is Llyn Conwy, about twenty acres in extent, and the source of the famous river of that name. The surroundings are by no means attractive, standing as it does at a high elevation amidst rugged rocks and bog. Pennant says that there were three islands in it, one of which was the haunt of the black-backed gulls during the breeding season. "They are so exceedingly fierce in defence of their young," he says, "that I knew of a man who was nearly drowned in an attempt to swim to their nests, being so violently beaten by the old birds that he thought he escaped well with the dreadful bruises he received on all the upper parts of his body." Although the overflow of the stream at the lake is small, it soon gathers strength on its way to Bettws y Coed and Llanrwst, where it becomes an important river.

Llyn y Morwynion is situated about one and a half miles east of Ffestiniog, near the road that leads from the latter place to Yspyty Ifan. And a mile northwards, and the same distance eastwards of the Roman Road, or Sarn Helen, are Llyniau Gamallt, and between Manod Mawr, 2171 feet high, and Manod Bach mountains is Llyn Manod. All these lakes are at a high elevation, and afford unmistakable signs of their former glacial origin. They all drain into the lovely vale of Ffestiniog and Traeth Bach.

In connection with Llyn y Morwynion,—"The Maidens' Lake,"—there is a very interesting legend. The tradition relating to the monuments or Beddau Gwyr Ardudwy is classical, says Pennant, "nearly parallel with the rape of the Sabines." The men of Ardudwy, to populate their country, made an inroad into the Vale of Clwyd, and laid violent hands on the fair ladies of the land. They carried them in safety to this place, where they were overtaken by the warriors of the vale. A fierce battle ensued, and the men of Ardudwy were all slain; but the ravishers had somehow or other gained the hearts of their fair prey, so that on their defeat the maidens, rather than return home, rushed into an adjoining water called from the event Llyn y Morwynion, and there perished. That this spot has been the scene of a bloody conflict, Pennant thinks, admits of no doubt, the graves and carneddau prove it; and the circles evince that it was in the time when the ceremonies of druidism existed. The "Graves of the men of Ardudwy" are about a mile down the stream from the lake; but there are not any upright stones here now, as in the time that Pennant wrote.

Proceeding southwards, all that beautiful and interesting country lying between the Snowdon group of mountains on the one hand, and the Arenigs, the Manods, the Moelwyns, the Arans, and Cader Idris, and the sea coast, has been wholly occupied by immense glaciers; and within this area we find a large number of lakes, generally at the head of the several valleys that drain this wild and romantic region. "The western valleys," says Ramsay, "of the Cambrian mountains of Merionethshire, such as those of Afon Artro, Ardudwy, and Afon Ysgethin, are marked by deep grooves and striations pointing more or less westwards according to the trend of the valleys," this being the direction in which the glaciers moved to join the main glacier that then occupied Cardigan Bay.

One of the most interesting valleys in Merionethshire is that joining the coast near Llanbedr. Afon Artro drains the Graig Ddrwg mountains, having on its flanks the lakes of Llyn Eiddw Mawr, about twenty acres in extent; and Llyn Cwm Bychan, about the same extent; and Nantcol, leading to the Rhinogs and the noted pass of Bwlch Drws Ardudwy. Between the last named place and Cors y Gedol are two lakes celebrated for their fish. Llyn Bodlyn lies beneath an abrupt precipice at the head of Afon Ysgethin—"backed by a splendid amphitheatre of hills, where the sensation of solitude can be enjoyed to perfection, for no human habitation is in view." It abounds with char-fish, affording in the season great diversion for the lovers of the art. Llyn Hywel, at the top of Nantcol, on the northern slopes of Llethr, is noted for a species of trout, mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis as a most monstrous kind found in some of the Cambrian lakes. They certainly differ, says Pennant, from all other of the genus, having thick flatted and toad-shaped heads, with several other marks of deformity. On the plain containing these and another small lake called Llyn Irddyn—a mile south-west from Llyn Bodlyn—are numerous druidical remains, forming a very rare group of this class of antiquities. First appear two circles of loose stones, one about fifty-six feet in diameter, and the other of smaller dimensions. Both have large upright stones placed at intervals among the lesser ones.

Bwlch Drws Ardudwy is situated between the mountains Rhinog Fawr and Rhinog Fach, and is famous amongst other things for its enormous accumulations of boulders, more so it is said than all the other passes in Wales put together. Pennant visited this spot and "found the horror of it far exceeding the most gloomy ideas that could be conceived of it. "The sides," he says, "seem to have been rent by some mighty convulsion into a thousand precipices, forming at their top rows of shelves, which the peasants, comparing to the ranges of a

dovecot, styled Cerrig Colomenod or 'The Rocks of the Pigeons.'"

During the glacial period the Mawddach valley and estuary was filled to a great depth with a huge glacier. Radiating currents came down from the tributary valleys and country of Gors Goch, Afon Eden, fed by the glaciers from Diphwys, Graig Ddrwg, Rhinog Fawr, and Cefn Cam, which were "filled to the brim with deep accumulations of snow and ice. One pressed southward to swell the estuary," "and another through the pass of Afon Treweryn between Arenig Fawr and Arenig Bach eastwards towards Bala and the valleys of the Dee, there to be aided in the work of erosion by the glaciers that descended from either flank of Aran Fowddwy."

It is evident to any student of physical science, if he carefully surveys the estuary of the Mawddach when the tide is full in, how natural it appears as an inland lake, and it is a fact that at the mouth of the estuary there are to be seen at low water "islet-like heathy bosses of rock, that stand out amid the marshy moss opposite Barmouth, which are merely roches moutonnees, once buried deep beneath the glacier that pressed forward to join the great northern glacier that then filled Cardigan Bay."

Bala Lake, or Llyn Tegid, is the largest natural lake in Wales, being over four miles in length, and one mile across, and in area 1084 acres, and to make its circuit by road is about eleven miles, a great treat to those who love beautiful scenery.

The name Tegid is said to be from Tegid Voel or Bald-headed Tegid, a chieftain who lived on its banks in the fifth century, more probably an old god.

Its origin is attributed to glacial action. "The greater part of the Silurian region on either side of Bala Lake," says Ramsay, "and of the Dee stood high above the level of the sea, from remote geological times, and formed a wide table-land, extending far to the south, and also to the east and north-east, and on its edges rose the more mountainous land, formed by the lower Silurian volcanic rocks, splendid relics of which still remain in the peaks of Cader Idris, the Arans, and the Arenigs. When, by the drainage of this old land, the Dee, induced by minor undulations of the ground, began to flow in its earliest channel, it is clear that its present source, Bala Lake, had no existence; for whereas the river at that time must have flowed on a surface of land not less high than that of either side of the present valley near Corwen and Llangollen—now, in places, from 1600 to 1800 feet high—the surface of Bala Lake is only 690 feet above the level of the sea, while the neighboring watershed between the lake and Dolgellau is only 200 feet higher. As the river could not flow uphill, it is clear that in that early stage of its history the valley of the Dee about Bala must have been at least 1300 to 1400 feet higher than it is now, and consist of a mass of Silurian rocks a great part of which has since been removed by denudation."

## THE BEE.

(Translated from the Welsh of G. Cadle.)

By Ap Daniel.

Maid of Nature blithe and cheery,
Is the little golden bee,
Gathering honey, never weary,
Busy morn and noon is he;
While the blooms bedeck fair nature
See the bee her work pursue,
But, when summer doffs its vesture,
Lo! she bids us all adieu!

Not her form, or brilliant color,
Strength of wing, or sailings swift
Gives the bee unending honor,
But her usefulness and thrift;
Diligence adorns this lover
Of the summer blossoms bright,
For the sluggard she has ever
Lessons full of wisdom's light.

Instinct with her wand awaketh
Every morn the sleeping bee,
Prompt her daily rounds she taketh,
Humming in the minor key:
'Mid the summer's joyful chanters,
Sounds the bee's low monotone,
Like an echo of the winter's
Stormy winds and passing moan.

When the tempest king is waving
In the blast, his sword-blade keen,
Nature in her tatters grieving
For her mantle, once so green,
Blest with plenty, full of gladness,
Rests the wise and prudent bee,
Though Creation lies in sadness
Peace and happiness hath she!

New York City.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF WELSH PREACHERS.

By Rev. D. T. Phillips.

### IV.

A Curious Charge.—Rev. Thomas Jones (Cong.) of Swansea, at the ordination of its young pastor, said: "You have been praying, no doubt, that God might send you a man after his own heart to become your pastor. You have done well. God, we trust, has heard your prayer, and given you such a minister as he approves, to go in and out among you, and break unto you the bread of eternal life. I have been seriously thinking that you need pray again." "Pray again! Pray again! What else can we pray for? We have got what we wanted." "Well, I think, you need to pray again." "But what for?" "Well, I will tell you. Pray that God might put Jacob's ladder on earth once more, so that your pastor might be able to climb up into heaven every Sunday night after service, and stay there all the week; then he could come down every Sunday morning, so spiritually-minded, and so full of glory that he could preach to you almost like an angel." "O! yes; that's all very well; no arrangement could suit us better; but then we need our pastor

during the week to attend the services of the church, to visit the sick, to bury the dead, to marry young couples, to hunt up absentees, to hear experiences, give advice, collect subscriptions, and a thousand other things. We need the whole of his time and attention." "Well, brethren, that may be so. I admit the necessity of his daily attentions to your affairs, but you must remember that if he remains here all the week, he must have bread and cheese, and I have been informed that your former pastor often lacked the necessaries of life, while many of you enjoy its luxuries; therefore, I thought if God would only put Jacob's ladder down here, your present pastor could preach to you on Sundays, and by going up into heaven after the services of the day, he would save you the painful necessity of supporting him. But bear in mind, if you want him to live here, you must give him plenty of grub."

REV. REES DAVIES, (REES GOES BREN).

Another remarkable preacher contemporaneous with the illustrious names already mentioned, was the Rev. Rees Davies, familiarly known as "Rees Goes Bren." My father knew him intimately. Brother Davies belonged to the Congregational persuasion. He was a blunt man. His impressive nature caused him no little trouble. Any reference to his missing member he fiercely rebuked. Once a good sister, whose hospitality he had shared, sympathetically inquired how he had lost his limb. He boiled all over with indignation, and gruffly replied: "I believe, sister, that you are more concerned about my poor leg, than you are about your own poor soul."

A pair of slippers give offence. On another occasion he was entertained by a brother Griffiths. During the evening the hired girl brought him a pair of slippers. As he had but one foot, he regarded the act as an insult. He grew livid with rage. The vials of his wrath were poured on the head of Griffiths for not "teacning his servants better manners." The host apprised the girl of the preacher's displeasure in that she brought him two slippers, when he had but one foot. Our Welsh maids as a rule are very sensitive, and this poor girl was cut to the quick. She cried and sobbed, and finally retorted: "How did I know but he needed two slippers? Had I brought only one, I thought he might surely feel insulted." She sincerely wished that the old preacher had no legs at all.

The trials of the Warming-pan.—One cold night he put up at a farmhouse—a hospitable retreat for itinerants. In those days of Auld Lang Syne, the warming-pan was a sine qua non in every well-regulated home. The shining brass-dish with the long handle constituted one of the most ornamental and useful articles in our Welsh farms. To Mr. Davies, however, it proved the source of much trouble. Having retired to the prophet's chamber, the hired girl soon recollected that she had neglected to remove the warming-pan from the bed. In her wor-

riment she hardly knew what to do. Fearing that the venerable preacher might get scorched, she summoned sufficient courage, and bolted into the room to take away the chill-killing instrument. Rees Davies was partly disrobed, and was in the act of unstrapping his wooden appendage. He immediately extinguished the candle-light, and sprang into bed with his wooden leg. The poor girl was greatly agitated. She dared not to retreat. At last she crept as quiet as a cat to the foot of the bed, determined by hook or by crook to get the warming-pan. She gently lifted the counterpane, blanket, etc., and noiselessly pressed her hand beneath the bed clothes to get at the warming-pan. Alas! she got hold of the wrong handle. She was tugging hard at the preacher's wooden limb. He sprang up in great anger, and cried out: "Go away, girl; go away; ain t you ashamed of yourself? Let go my leg." "I will have it," said she, "I will have it." It was simply a case of misunderstanding. The girl thought that the preacher wanted to hold on to the warming-pan; the preacher, on the other hand, thought that the girl was determined to have his wooden leg, and being a strong and resolute girl she pulled the old preacher out on the floor.

Preaching from a sugar cask.—My father once informed me, that Mr. Davies preached from the top of a sugar cask in front of the market-house at Merthyr Tydvil, South Wales. Thousands were present. His text was: "Yet a little while, and ye shall see me, and yet a little while, and ye shall not see me, for I go unto my Father." He was exceedingly demonstrative in his preaching. He fairly glowed with his subject, and having occasion to repeat his text, he exclaimed: "Yes, my friends, a little while, and ye shall see me, and yet a little while, and ye shall not see me," then suiting the action to the word, he lifted up his wooden leg, and struck in the top of the cask, and in a little while he was out of sight. With all his peculiarities, however, Rees Davies was an effectual preacher, and accomplished much good in his day. "He rests from his labors, and his works follow him."

Interesting as this subject is, I must conclude. These renowned names we do not present as models for our study. We will venture, however, to affirm that if we understood human nature as well as they did; if we clung to the old gospel as tenaciously as they did; if we only had a little more of their snap and spirit, our efficiency as preachers might be considerably enhanced. O! that a double portion of their spirit might descend upon us. Wisely like them, may we learn how to win souls; successfully like them preach the grand central truth of Christianity, Christ crucified, the only hope of the world's salvation.

Chicago, Ill.

# GRANDMA'S GALA DAY.

By Lora S. La Mance.

Miss Clare Van Cleve was in as great dismay as an eighteen year old girl well could be. Her brother Victor was en route for home, bringing his bride with him, and Clare was in a tremor whenever she thought of the latter. Not that the new sister was objectionable in herself, for she was a De Courtney, and the De Courtneys were among the oldest, wealthiest, and most exclusive citizens of Philadelphia, and traced their descent from a certain nobleman made famous in the War of the Roses more than four hundred years ago. Clare was proud, and it had long nettled her that the Van Cleves, in spite of their wealth, were considered less aristocratic than certain other Bramburg families. It stung her now to the quick, that Victor's wife might feel she had married beneath her.

"It's all on Grandma Snow's account," murmured Clare. "How can we help being considered parvenues and upstarts, when Grandma is always proclaiming our low origin from the housetops." Grandma Snow was Clare's thorn in the flesh. She was not over-pleasant, to be sure, but then, Clare was not overpatient, either, so it was small wonder that there was constant friction between them, that broke forth into frequent quarrels and upbraidings.

"I could stand everything else," grumbled Clare to her mother, "if only Grandma would not talk so outlandishly. She will say 'sot,' and 'hull,' and 'heerd,' until I lose all patience. When Mrs. Professor Bonnicastle quoted Don Quixote the other day, Grandma chimed in, 'I read some of Don Quick-sot once, but I didn't think much of it.' 'Don Quick-sot,' indeed! Mrs. Bonnicastle couldn't help lifting her eyebrows, while I felt as if I should go through the floor. Then, again, when Mrs. Arbuthnot called on me last week, what does Grandma up and do, but walk right up to her and rub a piece of her dress between her thumb and finger, and say, 'What do you call this stuff, cheeney or sure-raw silk?—it's powerful sleasy goods, anyway, but I 'spose you git so many new duds, you can't afford to git them as'll last.' Mrs. Arbuthnot brought her call to a sudden close, while I was so mortified that I could have cried. I do wish Grandma would hold her tongue!"

"Clare! Clare!" expostulated Mrs. Van Cleve, "You must not speak of your grandmother in that way. Remember she is old, and her ways are old-fashioned ones."

"Yes! Yes!" cried Clare, impatiently, "I've heard all that before. I know, also, that fifty years ago the woods around Bramburg were full of Indians, and that the settlers dressed in homespun, and wore buckskin moccasins. But now

Bramburg is a large town, and her people follow city ways and fashions, and politely ignore the times when every woman did her own weaving and soap-making, and every man his own horse-shoeing and white-washing. Other people, of no better origin than ourselves, hold up their heads as the bon-ton of Bramburg. No one counts us as aristocratic, in spite of our money, and it is all on account of Grandma. Why can't she see that times have changed? Why need she always be telling of the days when Aunt Jane 'hired out,' and she herself helped Grandpa load hay, and dig potatoes in the field? I can't help it—I do dread Victor's home-coming. Alice is so aristocratic, she cannot help being shocked by our plebeian extraction."

So it was with downcast spirits that Clare greeted her brother and his bride. She had alternately cajoled and scolded her grandmother to induce her to be silent in the new grand-daughter's presence, and as a result, the old lady was decidedly sulky. Indeed, it was with something very like a scowl, that Mrs. Snow greeted her grandson's wife, who seemed, however, not to notice her coldness.

"And this is Grandma," said Alice, in a winning voice that went straight to the old lady's heart. "I am so glad to have a grandmother of my own. My grand-parents died before I could remember, and I have always felt that I have missed something very precious."

Grandma's ice thawed at once in the warmth of Mrs. Alice's genial manner, and as usual when she felt in a good humor, and wished to be particularly entertaining, she launched out on a sea of family reminiscences—all referring, of course, to their early days of privation and hardship—while Clare felt as though she could go through the floor from sheer mortification. But to her unbounded relief, she soon saw that the new sister-in-law, so far from being disconcerted by Grandma's flood of old-time anecdotes, actually appeared to relish the odd descriptions and quaint phraseology.

Mrs. Alice had determined from the first to like Grandma Snow, and she did so. Victor had quite prepared her for the old lady's peculiarities, and had Grandma been elegant, and faultlessly correct, she would have been disappointed. In all the annals of her own old and blue-blooded family, there was nothing like the romantic tales Grandma poured forth by the hour, of the subduing of the wilderness by herself and her "old man" (as she called her husband), when every foot of the virgin soil had to be cleared and broken up, and their own rude cabin contained little more luxury or convenience than the wigwams of their nearest neighbors, the Indians. And so the younger Mrs. Van Cleve listened with interest to those endless details of early pioneer life, that never failed to bring the blushes to Clare's sensitive cheek.

Grandma was getting just childish

enough to enjoy petting, and soon grew extravagantly fond of the new grand-daughter that made so much of her. After Victor and his wife went to housekeeping for themselves, she became a daily visitor, and might almost have been said to live there.

"You see, Alice," she said one day, as she sat peacefully knitting away in Mrs. Victor's softest arm-chair, "You ain't a mite like Clara. We never could agree, for Clara wants to put me in a corner, an' hev me stay right there, an' I ain't a goin' to do it! I always did like company, an' like to visit, an' I've just as good a right to go into the parlor an' say what I please, as any one. If Eben an' me hadn't worked an' saved, Polly Ann never would have had the start she did, an' if John Van Cleve hadn't a' had Polly Ann's money to begin with, he'd never got to be the rich man he is, an' Miss Clara wouldn't have quite all the fine things she does. La sakes! Clara wants to let on like we were all born with silver spoons in our mouths! I wasn't, an' I ain't ashamed to tell it. Why, Clara raised a fuss because I call her ma 'Polly Ann,' an' she has writ it Pauline in the Bible—it'll be a long time before I call her that," and Grandma laughed derisively.

"Clara does not mean to be unkind," answered Mrs. Alice, soothingly, "but she is young, and fond of society, and, of course, your tastes are much soberer."

"You're mistaken about that," interposed Grandma, hastily. "I love company as well as ever I did, tho' nobody seems to think so. When Eben was alive, I used to give big, fine dinners, an' ask who I pleased, an' folks was mighty glad to come to my house, then. I didn't know them days that the time would come I would be in everybody's way, an' nobody'd want me 'round."

"You are never in my way," said Mrs. Alice, cheerily. "I've been thinking, that as you love company so well, I will give you a party next week. It will be all your own, and you may plan it all, invite your own guests, and have such refreshments and entertainments as you yourself choose. How would that suit you?"

Grandma dropped her ball of blue yarn in silent amazement, but being assured that Mrs. Alice meant every word of it, she began in an ecstasy of delight to plan her party.

"I'm too old to be up late nights," she said sagely, "so I guess I'll have a dinner party. I'll not ask any of the young folks—they have plenty of good times without, but I'll ask old ladies like me to my party, then mebby Clara won't fret if I have the dinner to suit myself. I ain't a'goin' to hev the plates changed every ten minutes, an' I ain't a'goin' to have any malanges, Charlotte Russians, or Prussian Teas, as Clara calls them. I'm a'goin' to have some good, substantial victuals, an' not so much fuss and flummadiddles."

"I think that is very sensible in you," responded her grand-daughter quietly, not making the slightest effort to correct her ideas as to

"malanges" and "Charlotte Russians." It was one of Grandma's perversities that she would try to use every fashionable word or phrase, always giving it a Partingtonian twist that was exceedingly ludicrous, or painful, as the case might be, to her auditors. Clara made it a point to fume and fret over every new offense of this kind, but Mrs. Alice quietly ignored the matter.

"An' you won't be ashamed of my old-fashioned ways?" queried the good old soul, thoughtfully.

"No, indeed!" was the quick reply. "You would feel so much more at home to have things as you used to have them when you gave dinners yourself. Now let us settle what the eatables are to be, so we can get them ready, and then you can pick out your guests."

Selecting the refreshments proved to be an important undertaking. Grandma Snow kept everybody about her in a state of ferment, during the two days she was deciding these points, but it was all planned out at last, quite to Grandma's satisfaction, and to Miss Clare's disapproval. The list of edibles was appallingly long, but a bit peculiar in that it contained no soup, fish, or roast. Clare pointed out the omission, and was promptly subdued by Grandma, who loftily informed her that "she'd rather have chicken pie anytime than soup, an' fried-cakes rather than angel-cake, for she wanted something she could taste as it went down."

It would be easier to tell what Grandma Snow had not selected, than to tell what she had chosen in the culinary line. There were cakes of various sorts, pound, sponge, election, molasses, black, white, and yellow—each the pride of Grandma's heart; there were cookies and doughnuts, pies and tarts; pickles, sweet, sour, and spiced; jellies, preserves, jams, and marmalades; vegetables of every description, baked, boiled, stewed, and fried; smoked ham and chicken pie; brown bread, light bread, cream biscuits and rolls, and such old, old dishes as dried beef frizzled in cream, "Dutch" cheese, and apple-butter. Grandma herself, Mrs. Van Cleve, Senior, Mrs. Van Cleve, Junior, and the cook of each household, baked and cooked steadily for three days, before all was ready for the feast.

Even Clare caught the prevalent enthusiasm, and made a huge citron cake that came out of the oven so big, and light, and goldly-brown, that she felt justified in sending it to the fashionable French baker's, with orders to have it iced in the highest style of the confectioner's art. It came home an imposing pyramid, iced, and fluted, and trimmed with candied flowers, birds and cupids. Clare exultingly presented this peace-offering to her grandmother, who on her part was delighted at this overture from the enemy.

"Clara's a true Snow, all over," remarked the mollified old soul. "She's peppery, Clara is, but land sakes! her bark's worse than her bite. An' if I do say it, I never see a finer cake. I don't think much of

them curly pipestems all along the edge, but them candy angels do look real fine, I do declare."

Grandma's gala-day dawned bright and fair. By eight o'clock in the morning, she was dressed and ready for her guests. By nine the visitors began to arrive, and by half-past nine all were there. There were twelve old ladies invited. Rather a mixed crowd, some would have thought, for Grandma had asked the friends of former days, quite regardless of their social position, or the length of their purses. Most of them, however, were as old-fashioned as Grandma herself. Two of them brought patchwork, three their knitting work, and one good soul, without the fear of "society" before her eyes, brought with her a carpet-bag full of old garments to patch. It would have shocked Clare, had she chanced to see it, but Clare was not present. Her grandmother had tartly said, "If Clara can't keep from turnin' up her nose, I want her to stay away from my party," and that young lady had as snappishly answered that she would be only too glad to stay away; and stay away she did, in spite of her mother's protests, though it must be owned her conscience gave her many an ugly twinge that day, for doing so.

The elder and the younger Mrs. Van Cleve did all in their power to make Grandma's gala-day a success. How the tongues of the old ladies flew! Here one group was discussing the weighty problem of how best to "toe off" socks; there a group were rehearsing the doings of their respective grandchildren, who were a precocious set of youngsters, upon their grandmothers' testimony; while still another group exchanged reminiscences of their far-off girlhood days. There was no spirit of caste among them. Mrs. Edencott, the banker's mother, in her heavy silk and rich laces, fraternally helped Mrs. Fitts, the butcher's mother, piece "nine-patch" quilt-blocks, although Mrs. Fitts was attired in a rusty, twenty-cent worsted that had long since seen its best days; and Mrs. Parker the sexton's wife, in her stiffly starched calico gown, was quite the life of the party, with her quick wit and lively sallies.

Dinner was announced at one o'clock, the precise hour selected by Grandma, who vowed she didn't intend to "wait until supper-time to eat, and then call it dinner." Mrs. Alice had brought out her finest napery, and her prettiest china and silver. The table fairly groaned beneath its weight of luxuries, for Grandma insisted on having everything served up at once instead of in courses, "so they could see what they had to eat." With old-fashioned politeness, the guests tasted this, that and the other, praising everything, and begging to have the recipes given them. Grandma grew radiant in watching them eat. She urged each dish in succession upon them, and only desisted when each had positively declared it an impossibility to swallow another mouthful.

After dinner, came an afternoon of social enjoyment, looking at bric-a-brac, through albums and portfolios, and listening to the music that Mrs. Alice gave them. But the happiest day must come to its close, and by five o'clock the last of the old ladies had taken her departure, and Grandma's happy day was over.

Ever afterwards, Grandma lived over that one bright day in retrospective delight. She rehearsed over and over every little incident connected with it, and was so agreeable that Clare's impulsive nature was touched. That young lady did considerable thinking for a few days. She was always out-and-out in her sentiments, and having once decided that she was the one most at fault for their frequent disagreements, she had the grace to acknowledge her fault to Grandma, and ask her pardon therefor.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the old lady, holding up both hands in astonishment. If you ain't a Snow all over! Bite your head off one minute, 'cause they're mad at you, swaller you the next to show how well they like you—that's a Snow up and down. Don't you go to begging my pardon—I'm pretty tetchy myself, an' you're a little spiled, so one's 'bout as much to blame as t'other. Me an Alice get along, an' I guess you and me can, if we try, an' I will try after this."

"So will I," said Clare, and she did. Sometimes the angry words bubbled up before she knew it, but she kept a close watch upon her temper, and as she grew less fault-finding, Grandma grew less exasperating, and in time even became as fond of her as of Alice. And when, a little later, Grandma passed to the better land, Clare looked back with thankfulness to the gala-day, when she first realized that kindness, not fault-finding, was the way to Grandma's heart.

# THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS FOR JUNE.

By Mrs. Jessie N. Lewis.

Sunday, June 6.

Topic—The tongue as a Christian tool. Ex. 4: 1-17.

The tongue is a little member. Like the bit in a horse's mouth, or like the ship's rudder, it is as important as it is small. God counts it valuable in his service.

Do we find it hard to speak for Christ? Moses complained of slowness of speech, Jeremiah declared himself a child who could not speak. Let us, young Christians, take these promises to God's saints, Ex. 4: 12 and Jer. 1: 7, 8, for our very own when timidity seizes our tongues.

In order to be useful, a tool must be sharpened, cleaned, perfect. The tongue may be needed as a gimlet and awl, to pierce walls of conceit and self-love in order to let in divine light and air. And again, it may need a smooth true edge, which like the plane, will smooth out difficulties, leveling the rough spots. The fire of God's love will temper our unruly member for any service He may require of us.

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Sunday, June 13.

Topic—The best way to study the Bible. Ps. 19: 7-14.

Why is the Bible a book for study? It is a "lamp" and a light for our steps (Ps. 119: 105). It is able to build up and to give an inheritance of sanctification (Acts 20: 32). It gives us peace so that nothing shall offend (Ps. 119: 165). It is perfect, sure, right, pure and righteous altogether (Ps. 19: 7).

When should its study begin? Timothy had known the scripture from a child. The Israelites were commanded to teach the law to their children at morning and evening, writing them upon the posts of the house, and upon the gates (Deut. 6: 7-9).

How can we study the Bible? (1) Not simply read for pleasure and profit, but study as we would a mathematical problem or Greek verb. Bring our whole mind to bear on it. (2) Set apart a definite time, say fifteen minutes every day. (3) Study with an object—books, authors, characters, topics, words, historical, poetical, anyway devotional. (4) Read thoughts of great men on particular passages. (5) Above all, study prayerfully under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and he will lead you into all truth.

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Sunday, June 20.

Topic—Our brothers' keepers. Gen. 4: 3-16. (A temperance topic).

"Where is thy brother?" We know but ——. The selfish answer, "Am I my brother's keeper?" will never shield guilty Cains. Christ, the elder brother sought us, and is seeking others. "I have given you an example" (John 13: 15). The divine law of love to God is shown in service to his children. There is nothing unselfish in the life "filled with all the fulness of God."

We are to be our brother's keeper in two ways: (1) Negatively, "Give none offence" (1 Cor. 10: 32). Little things, cards, dancing, theater, Sunday pleasures, &c., but our brother watches us and alas, is offended. His soul is lost because he was side-tracked through our influence.

(2) Positively—What a joy to feel that we have helped to keep some brother—our brother in the race of life. Let us push him toward the goal as we press toward it ourselves. He is discouraged. Our hearty greeting will give him new life. He is in the toils of a deadening habit. He needs our earnest entreaty and example towards a pure life.

To be a brother's keeper is to put ourselves into service for him—it is Christlike.

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Sunday, June 27.

Topic—How to get patience, and why? James 5: 7-20.

How apt are Bible illustrations! "Behold the husbandman waiteth * * and hath long patience" (James 5: 7). We have watched him ploughing, then scattering the grain, and then? Did he walk over and over the fields, tearing up the seeds to see if they had sprouted? Oh, no! He waited the soft, gentle showers—"the early and the latter rain."

"Be ye also patient, stablish your hearts,"
"God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

When small worries fret us, when the storm of anger sweeps over us, it is well to have self-control, but it is far better to have a truly, gentle spirit, not of the tongue only, but of the heart. Do we complain at our lot? God has put us here, and may be working out a wonderful piece of beauty from our lives if we allow it patiently. Patience is from the Latin word to suffer. Patience is no sign of weakness of character, on the other hand it denotes strength. Some of the smallest animals buzz the most restlessly and angrily.

We have need of patience. Truly we do if we be Christ's disciples. How much he needed it during the hours of that mock trial. And having done the will of God, we will, indeed, "receive the promise" (Heb. 10: 36).

Mohawk, N. Y.

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A CROWN.

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is called content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

—Shakespeare.

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DEATH, THE RECTIFIER.

It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehoods, or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metal. Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease, he would almost invariably find himself at a higher or a lower point than he had formerly occupied on the scale of public appreciation. It is a truth (and it would be a very sad one but for the higher hopes which it suggests) that no great mistake, whether acted or endured, in our mortal sphere, is ever really set right. Time, the continual vicissitudes of circumstances, and the invariable inopportunity of death, render it impossible. If, after long lapse of years, the right seems to be in our power, we find no niche to set it in. The bet-

ter remedy is for the sufferer to pass on, and leave what he once thought his irreparable ruin far behind him.

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## WHY GRANT NEVER SWORE.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant," in the May Century, says: "While sitting with him at the campfire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him: "General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the rough and tumble of army service and frontier life, and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation." "Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear," he replied. "When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion his adversary, who keeps cool, always gets the better of him. In fact, I could never see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with people who swear excessively, that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time."

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## BE SHORT.

Learn to be short. Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, and long prayers seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short; time is short; moments are precious; learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasures grow insipid, and pain intolerable, if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Lop off branches, stick to the main fact in your case. If you speak, tell your message and hold your peace; boil down two words into one, and three into two.

## DR. BARROWS IN INDIA.

Dr. J. H. Barrows went to India several months ago to deliver the inaugural course of lectures in the Barrows Lectureship, established by Caroline E. Haskell of Chicago. The aim is to spread the Christian religion in India. Dr. Barrows received a most cordial welcome and delivered 113 lectures on religious topics in Indian cities. At Calcutta he had a grand reception, at which Mohammedans, Parsees, Buddhists, and Brahmans were present. This is said to have been the first time a Hindu palace has been thrown open to a Christian minister. Dr. Barrows delivered twenty-two lectures in Japan.

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## BE CHEERFUL.

But now let me tell you this. If the time comes when you must lay down the fiddle and the bow because your fingers are too stiff, and drop the ten-foot sculls because your arms are too weak, and, after dallying awhile with eye-glasses, come at last to the undisguised reality of spectacles—if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low that where its flames reverberated there is only the sombre stain of regret, and where its coals glowed only the white ashes that cover the embers of memory—don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long.

Call him not old whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art,
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart—
Turn to the record where his years are told—
Count his gray hairs—they can not make him old!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

# PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Under the auspices of the Committee on Literature of Saint David's Society of the State of New York, a lecture was delivered by Prof. J. W. Parson Price, at the Welsh Presbyterian Church, East 13th street, on Wednesday evening, April 21st, 1897. Subject: "The Musicians of Wales, from the Earliest Days to the Present Time." This lecture of the "Pregethwr" is the result of extensive reading, studious research, and careful preparation. Its delivery was practically extemporaneous and interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, and it proved both instructive and interesting.

It is intended to utilize the stenographer's notes of the lecture and publish the same in a future issue of the "Cambrian."

The Stewards of Saint David's Society of the State of New York, are determined to make July 5th, 1897, a red letter day in the annals of the society, by inaugurating a new departure in the shape of a "grand outing," with Cymric Games, etc., at Westchester Park, on the Hudson. All arrangements are already under full headway for the reception and amusement of the gathering clans on the occasion. Wind and weather permitting, the members of the society, and their many friends, may confidently expect a very enjoyable day.

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Edward Lewis of Utica, N. Y., is for this season the pitcher of the Boston base ball team. "Teddie" is a good one and is sure to give the other fellows a great deal of trouble.

Ambassador Hay delivered an oration at the unveiling of a bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey on May 21.

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The responsibility of the error of one word making necessary a special session of the Legislature of New Jersey, has been located. Miss Margaret Williams, a clerk, admits that the mistake was hers.

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John Thomas, a sixteen-year-old lad of Calumet, Mich., saved the lives of two fellow workmen recently. An alarm of fire was given from the twenty-third level of No. 2 shaft, Tamarack mine. All who were warned speedily left except him, who remained at his post because there were human lives depending on him.

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Mrs. Mary E. Wilcox, who was born in the White House during the administration of Andrew Jackson, tendered the resignation of her clerkship under the Treasury Department to Secretary Gage recently on account of her advanced years. The resignation was accepted, to take effect Aug. 1, and the Secretary gave Mrs. Wilcox leave of absence until that date. Mrs. Wilcox was appointed to the government service in 1882, and was gradually promoted until she reached a salary of $1,600. She is now nearly 70 years of age. Her husband, long since dead, was a Representative from Mississippi.

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The church in which Henry Ward Beecher held his first pastorate, the Sec-

ond Presbyterian of Indianapolis, is to be torn down to make place for a big office building. It is in the heart of the business quarter of the city and its congregation has moved away from it. It is a plain, and in fact ugly structure, built in 1840, in order to accommodate the growing popularity of the young preacher, who began his work there in 1839, when he was 26 years old, and remained until he was called to Plymouth in Brooklyn, in June, 1847.

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In Sulzer's Harlem park, New York, on the 12th ult., under the auspices of the women of several colonial and patriotic societies, was celebrated the 119th anniversary of the appointment of Baron von Steuben as inspector general of the American army. The celebration was of interest to the people of Oneida county because the great drillmaster and disciplinarian of the revolutionary war lies buried within its borders, and during the present year occurs the 25th anniversary of the dedication of the monument in the town of Steuben, which marks his final resting place.

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Major S. H. M. Byers, author of "Sherman's March to the Sea," has prevailed upon the Legislature of Iowa, to make the wild rose the official flower of that state. He has written a poem entitled "The Rose of Iowa," which is to be set to music and made a state song. It is as follows:

Hast seen the wild rose of the west,
  The sweetest child of morn?
Its feet the dewy fields have pressed,
  Its breath is on the corn.

The gladsome prairie rolls and sweeps,
  Like billows to the sea,
While on its breast the red rose keeps
  The white rose company.

The wild, wild rose, whose fragrance dear
  To every breeze is flung.
The same wild rose that blossomed here
  When Iowa was young.

Oh, sons of heroes ever wear
  The wild rose on your shield;
No other flower is half so fair
  In love's immortal field.

Let others sing of mountain snows,
  Or palms beside the sea,
The state whose emblem is the rose
  Is the fairest far to me.

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In his excellent address on "Our Postal System," before the Historical Society of Utica, N. Y., on the 11th ult., Gen. T. L. James of New York, said:

"Printing is known as the art preservative of all arts. Another greater art preservative is that of the post-office department. The letters of great men and women are forming a special type of literature. Were it not for printing, those wise and witty letters would not endure for all time. It is also true of the post-office that carried them safely. The letters of James Russell Lowell form one of the greatest publications of the century. This is due in no small measure to the fidelity and efficiency of the American post-office. Only think of the letters of Lamb, Sidney Smith, Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and the great religious leader, Phillips Brooks, and realize how much worse off the people would have been if those letters had gone to the dead letter office. The New York Tribune once received a letter marked 'H. G.' The postmark showed that it came from somewhere in Kansas. It reached Horace Greeley and when opened was found to contain a $2 bill and nothing else. Greeley instructed a clerk: 'Credit Jake Simmons in Kansas with $2,' and stated that Simmons was a fanatic sort of a fellow anyway."

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Rev. Thomas T. Evans died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Ellis, at Floyd, N. Y., May 12th, in his 91st year. He was born in Llanidloes, Wales, Jan. 10, 1807. He began preaching in the Calvinistic Methodist Church in 1833. He came to this country in 1840 and

settled in Remsen. In the same year he was married at Utica to Catharine Davis. He was ordained to the ministry at Remsen in 1845. He afterwards removed to Floyd, where he lived for 20 years. In 1870 he moved to Holland Patent. In 1866 he paid a visit to Wales. Besides preaching he undertook some enterprises in publishing books. He spent over fifty years in this country preaching the gospel under many disadvantages and making many tedious journeys. He was of a cheerful and friendly disposition and was noted as a peacemaker. He could easily overlook weakness in his fellow men and always manifested the spirit of forgiveness. His wife died about one and one-half years ago. He leaves two sons and four daughters, Taliesin Evans of New York, Gomer Evans of Angus, Minn., Mrs. John Ellis and Miss Sarah Evans of Camroden, Mrs. D. D. Williams of Rome and Mrs. D. S. Anthony of Sioux City, Ia.

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It is not perhaps generally known that the Cambro-American club of Columbus, O., is the only political organization in the state composed of citizens of Welsh descent. The fame of this enterprising club and its effective work for the Republican cause are known all over the state, and a desire has been created to have similar socities in other cities. This has been especially the case in Cincinnati, where the prospects of forming a Cambro-American political society has been under consideration for some time, has at last taken definite shape in the form of a request that the Cambro-American club of Columbus send a committee to Cincinnati to assist in launching the new organization. The matter was brought before the club at a regular meeting lately, and the proposition to organize a sister society in the Queen City met with the enthusiastic approval of the members. The following named gentlemen were appointed the committee to visit Cincinnati May 28 as organizers of the new club: Messrs. Thomas A. Morgan, John R. Beynon and John J. Pugh. They will go at the club's expense and will tell their Cincinnati brethren how a Cambro-American Republican club has grown and prospered in this city.

A gratifying statement of the condition of the club's finances was made. Great interest was manifested in the coming campaign, and the club will be found, as in the past, contributing its full share to Republican success. Until last year it was the custom to suspend the holding of meetings during the summer, and this year the club will follow last year's precedent of holding monthly meetings during the heated term. As soon as the campaign opens in earnest in the fall, the semi-monthly meetings will be resumed, and in the meantime a healthy interest in the work will be maintained by assembling each month.—Ohio State Journal, Columbus, O.

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Mr. Thomas James, inside foreman of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co's. Kohinoor colliery at Shenandoah, has been promoted to district superintendent of the Gilberton district of the same company, vice Mr. Elijah Gregory, resigned.

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Mr. Gomer Jones has been appointed superintendent of the Honey Brook division of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Co., with offices at Audenreid, Pa., vice Mr. David R. Roberts, who has accepted the managership of the Waddell colliery in the Wyoming region.

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A glass headstone has been put up over the grave of George E. Evans, a Mason, at Eugene, Or. It was sent on there by his father from Gibeon, Neb.

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DEATH OF THOMAS EDWARDS.

Thomas Edwards, a prominent citizen of Poultney, Vt., died May 14th last, after a lingering illness. He was born

Nov. 6, 1829, in a place called Llandynan, near Llangollen, Wales. He left his native land and reached New York in June, 1857. Thence he started for Fair Haven, Vt., where he became acquainted with the late Robert W. Jones. After some time he went to Middle Granville, N. Y., where he remained about four years. There he was married to Miss Matilda McCotter, Feb. 11, 1867. In 1873 he moved with his family to South Poultney and purchased the farm of Mrs. Norton, on which was located some of the best sea-green quarries in America. He remained there until 1884, when he moved to the village of Poultney where he spent the rest of his life. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, Nellie and Jennie M., the latter being the wife of C. W. Humphrey. He was an active member of the M. E. Church, and of the Morning Star Lodge, No. 37, F. and A. M. He was also an Ivorite. He was an industrious, prudent, honest and generous man, highly respected by all who knew him.

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## DR. RICHARD DAVIES.

Dr. Richard Davies was first, Bishop of St. Asaph, and afterwards of St. David's. He was a native of Caernarvonshire, educated at Oxford, and in 1550 presented by King Edward VI, to the vicarage of Burnham, and he had also the rectory of Maids Moreton, in Buckingham, but deprived of both preferments by Queen Mary, was obliged to flee from the country, and at this time he suffered much poverty and distress. On the death of Mary he was restored to his preferments in England, which he held until he was made Bishop of the See of St. Asaph. He was considered one of the most eminent scholars of his age, and his patriotic efforts to furnish his fellow-countrymen with the Scriptures in the vernacular is ever remembered. Prefixed to Salesbury's Testament is a letter in Welsh, to the people of his diocese in particular, and Wales in general, in which he earnestly desires a renewal of the ancient Catholic Faith, by the light of the Gospel of Christ.

In the new translation of the English Bible, made by the command of Queen Elizabeth, which is known as Parker's Bible, Bishop Davies revised and compared with the original Hebrew the books of Joshua, Ruth, and 1 and 2 Samuel.

Bishop Richard Davies was buried at Abergwile, and in the year 1843, when the church at that place was rebuilt they came across a coffin with the Bishop's remains, his name being legible, and the late Bishop Thirlwall erected a suitable monument over his grave at his own expense, with the following interesting inscription:

"In memory of the Right Rev. Father in God.

"Bishop Richard Davies, D. D. He was born in the parish of Ciffin, near Conway, in North Wales. He was educated at New Inn Hall, Oxford. He was raised to the See of St. Asaph, January 31st, 1559, and to this See (St. David's), May 21st, 1561. He died November 7th, 1581, about 80 years of age, and was buried in this church. He translated Joshua, Judges, Ruth, 1 Sam. and 2 Sam. in the English Bible, when the old translations were corrected under the supervision of Archbishop Parker, in the year 1588; and he also translated 1 Timothy, Hebrews, James, 1 and 2 Peter, in the Welsh New Testament, which was published, and for the most part translated by William Salesbury of Plas-isaf, near Llanrwst, in the year 1567. He was a bishop of pure learning and godly, he was diligent in labor; the traces of his care and pains will be ever seen while the Scriptures last."

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## GWILYM GANOLDREF.

William, or Captain Myddleton, or, as he is called in Welsh, Gwilym Ganoldref, the eminent poet and grammarian, who flourished A. D. 1560 to 1600,

was a son of Richard Myddleton, governor of Denbigh castle under Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth. He received his early education at Oxford, but his military turn of mind led him abroad, where he signalized himself as soldier and sailor. It is said that by his conduct the fleet, which was sent in 1591 to the Azores to intercept the Spanish galeons, was saved. Capt. Myddleton kept company with the enemy for three days and made himself acquainted with their strength, and left them time enough to give the English Admiral, Lord Thomas Howard, notice of their strength, who prudently retired from so unequal a conflict and certain destruction.

Capt. Myddleton, Capt. T. Prys, o Blas Jolyn (another noted Welsh bard), and Capt. Koet, according to Gwallter Mechain, were the first to burn tobacco in the city of London, in 1583, though Sir Walter Raleigh has had the credit. Capt. Myddleton translated the Psalms into Welsh metre, and finished them on January 4th, 1595, at Scutum, an island in the West Indies. This version was published after his death in 1603, edited by Thomas Salisbury, together with his "Rheolau Barddoniaeth," or Arts of Welsh Cynganedd, and has been pro- sion of the Psalms is in the strictest Welsh Cynghanedd, and has been pronounced by Welsh critics a masterly production. It is also looked upon as one of the chief wonders of the sixteenth century—a captain of a British vessel, in the tumult of fierce and continuous war, having found time to accomplish such a task.

Capt. Myddleton was descended from Rhirid Flaidd, who in 1150 was Lord Penllyn, etc., Pennant Mihangel y Gin, and Ruyton of the eleven towns in Shropshire.

Sir Thomas Myddleton, his brother, was a great benefactor to his country; he paid the cost of printing the first small edition of the Bible in Welsh for the use of the poorer classes.

## WILLIAM SALESBURY.

William Salesbury will never be forgotten while Wales remains. He was a member of an ancient and respectable family in the county of Denbigh. After receiving his early schooling in his native county he was sent to Oxford where he remained for some years; after which he removed to an Inn of Chancery lane, London, where he studied, and subsequently to Lincoln's Inn. From the preface to a work he wrote entitled, "An Exemplar of Rhetoric," it has been shown that he was well versed in nine languages besides English and Welsh. In addition to the above work he published in 1547 "A Dictionary in Englyshe and Welshe, moche necessary to all suche Welshmen as wil spedly learne the Englyshe tongue, thought unto the kynge's majestie very mete to be sette for the use of his Grace's subjectes in Wales. Where unto is prefixed a little treatise of the Englyshe pronounciation of the letters, by Wm. Salesbury." This book he dedicated by permission to King Henry VIII., and though the title-page says that it is an English-Welsh dictionary, the Welsh is given before the English in the book, which is of considerable size.

Another book of Salesbury, which is said to be the first he published, was his "Kalender Cymraeg," and this is the first book ever printed in the Welsh language. It contains the Welsh alphabet, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Seven Virtues of the Church. In 1550 he published "Battery of the Pope's Bottereulx, commonly called the High Altar." He also translated the Epistles and Gospels for the whole year, which were published in London in 1551, with the title "Kynniver llith a bau o'r Ysgrytdyr lan ac a ddarllenir yr Eccleis pryd Cymmun, y Sulieu, a'r Gwyliau trwy'r flwyddyn." But his greatest achievement, and the most important of all his labors in behalf of his countrymen and the Protestant religion, was

his translation of the New Testament, a task he undertook at the request of the Bishops of St. Asaph, Bangor, St. David's, Llandaff, and Hereford. This volume contained 800 pages printed in black letter; printed in London in the year 1567.

## A TRUE SURPRISE PARTY.

It is seldom a better opportunity is afforded us to report of friendly gatherings in honor of men of good character, principles and of real worth than is now given us to report of a real surprise party tendered our friend Clwgwynog (George M. Rees), now of Mincola, Long Island, on Saturday evening, April 24.

The thought occurred to his many friends that some honor should be paid him before he would take leave of Greater New York for the more peaceful quietness of the suburbs; after living among us for thirteen years and having won our regard and esteem, his friends decided upon making a visit to him and his family without their knowledge of the friends' intention, and they met in Brooklyn and marched into their home, to meet with Mrs. Rees' hearty laugh and Mr. Rees' most pleasant smile, despite the shock caused at seeing so many visitors and the embarrassment at conjecturing as to what might be their mission. After a warm handshake, and a welcome, Mr. Rees was obliged to inquire as to what could have brought them together, and was replied in a witty manner by the leader, that it was a self-organized committee of friends seeking the aid and assistance of modest folks of genius and talent, to supplant the rude uncouthed honor seekers, who aim to be leaders, and generals, and aspire to gain publicity and false fame through their boldness, lack of refinement and true ability, who abound in all communities, our own Welsh community not excepted.

This ever truthful and pithy introductory address brought cheer to the evening's entertainment, and many were the jests engaged in, bringing from each of the company a merry laugh, which seemed to have a contagious effect, and all passed a joyous evening.

Mr. Matthews presented him, in behalf of the friends absent and present, with a valuable gold penholder with his name inscribed thereon, and in words of eulogy, manifested to Mr. Rees the high esteem in which he is held among our Welsh people in New York city and Brooklyn.

Mr. Rees explained in reply to the company's wish for a speech, that it was ordinarily an easy matter for him, and a pleasure to make a speech at all times, but under the present circumstances he feared that his efforts in that direction would be a failure, and said in words, of a tone ringing and full of meaning, that he highly appreciated the gift, but that the kind feelings prompting the action would have to be understood through his silence, and that no language could do the subject justice.

The friends parted at 10 o'clock amid the "good nights" of the family and Mr. Rees' cheerful invitation to "come again."

## THE SWEETEST THINGS ON EARTH.

What are the sweetest things on earth?
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn.
A happy little child asleep,
Eyes that can smile though they may weep;
A brother's cheer, a father's praise,
The minstrelsy of summer days.
A heart where never anger burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow, pain's swift release,
Dark footsteps guided into peace.
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
An honest hand that needs no ward;
A life with right in true accord.
A hope-bud waxing into joy;
A happiness without alloy;
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth;
These are the sweetest things on earth.

# FIELD OF LETTERS

## NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NAT FOSTER, Trapper and Hunter of the Adirondacks, is the title of a book written by Rev. A. L. Byron-Curtiss, and just issued from the press of T. J. Griffiths, Utica, N. Y.

This book is not a novel, but a true history of the noted person whose name is given above; and although it is not a work of fiction we can safely say that for scenes of thrilling interest, daring exploits and adventures, it can vie with the most sensational novel. The history begins immediately prior to the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, when the Foster family were living near Hinsdale, N. H. The first part of the book is taken up with the history of the father of the hero of the story, giving an account of his enlistment in the American army, the part he took in the battle of Bunker Hill, and his numerous and daring exploits throughout the whole of the war.

When Mr. Foster went to the war his family consisted of his wife, two sons and a daughter. Nat was the younger son, being nine years old when his father joined the army; but he early learned the skillful use of the rifle, and as deer, moose and other game abounded in the Adirondacks at that time, he did much toward the support of the family during his father's absence, who when the war was over returned to his home broken down in health, having expended his strength and health in aiding to achieve the independence of his country.

To follow Nat Foster from this time to the close of his life in old age, in his wonderful adventures with Indians and daring exploits with wild beasts, would far exceed the limits of a book notice. One must read the book itself; and whoever begins to read it will not be apt to lay it aside for lack of interest.

It is believed that Nat Foster was the hero of Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales, for the character of Nat Foster, as portrayed by the facts presented in this book and the character of Cooper's "Natty Bumfo" are wonderfully similar.

In addition to being handsomely printed on good paper, the book is illustrated by many fine engravings representing scenes and incidents in the life of Nat Foster in the wilds of the Adirondacks.

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THE RELATION OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE, is the title of a volume of Welsh sermons by the Rev. Joseph Roberts, D. D., of New York, just issued from the press of T. J. Griffiths, Utica.

These sermons can not but attract the attention and win the respect of all thoughtful readers, laymen as well as clergymen, as they are scholarly, logical and candid. It is to be regretted that this book is not in the English language for the reason that nearly everybody who takes an interest in these great discussions prefers that language to the Welsh. It has been said that the Welsh tongue is the best

in the world for the pulpit. If that claim is meant to apply to this class of sermons we would be inclined to dispute it. Here and there throughout this volume difficulty in finding the desired word is quite apparent. It is to be hoped that these profound, reverent, up-to-date discourses will find a large sale and an extensive perusal.

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"The Higher Criticism" has of late been very ably criticised by two clergymen of both learning and logic, namely, Dr. A. J. F. Behrends of Brooklyn, and by James Mulchahey, S. T. D., the former in a volume entitled "The Old Testament Under Fire," and the latter in a book called "The Inspiration of History." Add to these Professor Harnack's exhaustive work, "Chronology of Early Christian Literature," and you have enough to warrant you in saying that the "higher critics" are repulsed, if not routed.

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The Rev. Robert Jones will retire from the post of Wesleyan book steward and editor of the Eurgrawn in August next, and the Bookroom Committee have nominated the Rev. Hugh Jones (Birkenhead, late of Tregarth) and the Rev. John Hughes (Glanystwyth) for the vacancy. There is, however, a strong feeling among a large section of the ministers and leading laymen in the district that the Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach), whose health at present is not robust, should be asked to accept the post.

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A Welsh version of the British National Anthem is often asked for, and in view of the coming Jubilee celebrations, and in response to the queries often addressed to us, it may be stated that the most popular version in Welsh is that written by the late Ieuan Gwylit and arranged and harmonized in both notations by Mr. D. Emlyn Evans. This was the version sung before H. R. H., the Prince of Wales at Aberystwyth in June last, being published by Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac.

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The Rev. Elwyn Thomas of Newport, whose recently published volume, "The Martyrs of Hell's Highway," is almost through its second thousand, is preparing a volume of Welsh Idyls for publication next summer.

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The Rev. J. Morgan Jones of Cardiff, has been invited by the Book Committee of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists to undertake the editorship of Y Drysorfa, the official magazine of the denomination, for the next five years in succession to Dr. Cynhafal Jones.

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Canon Williams, Carmarthen, has just published a new book, entitled "Studies in the Gospels, Epistles, and Lessons of the Church." The book forms the first part of a series of twelve, and is the only work of its kind ever published in Wales. It is dedicated, by permission, to the late Archbishop Benson, probably the first Welsh book ever dedicated to such a dignitary.

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Canon Williams' new book on the Scriptural portions of the Prayer Book is proceeding apace. The second part has already appeared, and at this rate the Welsh church before long will be given the greatest theological work of the kind it has ever seen.

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Kipling is living up to his title of "Laureate of Greater Britain." The new Canadian tariff inspires a poem by him on "Our Lady of the Snows," in which the lady, Canada, is thus represented:

A nation spoke to a nation—
A Throne sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
"But mistress in my own!
"The gates are mine to open
"As the gates are mine to close,
"And I abide by my mother's house,"
Said the Lady of the Snows.

The Rev. D. S. Davies (Carmarthen) Testimonial Fund so far totals £108 10s. 6d.

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A Llanelly family is going to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee in a novel way. There will be three marriages from the house during the year.

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Mr. John Pritchard, Bangor, has concluded at Llanrwst a two days' sale of the Welsh library and antiquities belonging to Gwilym Cowlyd, the bard. There was, as on the first day, a large attendance. Good prices were afterwards realized. At Llandudno, the library of the deceased bard, Gwalchmai, was sold.

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The proclamation of the Ffestiniog National Eisteddfod of 1898 is to take place on Bryn yr Orsedd on the 3rd of July. The chair subject for the Eisteddfod is "Awen" (The Muse,) for which a prize of £20 and a carved oak chair is offered. The subject of the ode is "Charles o'r Bala," for which a similar money prize and a crown is offered. A prize of £20 is offered for the best "History of the Educational Awakening in Wales from the Establishment of British Schools to the Present Day," and one of £15 for an historical and critical essay on Edmund Prys, the celebrated author of the metrical version of the Welsh Psalms.

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Dr. Roberts of Wrexham, the celebrated Congregational divine, received the following telegram on his 80th birthday in Easter week from three well-known "hwntws:"

"Hir oes i'r doctor, medd y tri wyr hyn, Tawelfryn, Tynywern, a Watcyn Wyn."

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The students at Trevecca College recently gave a cordial welcome home to Principal Prys, who has been away for many months in Egypt. Vice Principal Edwin Williams, Professor Young Evans, and several of the students spoke, and the principal, in response, made the gratifying statement that he was now thoroughly restored to health, and felt strong enough to resume his duties at the college.

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It is announced on what is described as "good authority," that Mr. Owen M. Edwards has definitely decided to sever his connection with the five Welsh magazines of which he is the founder and editor. If this is so, the loss to Welsh literature will be serious, for Mr. Edwards has given stimulus and direction to many Welsh writers during the last seven or eight years. Mr. Edwards, it is stated, will give up two of his magazines before the end of the year, and will gradually break off his connection with the others.

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One of the most perfectly preserved Elizabethan manor houses in Wales is Plas Mawr, Conway, the home of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art. It appears that there is in this old mansion a haunted room, and the mysterious visitor, which in past years rambled abroad under the cover of darkness, has of late been seen and heard taking its walks in broad daylight.

Plas Mawr was built three centuries ago by Robert Wynne, son of John Wynne ap Meredydd, of Gwydir, of whom the well known historian, Sir John Wynne, Bart. was nephew. It may not be generally known that Plas Mawr has 365 windows, 52 doors, and 52 steps up to its tower.

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Mr. Herbert Lewis has at last succeeded in his efforts to get Welsh wills translated at the public expense. Hitherto the expense has had to be borne by the estate. A few months ago Mr. Lewis drew Mr. Hanbury's attention to the matter, and the Secretary to the Treasury promised that no obstacle would be raised by him if the President of the Probate Court saw fit to recommend a reform. At the beginning of April Mr. Lewis wrote to remind Mr. Hanbury of his promise and to ask him if anything had been done in the matter. Mr. Hanbury replied that he had not heard from Sir Francis Jeune. Thereupon Mr. Lewis wrote to the President, urging him to take the initiative in amending a practice which affected a considerable number of the inhabitants of Wales. He has now received the following reply from Sir Francis Jeune: "I certainly approve of the necessaray translations of Welsh wills being paid for out of public funds, and as Mr. Hanbury has been so good as to sanction this I will at once give directions accordingly."

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The annual meeting of the Council of the Welsh Quarrymen's Union was held at Carnarvon on May 1st. Mr. W. Thomas, President, occupying the chair. There was a full attendance of delegates. The balance sheet for the year ending 31st December, 1896, showed a credit balance of £528, and in view of this it was resolved by an overwhelming majority that the membership subscription be doubled, the new rate to come into force July 1st in the current year. It is calculated that the effect of the new rule will be to add in 12 months a sum of from £5,000 to £6,000 to the reserve fund of the union available for any emergency. The secretary, Mr. W. Williams, in his annual report, dealt exhaustively with the Penrhyn dispute, as did also the President in his valedictory address. Votes of thanks to the press, and to the Trade Unions which had so materially assisted the Penrhyn men in their present struggle were adopted; and further prominence was given to that dispute by the unanimous and enthusiastic election of Mr. Robert Davies, chairman of the Penrhyn quarrymen's deputation to Lord Penrhyn, to be President of the union for the ensuing year, and the selection of Bethesda as the place for holding next year's annual meeting and labor festival—a suggestive resolution which seems to indicate that the men's leaders do not believe the great quarries in that neighborhood to have been permanently closed. Addressing a large demonstration of North Wales quarrymen at Carnarvon, Mr. John Burns, M. P., said the fight in which the Bethesda men were engaged was not a paltry wage question, but a humanitarian fight. Measured by the pecuniary support afforded it, this was the most popular strike that ever took place in this country; but even now the Trades Unions had merely commenced to collect. English, Scotch and Irish workmen were resolved that this should not prove the Lucknow of labor, in which the men would be starved into submission.

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Bishop Owen is the one hundred and nineteenth prelate who has filled the See of St. David, and the tenth John who has occupied the throne of Dewi. Most of his predecessors were Normans or Englishmen, and several of his Welsh predecessors bore such barbarous names as makes it difficult to believe they were natives. Maelsgwyd, Sulhaithnay, Arthwael, Rhydderch, Bleiddud, and Rhyddmarch.

Among the subscribers to the Carmarthem Jubilee Fund is a gentleman—an old St. Peter's boy—who was born five years before the Jubilee of George III., and who is now as active as many men 30 years his junior.

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"Watcyn Wyn" and "Eos Dar" have done nearly all the penillion and penillion singing of the last ten years in the National Eisteddfod. Lately they had a night to speak before the Cardiff Cymrodorion. It was said in the course of the lecture that penillion singing goes under different names—canu gyda'r tannau, canu gyda'r delyn, and canu penillion. Canu gyda'r tannau because there were other stringed instrument besides the Welsh harp. Canu penillion had still a wider meaning—singing with the harp, the crwth, the horn, or even with the pastwn, with any heavy stick beating the time, &c.; hence the term "pastynfardd." The manners of North Wales and that of South Wales are different. They follow the harp—intone with harp—in North Wales, but they sing with it still am dant in South Wales. How to account for the two manners the lecturer could not say, but very likely the manners of North Wales was the older of the two: "dull y De" was modern. The right penillion singing is "dull y Gogledd." The lecturer explained how, in his opinion, the Welsh are a nation of poets and singers. They were taught to be poets and singers by the old bards in the ancient times, and when the bards lost the patronage of the princes and noblemen, and became mute and silent, the people themselves began to sing—that was the real awakening. The lecturer explained how canu penillion was neglected, and how it was taken up and revived these days, and exhorted the Cymrodorion to form classes to cultivate this lost art, which is really Welsh. "Eos Dar" sang four times—twice "dull y De," and twice "dull y Gogledd."

Tourists who want to hear a Welsh psalmody festival are advised by the "Musical Herald" to be at the Carnarvon Pavilion on the 1st of July. There will be 7,000 or 8,000 Calvinistic Methodist singers under Mr. D. Jenkins.

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One of the Cardiff papers says: "In the Swansea memorial to the Welsh University Court, it is stated that Swansea is more distinctly Welsh than either Newport or Cardiff. Swansea, in fact, is a half-way house between the Celtic barbarism of the west and eastern civilization, which commences properly at the Ogmore. All the Welsh spoken in Swansea has been imported there from Cardiganshire and elsewhere. In a couple of years or so after he has come to Swansea even a thoroughbred Cardi becomes as thoroughly English as a Mumbles oyster. A hundred years ago Swansea was English to its finger tips."

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There is no lack of interest in Wales in scientific matters, but there is a woeful lack of Welsh books dealing with scientific subjects. The "Genedl," in an admirable review of "Science in 1896," has a timely word on this phase of the question. "It is greatly to be regretted" remarks the "Genedl, "that scientific articles written in Welsh should not be more numerous. The monoglot Welshman cannot know but next to nothing of the important discoveries that are being made, and of the effects of those discoveries upon the views previously held upon many matters." The progress made in science during the century is referred to, but, observes our contemporary, "it is very little that is published in Welsh with reference to these things. Welsh readers are thus deprived of much of that which makes life interesting, and they lose sight of a great part of the intellectual activity of the age." The difficulty seems to be the lack of Welsh scientific terms, but the old language is so resourceful and elastic that this difficulty

is by no means insurmountable. The National Eisteddfod might serve a useful purpose were it to offer a substantian prize for a list of Welsh equivalents for the words introduced by modern science.

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In the sketch of the life and character of Huw Morys (Eos Ceiriog), in the "Cambrian Register," a new law it seems was passed which restricted the marriage ceremony to the secular magistrate. The young couple, instead of having their banns published by the clergyman in church, were to be proclaimed as candidates for wedlock in the open streets, at the Cross of the nearest market town, on three successive market days, during which time the young couple were to be kept in a kind of durance vile, without the permission of visiting each other; the magistrate performing the hymeneal ceremony. This law was so repugnant to the feeling of the bard that he made a vow of celibacy as long as it should continue in force.

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At a Welsh Sunday School recently a little boy was asked for the first time to repeat the verse that he was supposed to have committed to memory during the previous week. The passage taught him by his good mother was "Myfi a'r Tad un ydym." When the criticial moment came the little fellow got somewhat confused, and forgot the exact rendering, but he evidently had the "root of the matter" in him as proved by his rendering of the verse, which was as follows:—"Mae dada a fine 'run peth yn gwmws." The mother who, with throbbing heart, was watching the ordeal of the first public appearance of her offspring, burst into tears of joy at this unexpected display of tact in her little darling, and instantly picked him up, crying as she pressed him to her bosom, "O'r bitws bach pert ag e."

The Principalship of Lampeter College being vacant by the appoin of Canon Owen to be Bishop David's, great interest is felt in cational and clerical circles as to the new principal will be. The C Council have deputed the followin members to look over candidates timonials, and report to the Coun The Bishop of St. David's, the M of St. Jonn's College, Cambridge; cipal Rhys, Oxford; Archdeacon E and Mr. L. J. Roberts, H. M. I., Among the likely candidates are tioned the Rev. G. W. Gent, pri of St. Mark's College, Chelsea; the Ll. M. Bebb, M. A., Brasenose C Oxford; the Rev. Hartwell Jones, and the Rev. Professor Willia Lampeter. The post is said to be about £1,000.

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The charms of Glamorgan are as in the following triad:—

The Bard loves this beautiful cou
Its wines, its wives, and its houses.

Italy has been compared to a Oxfordshire to a seated old dam the same school of geographers likened the general form of Glam shire to a porpoise. Roath repr the mouth, Ruperra its pron snout, Blaen-Rhymney and Wae gyrwyn its dorsal fins, the peni of Gower its outstretched tail, a hundred of Dinas Powis its protu belly. We can no more boast of

The docile oxen team
Glamorgan breed of high esteem,
And long the farmer's pride;
The good-boy's song with wit rep
Sonorous sound, but often sweet,
While trudging by their side.

Hospitality in Glamorgan in f days was to a great extent me by the dimensions of fireplaces kitchens and great halls of our p In St. Donatt's the kitchen fir measured in width, 17 feet 3 i actual grate, 7 feet; height of m piece from ground, 8 feet.

# SCIENTIFIC

## PAINTING WITH COMPRESSED AIR.

"It begins to look," says "The Engineering News," April 8, "as if the compressed-air nozzle was to become the most-used tool in the painter's trade. * Recent expressions on the subject of painting freight cars by compressed air * * * are practically unanimous in favor of that method. The painter's trade is an exceedingly conservative one, and it is safe to say that if the new method had not shown a very material saving in the total cost over the old system of application of paints by hand-brushes, it would never have been adopted so extensively in this field in such a short time. As most of our readers will recall, the practical use of compressed air for painting began with the buildings of the Columbian Exposition of 1893. These enormous structures were painted, or rather sprayed, with kalsomine by compressed-air machines. In fact it would have been a practical impossibility to have covered them by hand-brushing within the limits of reasonable expense. In this first work it was estimated that the amount of color used was 50 per cent. or more in excess of what would have been used with hand-brushing. Since that time, however, the process has been so improved and perfected that it is possible now to apply paint as well as kalsomine, and a skillful workman will use no more material to cover a given surface than is needed to do good work with a brush."

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The purest water in the world is said to be that of the small Swedish river Loka, which in 100,000 parts contains only 0.434 parts of mineral substances. The Thames, at London Bridge, contains in the same quantity of water from 69 to 70 parts, the Seine in Paris 23 to 24, and the River Jordan 139 parts.

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## DIAMONDS IN AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.

"An interesting discovery from a geological point of view," says "Le Genie Civil," "was recently made by an explorer in the mountains of Witzies Hoek, Natal. On the summit of an extinct volcano, on the edge of a lake that occupies the crater, soundings revealed a layer of sand enclosing small diamonds. It would be interesting to know whether these diamonds were there accidentally, that is, as the result of washing operations carried on by the natives, or whether this discovery corresponds to an actual mine of diamonds, for the hills of Witzies Hoek are not situated in regions known to be diamond-bearing. On this last hypothesis, the presence of precious stones in the crater of a volcano would doubtless throw some light on the formation of the gems in nature."—Translated for "The Literary Digest."

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## TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK.

After May 1 all official timekeeping in Belgium will be done on the 1 to 24 o'clock principle, and clocks that obey the government regulations will be kept very busy striking the hours as midnight approaches. Whether the Belgian people in general will readily fall in with an innovation of this kind remains to be seen, but already men are at work repainting the faces of all the official clocks, and in places like railway stations, postoffices, etc., the dials now bear, within the old cir-

cle of Roman figures another formed of the Arabic figures from 13 to 24. This will help one over the difficulty of translating the afternoon and evening hours into the terms of the new system, or rather of the old one revived, and the advocates of the change are hopeful that it will soon be possible for every one to say "16 o'clock" or "22 o'clock" without performing a problem in mental arithmetic.

## COAL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"Both Matabeleland and Mashonaland have magnificent coal resources," says the "South African Mining Journal" as quoted in "The Engineering and Mining Journal." "The most westerly basin extends to within 100 miles of the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, and the carboniferous formation continues almost without intermission to the meridian of Salisbury. The spot nearest to Buluwayo where coal was known to exist was some 150 miles distant (down the Khami River); an ox wagon service was organized, but was demoralized by the tsetse-fly. Surface specimens of this coal were analyzed by Mr. Ness, in Buluwayo, in 1894, and showed a quality not far short of Welsh steam. The natural point of attack for this region is from Gwelo, a northward spur of the tableland (forming the great divide between the Limpopo and Zambesi watersheds), juts forth from that district almost to the Zambesi, and terminates in an extensive plateau known as the 'Mfungubusi—the geological formation of which is carboniferous. A tramway route can be constructed here with the utmost facility, for the gradients are most easy, first-class timber is plentiful, and there are no streams to cross; such a tramline would pass through or close to several mineral belts, and would enable coal to be run down to the Selukwe mines—which are some of the most important in Rhodesia."

The Missouri River is one of the most lawless of the great rivers of the world. It cuts didos, ruins farms, and demoralizes whole communities along its banks. By a change in the river's course about 9,000 acres of land have been transferred from Nebraska to Iowa. The owners of the land along the old channel claimed the disputed acres as accretions, and the lower courts sustained them. Meanwhile the Government surveyed it and sold it as government land. The Supreme Court ruled that gradual accretions belong to the owners of the property to which they add, but that in case of a sudden change of course the territory involved goes to the Government. But the muddy, murky stream goes right on shipping land to neighboring States or sending it down to the Eads jetties and the Gulf.—The Inter Ocean, Chicago.

Some idea of the remarkable character of the proposed telescope for the great Paris Exposition of 1900 may be gained by comparing the size of its fifty-one inch object lens with the most wonderful yet constructed. Thus, the largest instrument of this kind now in existence is the Lick, having an object glass of thirty-six inches diameter; the second largest is at Pulkowa, Russia, with a glass of thirty inches; the third is at the University of Virginia, its glass being twenty-six inches; Harvard has the fourth largest, with a twenty-four inch glass, and the fifth in size belongs to Princeton College. The famous Yerkes telescope glass, the latest of the celebrated productions at Cambridge, Mass., is rated at forty inches diameter. And so, by some eleven inches, the Paris instrument is in excess of all others, and thus able, it is anticipated, to bring the moon within one mile of us. The telescope at Paris, as planned, will be 180 feet long, and so arranged that 600 persons will be able simultaneously to view the heavens with it. The image, it is explained, is to be received on a level mirror seventy-five inches in diameter, and from that reflected on a screen.

# CURRENT EVENTS.

During May two new members were elected to the United States Senate; namely, William J. Deboe, Republican, from Kentucky, and Stephen R. Mallory, Silver Democrat, from Florida. That leaves the Republicans with a minority of one in the Senate.

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May was a disastrous month for the Greeks, as they have been driven back from every disputed point by the offensive Turks. On the 20th an armistice of seventeen days was agreed upon to see what can be done to restore peace between its hostile neighbors. The Powers seem to have at last interposed to save Greece from utter ruin.

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On the 20th ult., the United States Senate, by a vote of 41 against 14, passed Mr. Morgan's joint resolution recognizing the Cuban insurgents as belligerents. While this must inevitably displease Spain, as it will greatly strengthen the revolutionists, there is very little danger that it will result in a war between our country and Spain.

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The Eisteddfod of the Robert Morris Lodge of Ivorites in the Frothingham Theater, Scranton, Pa., May 11th, was quite successful, although the attendance was not as large as it would have been had the times been better.

Adjudicators—Music, J. Powell Jones of Painesville, Ohio; poetry, Rev. De Pugh Griffiths, Binghamton, and T. G. Osborne, Moosic; recitations, Prof. W. S. Bonbright; short story, Livy S. Richard; essay, J. C. Morris and Alfred Twining; oration and impromptu speech, Prof. George Howell; accompanist, Miss D. B. Thomas, Scranton

Morning.

Hon. John T. Williams was president and conductor of the morning session, and made a fine address. The first competition was the tenor and contralto duet, "The Harp of the Winds," (Franz Abt), and the prize $8. Thomas Beynon and Mrs. Brundage sand first, and Mrs. Boston Williams and David Stevens were the second and last. The prize was awarded to the latter.

Recitation, "The Painter of Seville," $3, awarded to Bessie Sloat of Scranton.

Truth's prize poem of $25 on "Gwilym Gwent" to Miss O. Williams, daughter of Rev. David M. Williams of Scranton.

Baritone solo, "The Raft," two prizes, $6 and $3, John Jones, first prize, William Evans, second.

Competition of children's choirs for $40, "As You Go." The competing choirs were the Bellevue Juvenile choir, the Welsh Congregational choir, the Olyphant Juvenile choir, and the Sherman avenue mission choir. The prize was awarded to the Sherman avenue mission choir.

Afternoon.

Scranton Times essay prize, "International Arbitration," won by Rev. D. J. Williams of Peckville, $25.

"Liberty and Union," oration, won by James N. Watkins of Taylor.

Piano solo, won by Sadie Edwards, first; Jennie O'Boyle, second.

Contralto solo, won by Lillian Joseph, first; Mrs. Fannie Jones Evans, second.

The englyn on "The Northern Lights," won by Evan Jones of Pittston, $5.

Impromptu speech, won by James N. Watkins.

Male chorus, won by Lewis Watkins and party, "Pilgrims' Chorus," $100, no opposition.

Evening.

Tenor solo, won by Edwin Bowen of Scranton.

Poem on "Robert Morris," by Miss Orion Williams, $10.

Solo for males over 50 years of age, won by John Parry of Olyphant.

Tribune short story, prize $25, John M. Foote of Archbald.

Soprano solo, won by Lydia Saylor, "Out of the Deep," $6.

Quartette, mixed voices, $12, David Stephens, Philip Womer, Mrs. Lizzie James Barton Williams and Miss Lydia Saylor.

Chorus, "Teyrnasoedd y Ddaer," prize $200, won by Scranton Choral Society, led by David H. Evans; second prize of $75 won by West Side Choral Union, led by Daniel Thomas.

## THE BRAZILIAN INSURRECTION.

The United States of Brazil, formerly the most peaceful part of South America, seems to have settled down to the normal condition of South American countries—that of chronic revolution—since the throne of Dom Pedro was overturned. At present the large and important State of Bahia is the scene of an insurrection. In accordance with the practice of South American governments, news from the seat of the insurrection is suppressed. The Government describes the insurgents as a kind of fanatical dervishes, led by a false Christ. But the fact that the rebels destroy the notes issued by the Republican authorities, while they receive in payment greenbacks bearing the picture of the Emperor, seems to indicate that a movement for restoration is under foot. The rebels are led by a former colonel of the Brazilian army, named Antonio Conselheiro. He has utterly routed a force of eight battalions under Moreira Cesar, and is said to command at least 8,000 well armed men. As far as can be ascertained, the movement has, indeed, a semi-religious character.

But there is much doubt that the Brazilian Government tells the whole truth in describing the rising as the result of religious fanaticism only. The correspondent of the "Kolnische Zeitung," Cologne, says:

"If the rising has no political causes, it is very peculiar that the insurgents revel in the destruction of the paper money issued by the Republican Government. It has been ascertained that the Monarchists receive large sums from Europe, and a new Monarchist rising is prophesied. The masses in Brazil are anything but satisfied with the reality resulting from their dreams of republican government. The poor and the workingmen can not but compare their former state with the present. When Brazil was an empire, Brazilian money stood above par! The Brazilians then used to make fun of 'Pedro Banana,' i. e., 'Soft Pedro,' who allowed the people to walk all over him. The Republican rulers find it difficult to convince the people that a tolerably efficient staff of officials and a prosperous empire had to be destroyed for the sake of a principle."

Several Monarchist printing establishments have been wrecked in Rio de Janeiro, and one editor has been killed. The Government is accused of conniving at this kind of mob censorship, but the authorities now protect the opposition papers against further attacks.

# Original and Selected Miscellany.

## INDIANS WHO ARE WHITE.

We copy the following from the "Philadelphia Press:"

From time to time we are regaled with stories of white races in the interior of Africa, but these mysterious people are always located in the innermost and most inaccessible regions of the dark continent. White Indians would be a decided novelty; yet we have them right here in our own country, and, further, they have been photographed by a Government photographer.

More than a century ago it was known that there were white Indians in America, but knowledge of them was very vague. In a learned treatise published in London in 1791, and now very rare, the Rev. Dr. John Williams located these Indians among the Tuscaroras; the Paducas, or white Indians; the Pawnees, and finally in some far western place, many days' journey beyond the Mississippi, where they dwelt in stone-built houses and cultivated the ground for a livelihood. In the last surmise he was quite near the truth, for it is among the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona that the white Indians are found to-day.

The Zunis, among whom most of them are found, have been studied and described, although the few whites among them have been overlooked. At the time of their discovery and conquest by the old Spanish conquistadores in 1540 this tribe lived in the same country where they are now, but then they were in six or seven different villages. Coronado, who commanded the expedition, is said to have left three men among them when he withdrew his forces in 1541, and twenty years later, when the old province was practically re-discovered by a zealous monk, these men were still alive.

In 1680, when the Pueblo Indians rose in revolt against Spanish rule, and massacred or drove out every Spaniard in the country, the Zunis played their part, but becoming frightened by the possible results of their own action, or dreading the resentment of the Spaniards, they abandoned all their villages and retreated to the flat top of an almost inaccessible mesa, where they built their homes. There they lived for some twenty years; long enough to see all the tribes about them conquered and resubjugated by the Spaniards. Finally, about 1705, they came down off their rocky mesa, and built or commenced to build a huge village in the open valley of the Zuni River—which in the course of time developed into the present Pueblo of Zuni. This was built on the site of one of the old villages abandoned twenty-five years before, and some of the old walls were incorporated into the new houses.

We have therefore, a pretty good record of the Zunis for 350 years, and although no record of any white Indians is found in documents of a date prior to the eighteenth century, new documents are being discovered almost every year, and some authentic old record may yet be brought to light in Mexico or Madrid, or perhaps in the Vatican where many of the old church records have been found. It was to the interest of

the Spaniards to suppress any knowledge which might suggest the original discovery of America by some other nation.

Dr. Williams tried to prove that such a discovery had actually taken place, and his purpose in publishing his book was to enlist by popular subscription the necessary pecuniary aid, so that an expedition might be sent into what he called the wild and unexplored parts of America beyond the Ohio, and even beyond the Mississippi river. His contention was that America was first discovered by Prince Madoc and a party of Welsh in 1170, and that the white Indians, of whom vague rumors were current, were the remains of this colony.

At the present day there are six or seven of these white Indians in Zuni, four in the Moki villages, about a hundred miles west in Arizona, and several more scattered among the Pueblo villages along the Rio Grande and its tributaries in New Mexico.

The traveler is very much surprised when he encounters one of these freaks which is not often, for of the many who have visited Zuni but few have seen the white Indians. In dress, manners and costume they are like all the other Indians, and their language is the same, but their complexion is very fair, much fairer than that of the average white man who has lived much in the open, and their hair is a tawny yellow, instead of the jet black which characterizes the Indian.

In mental characteristics and equipment these people seem in no way different from their fellow-villagers, and to a certain extent they take part in the life and business of the tribe. Apparently they have no traditions of their own to account for their peculiarities.

The officers who conducted the Pacific railroad surveys along the 35th parallel about 1853 saw some of these Indians and noted the fact, and other explorers have also seen them, but few of them attempt an explanation of the phenomenon. The latest idea is that they are Albinos; sporadic freaks perhaps due to too close intermarriage among the members of the tribe.

It should be noted in this connection that the eyes of these people are very weak, perhaps on account of the absence of coloring matter in the iris, and are always kept nearly closed. They are invariably sore about the lids, and the lips and nostrils also are sore. The skin is very tender, and these people suffer very much from sunburn, while the ordinary Indian is almost as much hardened to sunshine as a negro. Immunity from discomfort on account of sunburn appears to be directly dependent on the amount of coloring matter in the skin, and apparently the white Indians have none.

No matter what the origin of these freaks may be, they are certainly an odd and strange feature of Pueblo life. The difference in color makes such a radical difference in their appearance that notwithstanding their similarity to the other Indians in dress, language, etc., they seem something apart and entirely distinct from their brethren. Merely to see them one would without hesitation class them as white men turned Indian. Whether they are such, whether they are descendants of some white men who wandered into the country centuries ago, or whether they are pure freaks, might be determined by an examination made by competent medical men. It is certain that for some centuries at least there have been such white Indians in the tribe.

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"This world is but a fleeting show,
And no wise man regrets it;
For man wants little here below,
And generally he gets it."

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Physician—You have only a few minutes to live. Have you any last wish?

Patient—I wish I had engaged another doctor.—Yale Record.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

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## THE LATE BENJAMIN F. LEWIS, UTICA, N. Y.

Benjamin F.. Lewis, associate editor of Y Drych and Cambrian died at his home, 161 Dudley avenue, Utica, N. Y., at 8:15 Thursday evening, June 3. He was stricken with nervous prostration about seven weeks ago and while for a time it was hoped he might recover, he gradually failed and it became apparent that the attack was fatal. The cause of death is thought to have been a blood clot on the brain. Mr. Lewis' death brings serious loss to the community. He was a man of wide sympathies, unusual intelligence and thorough devotion to

BENJAMIN F. LEWIS.

right. His life was singularly pure and all who came in contact with him felt the influence of his example and character. During the forty years of his residence in Utica he was engaged in many lines of activity, every one of which tended to help those about him to a higher view of life. Among the Welsh people Mr. Lewis was held in especial esteem. His patriotism was unbounded, and he deeply sympathized with every effort to perpetuate the good customs of his native land. He was, too, a thorough American, his understanding of American institutions and his support of them being equally marked. Kindly in nature, he never refused a favor if it was within his power and conscience to grant it. None who knew him will fail to mourn him as one whose life was useful to himself and his fellow men.

Like many valued citizens of Oneida county, Mr. Lewis was born in Wales. His parents were Edward and Mary Lewis, and his birthplace was the home of their early family life, Llanidloes. He was in his 66th year. His father died in 1865, but his mother is still living at the age of 90 years, her home being with a daughter at West Eaton, N. Y. Mr. Lewis took great pride in his mother, and his visits to her on her birthday anniversaries were occasions of pleasure both to himself and to her. The first member of the family to come to America was Elizabeth, a daughter a year or two older than Mr. Lewis, who left Wales before her 20th year. She died many years ago. Her brother followed her in 1847, when he was 16 years of age, and the others came in years afterwards. Mr. Lewis stopped in New York, and soon found a place in the printing office of Baker & Godwin, book publishers, who had their place of business in the Tribune building. There he learned the printer's trade, in which he was an artist. He worked for the firm for a number of years and then went to Philadelphia, where he was employed in a book publishing house for a year or two. Then he returned to New York, where he remained until 1859, the year he came to Utica.

On arriving in Utica, Mr. Lewis at once secured a place in the job printing department of the Utica Morning Herald. His efficiency, steadiness and success led to his being offered the position of foreman of the Herald's newspaper composing room in 1865. He accepted it and for nearly thirty years thereafter he was the leading spirit in "making up" the paper. He was prompt, faithful, unfailing in energy, and in the many trying nights of labor that were his lot never committed a deed or spoke a word to lower his standard of manly action.

In 1893 Mr. Lewis left the place he had honorably filled for so long a time, and became editor of Y Drych, the leading Welsh publication of the United States. His literary ability was of a high order, and his writings, though fragmentary,

have attracted much attention. Few were better versed than he in the history and literature of the Welsh. His command of both the Welsh and English languages was good, and he was held an authority in matters pertaining to his people. For years he prepared the reports of the Welsh gatherings in Utica and vicinity and one of the labors of his last year of life, in which he was deeply interested, was a series of sketches of the annual eisteddfods held in Utica from their beginning before the war to the present time. He possessed much material of local history, a part of which is preserved in these sketches.

Mr. Lewis was frequently a central figure in gatherings of Welshmen. He was a member of the Cymreigyddion society from its incorporation, and had much to do with the success of the annual eisteddfods. He took great pride in the success of these literary festivals and was invariably among the most active in promoting them. He was a prominent member of the order of American Ivorites, and was always ready to lend aid to any enterprise for the pleasure or profit of his fellows. He was a member of the Oneida Historical Society and served on its committee on printing.

By nature Mr. Lewis was a religious man, and the same energetic spirit which characterized him in other lines was seen in his religious life. Years ago he was a member of Bethesda Church, but for many years he belonged to the South Street Methodist Church. He was regarded as one of the pillars of that society. He was highly thought of as a Bible student and long conducted a Bible class in the Sunday school, which was considered one of the features of the church. Liberal in mind and heart, he was open to the noble things of all creeds.

Mr. Lewis was twice married. His first wife was Ellen Morgan, whom he married in New York in 1854. She died in March, 1867. His second wife, who survives him, was Mary Davis, daughter of Abram Davis. The other survivors of his family are six sons and three daughters in the order of their birth as follows: William A. Lewis, of Maxson, Kan., Ben. M., of Brooklyn, John E., of Derby, Conn., Miss M. Ella and Samuel R., of Utica, Rev. D. M. Lewis, of Mohawk, Mrs. F. A. Clark, Miss Jennie D. Lewis and Herbert A. Lewis, of Utica. He also leaves one sister, Mrs. Elias Thomas, West Eaton, and the following brothers: John E., Llewelyn and Edward, of West Eaton, and Richard, of Ansonia, Conn.

No larger concourse of people ever gathered in South Street M. E. Church than that which assembled at the funeral of Benjamin F. Lewis, which was held from that edifice. Every seat was occupied and the church was packed to the doors with friends who gathered to pay their last tribute to the memory of one whom they all respected and loved. The funeral services were simple but

impressive and all who were present went away deeply affected.

A brief prayer service was held in the late home of the deceased, No. 161 Dudley avenue, at 2 o'clock. It was conducted by Rev. A. P. Palmer. The members of the Cymreigyddion Society and the True Ivorites, to the number of 80, attended the funeral services in a body. They acted as escort in the funeral procession. The floral tributes were elaborate. The True Ivorites sent a floral pillow bearing the words "Gwir Ivor." A large floral harp, inscribed "Cymreigyddion," was the tribute of the society of that name, and the trustees of South Street M. E. Church sent a piece, "Gates Ajar." There were also tributes from Mr. Lewis' Bible class in the South Street M. E. Sunday school, his associates in Y Drych office and from many friends and relatives. Professor Arthur Sutorious presided at the organ and played a processional as the funeral party entered the church. Seated in the pulpit were Presiding Elder Rev. H. E. Waugh, Rev. A. P. Palmer, Rev. J. Hughes Parry and Rev. R. Gwesyn Jones.

Rev. A. P. Palmer, pastor of the church, and Rev. R. Gwesyn Jones delivered appropriate eulogies over the deceased and spoke very feelingly of the life and works of Mr. Lewis. Interment was made in the family plot at Forest Hill Cemetery.

## WELSH INLAND LAKES.

By J. E. Thomas, C. E.

### IV.

It is well-known that the largest fault in the British Isles runs through the middle of Bala Lake from the south-west to north-east; and it is reasonable to suppose that this fault, although occurring far back in the darkness of geological time, disturbed the rocks along its route, and so facilitating or predisposing the beds of matter to give way to the various denuding agents that operated through the ages. The formation of the lake, as we know it, must have occurred in comparatively recent times, and solely by the action of glaciers. The mouth or lower end of the lake is evidently dammed up by deposits of glacial remains, whilst the bed of the lake, varying in depth up to 50 feet, must have been ground out by the continued erosion of the glacier.

Historical and other associations of Bala district are amongst the most interesting in Wales. Tomen y Bala is a large mound near the railway station. Some say that it is of Roman origin, and that it had a

small fortress on its summit to secure the pass towards the sea, and to keep the mountaineers in subjection. "In future periods the Welsh took advantage of this and similar strongholds, to defend their country against their English invaders, making it one of their chain of fortified posts, which extended through the country to the coast on the confines of Flintshire." From the summit a fine view is obtained of the surrounding scenery. On the right appears the two Arenigs, beyond them soar the lofty Arans with their two heads, Aran Mowddwy and Benllyn, and in the far distance rises Cader Idris.

The town and immediate neighborhood of Bala have suffered a good deal from floods from time to time, arising from several causes combined. It was a saying with the old people,—

"Bala aeth a Bala aiff,
A Llanfor fydd yn Llyn,"—

referring no doubt to the disastrous effects of the floods. Should there happen to be a heavy and continued downfall of rain, with a south-west gale, the lake has been known to rise many feet above its ordinary level. At the same time the confluence of the rivers, Dee and Treweryn, about a mile below the town becomes over charged with these floods, which cannot possibly get away as fast as it comes pouring from the mountains, the result being a backwater covering the whole of the district up to and including the town. Let us hope, however, that the day is far distant when such a catastrophe will happen as foreshadowed by our ancestors.

Near the north-western end of the lake is Caer Gai, an ancient stronghold traditionally associated with Cai Hir ap Cynyr, Spenser's Timon, the foster father of king Arthur, who was educated here according to tradition,—

"His dwelling is low, in a valley greene
Under tne foot of Rawran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
There all my daies he trained me up in virtuous love."

Caer Gai was also a Roman station from which several roads diverged. There are traces of ancient outworks still to be observed; and in 1885 "the ploughman of the farm came across a stone enclosed by trenches which, as the inscription showed, was a relic of the Roman occupation, and probably dated from about the year 105. With it were discovered fragments of pottery." Here resided that eminent writer Mr. Rowland Vaughan, whose translation of Bishop Bayley's "Practice of Piety," and other works into Welsh contributed greatly to improve the morals of the people.

About a mile above Bala, on the same side of the lake is Llaneel church. It is the parish church of Bala, and the churchyard contains the mortal remains of many a Welsh worthy. The Rev. Thomas Charles is there—"Charles y Bala," as he is

popularly known. Another celebrity lies in this churchyard—the Rev. Evan Lloyd of Vron, a once popular poet, and a friend of Garrick and Jack Wilkes, "the latter of whom made his acquaintance in the King's Bench prison, and wrote his epitaph."

Tradition says that "once upon a time a foul murder was committed in Llanecil church, the person murdered having vainly sought protection at the altar. It is also related that in the beginning of the eighteenth century the rector wished to remove the rushes on which the people kneeled, but the congregation objected. He persisted, however, in clearing the church, and underneath the rushes discovered a large number of snakes, which had taken refuge from the inclemency of the weather. No further argument was needed to overcome the opposition of the congregation."

At the head of the lake is the ancient village of Llanuwchllyn, and in the church here can be seen a well-preserved figure of a knight in armor.

Referring to the violent storms that have visited the district, the following account of one that occurred on the 20th of June, 1781, when the whole district was inundated, is interesting as given by a provincial newspaper of those days.

"Last Wednesday a prodigious quantity of rain fell in the parish of Llanuwchllyn, near Bala, accompanied by lightning, which caused the river Twrch—whose source is in the noted hill Bwlch y Groes falls into Llyn Tegid—to ov its banks in such a dreadful t as to sweep away every impedi the melancholy marks of its de tion may be traced from Bw Groes to the lake. Seventeen l with the furniture, ten cows, vast number of sheep were c away. Many fine meadows cornfields were covered with and slime so as to render the for this season of no value; meadow in particular was h with huge stones, so as to i it not worthy to be cleared fo tivation. These stones were tu by the rapidity of the curren eral hundred yards, and are following prodigious dimer namely, one nineteen feet long broad, and six deep; another, teen and a half feet by seven half, and six deep, which wa by the impetuosity of its m in striking upon another. other stones, half the abov were carried half a mile, an bridges swept away in that p In one of the houses a poor w sick in bed, was drowned, th person missing here; provide the inhabitants of Pandy were ly alarmed, the consequence few minutes' delay would proved fatal to the whole v the houses and fine bridge a place being erased, and no re left. Two young women layi gether in bed, one of them killed by lightning, but the the other only a little scorche

Going down the south-e

side of the lake, we come to the ancient church of Llangower, and near the end of the lake, where the river overflows from it, is Castell Gronw, said to have been fortified in the time of Maelgwn Gwynedd. The bridge over the Dee here is called "Mwnwgl y Llyn" bridge, where Tennyson conned his illustration of the manner in which the tender love and care of Enid to the prince,—

"Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood
With deeper and with ever deeper love,
As the south-west wind that blowing Bala lake
Fills all the sacred Dee."

There is abundance of fish in the lake, although pike predominate. The gwyniad, found nowhere else in Wales, they say, is so called from the extreme whiteness of its scales. Lord Lyttleton liked the gwyniad so much that he "assures his friends it is so exquisitely delicate as to more than rival in flavor the lips of the fair maids of Bala."

The tradition in the neighborhood is that the Dee passes through the lake without mixing its waters, as the Rhone is fabled to serve the lake of Geneva. "The proof adduced is that salmon found in the river are never found in the lakes, nor the gwyniad except rarely in the river. But this is no conclusive argument, because fish as well as birds by instinct seek out and frequent those places most agreeable to them as haunts, and most convenient for their feeding and shelter. The gwyniad is a gregarious fish, the Salmo lavaretus of Linnaeus, and found in most Alpine lakes, and their greatest weight seldom exceeds three to four pounds. The fishery in former times had constituted part of the possessions belonging to Basingwerk Abbey; having been bestowed by Owen Brogyntyn on God and St. Mary through the medium of monks belonging to that house. It is now, of course, the sole property of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.

The following lines are from Churchyard's Worthies of Wales,—

"A poole there is thro' which the Dee doth passe,
Where is a fish that some a whiting call;
Where ne'er yet no salmon taken was,
Yet hath good store of other fishes all.
Above that poole, and so beneath that flood
Are salmon caught, and many a fish full good,
But in the same there will no salmon bee,
And near that poole you shall no whiting see,"

Cader Idris and its surroundings present us with several lakes interesting in many ways, and bearing unmistakable traces of glacier phenomena. About a mile south-east of Arthog are Llyniau Creigeneu, near this place is Llys Bradwen, an ancient palace, supposed to be that of Ednowain, who lived about the seventh century." This lake is a fine sheet of water, picturesquely situated under the curiously shaped hill Pared y Cefn Hir. There are two lakes near the summit, on the northern side—Llyn y Gader and Llyn Gafr, the former is an exceedingly fine sheet of water lying under

the precipices of Cader. Crossing the summit, to the south side of the range is Llyn y Cae, situated undoubtedly in the site of an old crater, the surrounding igneous rocks being a sufficient proof of this. A most accurate representation of this lake and its surroundings is to be seen in Wilson's view of Cader Idris. A clear, loud, and

Snowdon, Llanberis Lake and Castle.

distant echo repeats every shout that is made near the lake. About a mile and a half south from Llyn Cae is Tal y Llyn lake, about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile wide. It completely fills up the narrow valleys into which the greatest part of the drainage of this side of Cader finds its way. This lake is the constant resort of fishermen, for it abounds with trout and other fish. A tourist, a few years ago, remarked that inside the comfortable inn, named the Ty'n y Cornel Royal Hotel, Piscator and Viator might do worse than sit down together with a dish of trout between them, which, if not cooked as luxuriously as at Bignon's or Durraud s, would be sure to gratify by its freshness, if eaten with that excellent sauce hunger. One of the quaintest and cosiest kitchens in North Wales, furnished unaffectedly in the old fashion, should be visited. Rooms like this, which serve the artistic traveler "for parlor and kitchen and all" are fast dying out.

Over the church door, which is situated near the bottom of the lake, is the following curious Welsh inscription,—

"Anneuoiawr sanctaidd noddfa—cor
Gerbron Duw a'r dyrfa; [breiniol
Er dim na thyred yma,
Y dyn, ond a meddwl da."

The following translation has been given,—

"A great and holy house of refuge—a royal quire
In the face of God, and the congre- [gation;
Except with pure thoughts \ Man, come not hither."

About half a mile north of the lake, at a place called Llwyn Dôl Ithel, in the year 1684 was found in digging turf about three yards deep, a coffin made of deal, about seven feet long, carved and gilt at both ends. Two skeletons, supposed to be of different sexes, were deposited in it, placed with the head of the one parallel to the feet of the other—the bones were moist and tough, and of unusual size, the thigh bones being 27 inches long.

Proceeding southwards we do not find in this direction any lakes of importance until we come to Llyn Llygad y Rheidol, on the northern side of Plynlimon. It is nearly surrounded by steep rocks, rising to a height of about 700 feet. It is about fifteen acres in extent, and of immense depth. Apparently the water looks as black as ink from the reflection of the rocky cliffs around, but in reality it is beautifully clear and of excellent quality. The good folk of Aberystwyth decided in 1880 to tap it for their water supply, a most wise step, and at a moderate cost. The quality was pronounced by Dr. Franklin to be almost equal to that of distilled water.

There are a few small lakes in the watershed of the Ystwyth—Llyn Rhyddnant at Blaen Diluw, Llyn Gwngi, and Llyn Fyrddon Fawr. Some miles further south we come to the Teifi pools, five lakes in a group, but at different levels. They are famous for their silvery trout. These lakes drain into the Teifi valley. In the same district is Llyn Cynon, the head of the Claerwen river in the watershed of the Birmingham great water supply.

The most important lake in South Wales is that of Llangorse—Llyn Safaddan—near Brecon, the source of the river Llyfni that runs through Talgarth to join the Wye near Glasbury. It is 350 acres in extent, it varies from 35 to 45 feet deep, and it lies at an altitude of 500 feet above the sea. There is good fishing here, especially pike, perch and eels. Pike have been caught from thirty to forty pounds' weight. All persons having land on the shores of the lake have a right to keep a boat on it. Some few years ago this lake was fixed upon by the engineers concerned in the water supply of London from Wales, as the point from which the service conduits would run. It was proposed to make a large dam on the Llyfni, one and a half miles below the lake, 1800 feet long, and 125 feet high, and thus raise the level of the existing lake 80 feet, and increase its area from 350 acres to 2250 acres, being more than double the area of either Bala or Lake Fyrnwy. There would be 46 feet in depth of storage, equal to four thousand six hundred millions cubic feet, or twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty millions of gallons. The scheme is still before the London County Council.

## THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

(Written for the Cambrian, in honour of the 60th anniversary of the reign of Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. —— New York, 22 June, 1897.)

Whom God preserved! A cheer in every chime;
And ripe your Royal mission,—sixty years!
Your flag is kissed by winds of every clime,
And all the world has shared your joys and tears.
The voices of all nations, men and creeds,
In blended chorus sweep o'er sea and plain,
In sweet commemoration of your deeds,
And laud the potent virtues of your reign.
Your Colonies combine in loyal tongue,
In songs to God to prosper Mother-land:
The One God speeds your King-states, old and young,
And keeps you, Madam, in His Boundless hand.

*——*——*——*

Kingdoms, Colonies and Empires,
Proud Republics by decree
Light the glorious beacon fires,—
'Tis the year of Jubilee.
Greetings fly across the waters:
India's dusky sons and daughters,
Australasian and Canadian,
Mingle with the sons of Albion,
In this year of Jubilee:
Triumph is and triumph be.
Bands in festive tune are playing,
Silvern glory-trumpets braying,
Hearts with festal joy are leaping,—
Sixty years! Rejoice! No weeping.
Honour to your lustrous reign!
Bring the bays in honour's fane.
Down the mountain, over plain,
Subjects follow in your train.

*——*——*——*

English, Irish, Scotch and Welshmen,—
These are brothers, blood is one:
Should the age decree a battle,
Every house would spare a son.
First in Army, first in Navy,
First on sea and first on land,
Britain, sound in her possessions,
Will defend on every hand.

Should the age decree a battle,
Every house would spare a son,
English, Irish, Scotch and Welshmen,—
These are brothers, blood is one.

*—*—*—*

From remotest ends of earth,
From the South and from the North,
From the West and from the East,
Men the greatest, men the least,
Send their tokens o'er the sea,
To bedeck your Jubilee:
Diadems and jewels bright,—
Great as these, the widow's mite.

Over hill and over plain,
All in honour of your reign,
Loyal lass and loyal swain,
Follow, follow in your train.
Ho! the silvern trumpets braying,
Bands in festive glory playing.

Ring the bells for holiday,
Ring them near and far away,
Raise the loud huzzas to-day!
Glory is and glory be:
Queen, a toast: "Your Jubilee!"

WILLIS ARDEN.

## ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

### Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

### Second Paper.

The organization of the society being duly explained in the "Cambrian" for May, it will be in order to refer to its doings and workings in furthering the objects of the charter, by-laws and general powers therein contained.

The first thing needful was to engage a suitable and convenient place to hold its meetings, which was accomplished by hiring a room in the house of John M. Jones in Walker (now Canal) street.

Mr. Jones occupied the whole house, carrying on a small business in the boot and shoe line. In order to lessen the expenses of living, Mrs. Jones had a few boarders, also doing her own housework, and between the shop and the boarders they man-

aged to make both ends meet, with a little surplus to lay by for emergencies. Mrs. Jones was a neat, industrious and obliging woman and had the faculty of making herself

Col. C. F. James,
President of St. David's Society, New York.

agreeable to those she had occasion to have business dealings with. It was not long before her husband and herself perceived, (encouraged by the advice of some of the members of the society) that there was an opening for the establishment of a much-needed first-class Welsh hotel, which they accordingly undertook, styling it St. David's Hall.

They made ample provisions for the society's accommodation, and everything proceeded satisfactorily all around. On the ground floor there was a back parlor or sitting room, which was mainly devoted to the use of the members of the society and their friends. Thus it was provided with suitable and ample accommodation for the furtherance and development of the higher and nobler objects which animated the minds of the prime movers in the society's organization, namely that of cultivating among the Welsh a spirit of friendly and social intercourse, and to bring themselves into social contact with societies similar in their objects, representing the various nationalities. They proceeded to carry their plans into execution.

In a short time subsequent to the St. David's Society establishing its headquarters at St. David's Hall, the Ancient Britons' Benefit Society, one of the oldest Welsh societies in the country, removed its place of meeting to the St. David's rooms.

It was the custom of the members of each society after the business meetings were over to adjourn to the parlor and there pass an hour or two in social and pleasant conversation.

Josiah D. Evans (Ap Daniel),
Secretary of St. David's Society, New York.

These meetings in due course of time became both interesting and instructive, and promoted that feature which the society contemplated,

namely to bring together the Welsh residents of the city into closer communion and thereby draw within its sphere many new members to strengthen and enlarge its influence.

Among those who were thus drawn into it were men of intellectual force and literary taste anxious to know more of the history of their ancestors and their fatherland, by making the acquaintance of those who had recently immigrated into this country. In this way many close and intimate friendships of long standing were formed.

The character of the meetings was social and conversational, and the talks usually related to Welsh matters and events, history, language and people, and as there were members in the society who were equally familiar with both the Welsh and the English languages this made their conversations interesting.

Before the institution of the society, there was no organization among the Welsh people of the city to look after and make it their special duty to take charge of matters pertaining to the Welsh. On the occurrence of St. David's day and its commemoration the matter would be taken up in an important manner, and disposed of as circumstances presented themselves.

It is to be borne in mind that in those days the Welsh population of the city was subject to frequent changes. Welsh immigrants just landed would be located therein temporarily and then suddenly move to some other part of the country to better themselves; consequently those who might have been conspicuous in taking in that annual event might be here one year and away the next. Nevertheless the day would be duly commemorated in one way or another; hence the desire to have a duly organized body to take charge of such matters resulted in the establishment of the St. David's Society.

The composition of its membership was, as compared with those of the present day, very much alike, except as to their financial condition. In that respect the later immigrants from Wales, were generally poor and able to contribute but little to anything, however meritorious.

In corroboration of this fact I may mention that quite a large percentage of the immigrants from Wales were deficient in knowledge of the English language, having been educated chiefly in the Welsh churches and Sunday Schools, and could not enjoy and appreciate sermons in the English language. To meet this difficulty, Welsh churches and Sunday Schools were established wherever there was a Welsh colony, or enough Welsh to support a minister, but as the congregations were shifting and changing their abode, the revenues of the churches would be small and uncertain.

In New York there were sometimes one, two or three Welsh churches with sparse and poor congregations, and consequently making it burdensome for the few at-

tendants to maintain them. The salaries of the Welsh ministers in those times were small, varying from two to five hundred dollars per annum, out of which they would sometimes have to pay their traveling expenses; and as in country towns they generally had a circuit to attend, as it may easily be imagined tney had to do considerable contriving in order to make a living. It may be inferred that the preaching was as poor as the pay, but this was not so, although the sermons may not have been so scholarly as in these latter days. There were some preachers of great ability and learning, who from a sense of religious duty refused tne offer of liberal salaries from English churches, in order to supply the wants of poor Welsh congregations, so that they might listen to the preaching of the gospel in their own language. Among them I may mention William Rowlands, William Roberts, and others whose names grace the roll of the membership of the St. David's Society. In the year 1835 a banquet was given at the North American Hotel, (cor. of Bowery and Bayard Sts.). I think for the purposes of this article I can do no better than insert the following quotations from "The Old Countryman," a weekly newspaper of which Edgar W. Davis was editor and proprietor, of that day, which gave a full account of the proceedings of the banquet:

**Monday being the anniversary of St. David's Day, it was celebrated by a splendid festival at the North American Hotel. Mr. T. Ingram Jones presided, assisted by Messrs. John Morgan, Richard J. Williams, David Jones and John Jenkins, as vice presidents; and Mr. William Batten, secretary. Among the guests were the Hon. Gideon Lee, late Mayor; Gen. Morgan Lewis, James Buchanan, Esq., n. B. M. Consul, Alderman Ferris, Sixth Ward, (in which the House of Festival is situated); Rev. Mr. Powell, (Welsn minister') who invoked a blessing on the occasion; George D. Strong, Esq., late alderman of the ward, James Ballagh, Esq., assistant alderman; Dr. Bartlett, Mr. William Hannington, artist, and others. Among the decorations of the banquet room were the British and American ensigns entwining their folds together in the bonds of friendship and alliance, a most splendid silk banner, richly gilded and fringed, representing the ever green leek of Cambria in the center, supported by the American Eagle on the one side, and the Welsh harp on the other, with the memorable mottoes:**

**"Cymru vu, Cymru vydd,"**
**"Tra mor, tra Brython,"**

**ably executed by Mr. Childs, and presented by Mr. W. Williams, 55 Liberty street, New York, produced a most pleasing and thrilling sensation. Handsome transparencies from the skillful hands of Mr. Hannington also had a fine effect. The company was numerous and respectable, (nearly 200 gentlemen sitting down to dinner.) The dinner was excellent, the sound of the harp, at which instrument Mr. Trust presided, and tne song pointed to the hills and vales, the literature and language of Cambria. The company was addressed by his honor, Mr. Lee, the late Mayor; Alderman Strong and others. Cambria was proudly remembered, and her noble deeds in peace and war elegantly portrayed. In fine, the day passed off in a manner**

worthy of Ancient Britain, and of the high standing and character of her sons, and afforded sincere gratification to all who participated in it."

After the removal of the cloth the President addressed the company as follows:

Gentlemen—The occasion and purpose upon and for which we are this evening assembled around this festive board, to preserve and rescue from oblivion the voluntary tribute of affection and veneration of a brave and generous people to the illustrious and virtuous departed; to become acquainted with one another, to cultivate and cherish each other's friendship in a strange land; to speak and converse of the scenes and incidents of our early youth, and of that ancient land in which the most of us here present first drew breath; to allow and celebrate the deeds of noble daring and the many instances of the unsurpassed valor of our ancestors; to recall to our recollection the antiquity—some of the innumerable beauties and excellencies of the language of our forefathers, the masterly literary productions and inimitable effusions of the bards of Wales, which have stood alone paramount for ages amidst the nations of Europe and have been the glory and pride of the country, and have justly rendered it celebrated among the nations of the earth. Therefore, I may say, that the present hallowed occasion is certainly truly important and may I not also add, good and praiseworthy; inasmuch as according to the notice and attention a nation pays to, and the regard and remembrance which it takes of the works of men of genius; the glorious achievements of the warrior; the consummate wisdom of the law-giver; the benevolent acts of the philanthropist, and the encouragement it gives to the exertions of the human mind, it has prospered and become exalted, and in proportion as this regard and encouragement have been withheld the celebrity of states has declined and degenerated.

The first toast was: "The Day We Celebrate," and the second, "Wales—the land of Mountains and of Song"—both given by the President.

The following original Welsh song composed for the occasion by Mr. W. J. Williams (Gwilym ab Ivan) was then sung by Mr. George Jackson.:

Da deuodd Dydd Dewi,
Ail unwn y leni
I'n cwrdd gan wneyd cerddi,
A pherchi'r hoff wyl.
Er bod flwydd yn henach
Na'r llynedd, yn llonach
Yr y'm a'n rhi' 'n amlach,
A hoewach ein hwyl.
Wrth fwyn gyfeillachu,
Cydwledda a chanu,
Ar ddydd gorfoleddu
Daw Cymru i'n co'—
Hen Walia anwylaf
Gwar dir y gwyr dewraf,
Ein cain gartref cyntaf
Hyfrydaf yw'r fro.

Gwlad heddwch, gwlad crefydd,
Gwlad lawn a gwlad lonydd,
Paradwys y prydydd,
Hon beunydd sy'n bod;
A'r hinsawdd iachusaf,
Benywaid serchocaf
A'r iaith odidocaf
A'r henaf is rhod.
Caed heddyw gyd-wleddwyr
Yn Brydain o'n brodyr
Yn yfed yn ddifyr,
Llawn cysur eu cân;
Eu heirdd genin gwyrddion,
A thanau tra thynion,
Ac iach ruddiau cochion
Y glewion wyr glân.

Mewn afiaeth mwy yfwn
Eu hiechyd, chwenychwn
Eu llwydd, a chall waeddwn
(Pan godwn) naw gwaith;
Mae anian pob mynwes

A gâr ein haeg eres
Am gadw er mawrles
Ein hanes a'n hiaith.
"Tra mor" cofia'r Brython
Hen foreu arferion,
Ein plant eto'n ffyddlon,
A'n hwyrion mewn hedd;
Wyl Ddewi 'n hael ddeuant
I gynal gogoniant
Y gemedl teg unant
Hwy luniant wiw wledd.

As I am limited in space and to curtail this part of my narrative, I shall confine myself by giving the names of those who proposed the volunteer toasts. I do this as an act of justice to the labor and services of those men whom I shall term the rank and file of the members of the society, as among them were many of the most distinguished of our Welsh citizens, of whom I shall make further remarks hereafter.

The following are the names: General Morgan Lewis, Mr. T. I. Jones, Chairman of the banquet; Mr. John Morgan, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. R. Williams and Mr. David Jones, Vice Presidents; Hon. Gideon Lee, Hon. G. D. Strong, Edgar W. Davies, Esq., Hon. J. Buchanan, H. B. M. Consul, Joseph Morgan, Wm. J. Williams, Dr. Bartlett, editor of the Albion; William Miles, Edward Jenkins, W. J. Hannington, William Batten, Thomas Smull, Esq., William Lewis, Secretary of the Ancient Britons' Benefit Society; E. Rowland, William Williams, D. Roberts, Robert Batten and M. Probin.

The toasts are too lengthy to be herein inserted, but were received with much applause, and were interspersed with short speeches and vocal and instrumental music, and the meeting closed with mutual congratulations on the complete success of the banquet.

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

The celebration of the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria began Sunday, June 20, with the holding of thanksgiving services throughout Great Britain. The sermons preached and the Te Deums sung everywhere, from St. Paul's Cathedral to the humblest village chapel, chorused reverence for her Majesty. A private service was held in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, which was attended by the Queen, the members of the royal family, and a few intimate friends. The Queen's Indian attendants wheeled her chair into the aisle, where she sat surrounded by her children, who embraced her after the service. A public service was held in the chapel in the afternoon, to which several of the royal family returned, but the Queen herself was absent. A chorus of 500 voices gave Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Special services were held in most all the churches on the Continent. All the

newspapers in many cities, especially Vienna and St. Petersburg, published long eulogistic articles upon the Victorian reign. At Constantinople, the sultan sent a number of high Ottomans to represent him at the service, and the entire diplomatic corps was present. A guard of English blue jackets was drawn up at the main approach to the chapel.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

At all the Protestant Episcopal churches in New York, special notice was taken of the Queen's jubilee. Most, if not all of the officiating clergymen made some reference to the event in their sermons, and in addition a special prayer was read as appointed by Episcopal direction.

At the foot of the stairway at the Buckingham Palace on the great day, June 22, her Majesty paused for a minute and touched an electric button connected with all the tele-

graphic systems throughout the British empire, and it flashed around the world the message, already cabled to the Association Press, sent by the Queen to her subjects. It read: "From my heart, I thank my beloved people. May God bless them." The subjects of Queen Victoria are certainly a mixed multitude, both in respect of number and religion. Religiously considered, they comprise Protestants and Roman Catholics, Jews and Mohammedans, Infidels and Pagans. What was true at the beginning of Victoria's reign is as true to-day. It was then said that she ruled over more Roman Catholics than the Pope (for the Pope had not then lost his temporal power), and that she ruled over more Mohammedans than the Sultan, and it is true now that her Pagan subjects number at least four times as many as her Christian subjects.

The good behavior of the crowd in London on jubilee day impressed itself upon the mind of General Miles to such an extent that he wrote about it in his report. "I did not notice," he said, "the slightest display of disorderly conduct or ill-manners on the part of that gigantic crowd. From start to finish the police regulations were excellently planned and perfectly carried out. While the government of the police was positive, yet their conduct was most creditable and patient. They seemed to be on the best of terms with the populace. The police were unarmed."

Chauncey M. Depew witnessed the Jubilee celebration, and describes the impression in the following words: The concentrated, irresistible joy and pride which preceded, accompanied and followed the Queen like a torrent, surpassed anything ever witnessed before. Though many races and many tongues participating, the dominant and absorbing expression was English, and the glory was England's. Peers and commoners, masters and workmen, millionaires and the multitudes were welded by a tremendous force. This concentration of loyalty from the remotest corners of the earth into one wild, frantic mass of patriotic enthusiasm had an effect on observers which can be likened to nothing so much as to the north and south as electrified by the first gun fired on Fort Sumter.

Dr. Parker's panegyric on the Queen, delivered in the City Temple, London, was such as only that celebrated divine could deliver. The following sentences will give some idea of the refreshing independence pervading his utterance: "We do not celebrate the Queen's 'long' reign, but the Queen's 'good' reign;" 'We owe much to the Queen, but the Queen owes much more to us.' 'Let her close her splendid reign by restoring to God the titles 'Head of the Church' and 'Defender of the Faith.'" (Loud cheers). Referring to the sad plight of Armenia and Greece, he gave the following paraphrase of Ebenezer Elliott's well-known hymn, "When wilt Thou save the People:"

"When wilt thou save the Emperors,
O God of Mercy, when?
When wilt Thou crush the Sultan,
And avenge the souls of men?"

The most magnificent jubilee present to Queen Victoria is doubtless the set of emeralds sent by the czar and czarina of Russia. It is valued at $100,000.

# ONE OF OUR FORGOTTEN PRINCES.

By the Hon. F. Bulkeley Owen (Gwenllian Gwynedd).

During the years of persecution and of grinding taxation which followed the death of Llywelyn—"Ein Llyw Olaf,"—hundreds of our people, chieftains and peasants, priests and bards, left their own country, to seek a home in France.

Thierry in his History of the Norman Conquest tells us that the Welshmen were well received there, and that this emigration continued throughout the fourteenth century. Amongst the number of these exiles was Yvain, Evan or Owen de Galles, the son of Prince Edmund of Wales.

He is supposed to have been a descendant of the Royal House of Gwynedd. Thierry thinks he may have been a great nephew of Prince Llywelyn.

Prince Edmund's name does not appear in any Welsh record to which the writer of this paper has had access; he was, however, no fictitious person, his name as father of Prince Evan of Wales, together with the history of the latter, has been handed down to us by Froissart in his chronicle.

Who was Prince Edmund? It is possible that he may have been the son of Owain Goch, of Gruffydd, or of Rhodri, three of Llywelyn's brothers. We have no record of their wives and children, nor do we even know if they had any.

When our princes married Norman wives, history reveals their names; when they married their own country-women, we hear very little or nothing about them. This is the case as regards Prince David, his wife we know was Eleanor, daughter of Ferrers, Earl of Derby.

Edmund could not have been a son of Prince David, for the Patent Rolls tell us that his sons were named Llywelyn and Owen. In 1283 they were ordered to be delivered to Richard de Boys, "to be taken where the king has ordered," i. e. to the prison at Bristol. Then they were probably murdered or starved to death there.

We learn from Froissart that King Edward—probably Edward III.—had put Prince Edmund to death, seized his territories and principality, and had given them to his son, the [so-called] Prince of Wales.

Evan escaped to France and took refuge with King Philip VI., who appears to have treated him very kindly, and to have brought him up as one of the pages of honor of his chamber, together with his nephews d'Alencon, and several other young nobles.

The exact date of Evan's arrival in France is unrecorded, but it must have been prior to August, 1350, which was the time of Philip de Valois' death.

At the court of France Evan was trained in all knightly service; he

continued to reside there after King Philip's death, and was greatly beloved by his successor King John. He fought by his side at the battle of Poictiers in 1356, and, we are told, "performed many feats of arms against the English." On the defeat of King John he went to Lombardy, where he continued to bear arms, but returned to France on the renewal of the war with England, during the reign of Charles V.

In 1371 that king sent Prince Evan to sea in command of 4000 fighting men. The chronicle says he set sail for England, but on the way thither he stopped to attack the island of Guernsey, where he slew 400 English, and completely defeated the governor, Edmund Ross. The latter escaped with great difficulty to the Castle of Cornet, a very strong place, to which Evan laid siege. Fortunately for the governor, Evan was obliged to withdraw from Guernsey in obedience to a summons from King Charles, to aid the Spaniards in the siege of la Rochelle.

Those alone can rule, who have first learnt to obey. And Froissart rightly praises the alacrity with which Evan obeyed the king's orders, raised the siege, disbanded his army—lending them vessels to carry them to Harfleur—and immediately embarked himself on board a large ship, and made sail for Spain.

On his arrival at the port of St. Andero [the modern Santander] in Biscay, he found the Spaniards had captured two very important persons—John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke—son-in-law of Edward III., his first wife being the Lady Margaret Plantagenet—who was lieutenant of Aquitaine; and Sir Guiscard d'Angle. The prisoners had just arrived at St. Andero under the charge of Don Fernando de Rosas, and Cabesso de Vaccadent.

Evan was immediately invited to come and see the captives, which he was most anxious to do, in order to know who they were. The interview between the Prince and the Earl of Pembroke I give in the words of Froissart,—

"He met, on quitting his chamber, in the apartment of the landlord, the Earl of Pembroke, whom he directly recognised, though he had scarcely ever seen him before. He addressed him in a reproachful manner,—

'Earl Pembroke, are you come into this country to do me homage for the lands you hold of me in the Principality of Wales, of which I am heir, and which your king has deprived me of, through the advice of evil councilors?'

The Earl of Pembroke was much displeased and ashamed, feeling himself a prisoner in a strange country, to be thus apostrophized in his own language, by one whom he did not know, and replied,—

'Who are you that address me in such words?'

Evan answered,—

'I am Evan, son and heir of Prince Edmund of Wales, whom your king wickedly and wrongfully put to

death, and disinherited me afterwards. But I may be able through the assistance of my dear lord the King of France, to apply a remedy to this, and I will certainly do so.

'I wish you to know that if I can meet you in a proper place and time to offer you combat, I will show you the wrongs you have done me, as well as the Earl of Hereford [de Bohun] and Edward Spencer [Edward de Spencer fought at Poictiers with the Black Prince, he died 1375] for by your father and other evil councilors was my lord and father betrayed, which ought to anger me, and I will be revenged of it whenever I have an opportunity.'

Sir Thomas St. Aubin, who was one of the earl's knights, stepped forward, and eagerly said,—

'Evan, if you mean to say and maintain, that my lord has now or at any other time, committed a dishonorable act, or that my lord his father has done so, or that he owes you any homage or anything else, throw down your glove, and you will find one ready enough to take it up.'

Evan replied,—

'You are a prisoner, I shall gain no honor in calling you out, for you are not your own master, but belong to those who have taken you, but when you have gained your liberty I shall speak out more boldly, for things shall not remain as they now are.'

As he finished these words, some knights and Spanish men of valor got between them, and separated them."

Froissart tells us that not long after this interview the Spanish admirals led their prisoners away to Burgos, to deliver them up to the King of Spain. John Earl of Pembroke remained for four years a prisoner in Spain, and died at Arras in 1374, so probably he and Prince Evan never met again. Possibly the inquisition taken upon the death of the Earl would reveal the lands of which Prince Edmund had been deprived.

Evan, in company with the Spanish admiral, Don Roderigo de Rosas, blockaded the town and castle of la Rochelle, which eventually surrendered to them, and then our Welsh hero, taking with him 400 lances, with whom he embarked on thirteen barges, arrived opposite the very strong castles of Soubise. Crossing the river Charente, he fell upon the English and Gascons, and Froissart tells us that "Lord Thomas Percy was that day made prisoner by a Welsh priest called David Howell." Evan attacked the castle, which surrendered. In this campaign he captured John, Captal de Buch, who was imprisoned in the Temple at Paris for five years, until his death.

On the 10th of May, 1372,—Woodward's History of Wales states—a treaty of alliance between Evan and Charles V. was signed at Paris, in which Evan acknowledged the loan of "300,000 and more francs of gold," advanced by his "most

powerful and redoubtable lord, Charles," to aid him in regaining possession of Wales. A rumor of this probably reached England, for Froissart tells us that orders were given to the Earl of Salisbury and others to put to sea, to guard the coasts, for it was reported that the Spaniards and Evan of Wales were on the seas with 6000 men to invade and burn the country. Why this expedition never took place, we do not know. We next hear of Evan in company with the Duke of Anjou, and the constable of France, and many great barons, marching to Bergerac, which town surrendered to this august host. The constable chooses our brave and valiant Prince "to guard the foragers."

The last siege of "Sir Evan of Wales" took place in 1378, that of Mortain in Poitou. He undertook the command, says Froissart, "being desirous of obeying the orders of the Duke of Anjou, the king's brother," and he further states that "when Evan of Wales, the barons and knights arrived there, they formed the siege very prudently, and provided themselves little by little with everything they wanted, for they were well aware they never could conquer the castle by storm, but that it must be won by distressing the garrison with famine and long blockade. Evan therefore ordered four blockhouses to be erected, so no provision could enter the place by sea or by land." The first blockhouse was built on the edge of a rock facing the castle upon the Garonne, and Evan posted himself within it.

History now makes mention of the blackest traitor whose foul deeds ever stained her pages—John Lambe. Froissart calls him a "Welsh squire," and says "that he came out of England and from the borders of Wales." We may, I think, be allowed to doubt the fact that he was a Welshman, his very surname is of Saxon origin. We would fain hope that no "innate Cymro" would act so base a part as that which I am about relate.

The story is best told in the words of the old chronicle,—

"About this time John Lambe arrived in Brittany, and continued his journey till he came to Poitou. He was honorably received everywhere, by calling himself one of Evan's friends, and speaking very good French.

"He said he was come from Wales to visit Evan, and was too lightly believed. For these reasons he was escorted by the men of Poitou to Mortain, where the siege was going forward.

"John Lambe advanced towards Evan. When falling on his knees, he said in his country's language, that he had left Wales to see and serve him, Evan not harboring the least suspicion, [he was too loyal and true himself to think evil of others] received him kindly, thanked him for coming, and accepted his offers of service; he then asked the news from Wales.

"He told him enough of true and

false, and made him believe that the whole Principality was desirous of having him for their lord.

"This information gained so much the love of Evan, for everyone would naturally wish to return to his own country, that he immediately appointed him to be his chamberlain.

"John won daily on the affections of Evan, there was none in whom he had so great a confidence.

"Evan's regard increased so fast that evil befell him, for which it was great pity, for he was a valiant knight, a good man, and the son of a Prince of Wales whom King Edward had caused to be beheaded.

"Evan had a custom during the siege of Mortain, as soon as he was risen, if it were a fine morning, to seat himself before the castle when he had his hair combed and plaited for a considerable length of time, during which he viewed the castle and the surrounding country, for he had not the smallest dread from any quarter; it was not usual for anyone to attend him as a guard but this John Lambe."

Mark here, gentle reader, with what care the prince performed his toilette, it is a refutation of the calumnies of those who describe our ancient royal house as a tribe of unkempt savages.

Froissart continues,—"Very often it happened that there he completely dressed himself, and if anyone had business with him, they went there to seek him."

We can picture Prince Evan to ourselves, holding his gorsedd in the face of the sun and the eye of the light, sitting upon the stone of justice, by the side of the river Garonne, his thoughts going back to the home of his childhood, to the rocks and the streams of his native land, that land which John Lambe described, probably with truth, as being so anxious to have him for its lord, that beautiful land on which he was never to set foot again.

But the sun was soon to rise on the last day of his earthly career. Froissart thus describes it,—

"On his last visit, it was clear morn and fine clear weather, and the heat of the night had prevented him from sleeping; he went thither [to the rock facing the castle] all unbuttoned, with only his jacket and shirt, and his cloak thrown over him. When he seated himself as usual, attended by John Lambe, all the others were asleep, and no guard was kept, for he considered the castle of Mortain as conquered.

"After Evan had seated himself on the trunk of a tree, he said to John Lambe—'Go seek my comb, for that will refresh me a little.'

"He answered,—"Willingly, my lord.'

"On his way to seek for the comb, or when returning with it, the devil must have entered the body of this John, for with the comb he brought a short Spanish dagger, that had a broad point, to accomplish his evil intentions. He struck this dagger into Evan, whose body was almost

naked, and pierced him through so that he fell down dead.

"After he had performed this deed, he left the dagger in the body, set off, and went slowly to the barriers of the castle, wherein he was received by the guards, to whom he made himself known, and was conducted to the Souldich de l'Estrade, the governor of the castle.

'My lord,' said he, 'I have delivered you from one of the greatest enemies you ever had.'

'From whom?' demanded the Souldich.

'From Evan of Wales,' answered John.

'By what means?' demanded the Souldich.

'By such means,' said John, and then related to him the circumstances you have just neard.

"When the Souldich heard this, he shook his head, and eyeing him with anger, replied,—

'Thou hast murdered him; but know for me, that if we did not reap much advantage from thy wicked deed, I would have thy head cut off; what is done however cannot be undone; but such a death is unworthy of a gentleman, and we shall have more blame than praise for it.'"

John Lambe was in reality a hired assassin. Froissart says "he had been instigated by some English knights to perform the treason he did, for Evan of Wales was greatly hated in England and Gascony on account of the Captal de Buch," the Gascon knight whom he had taken prisoner.

Amongst the payments recorded in Rymer's Foedera in 1381, we find "Item, paie le xviii jour de Septembre a Johan Lambe et ses deux compagnions en recompensacion et regarde, si bien de les bons et agreables services qu' il a fait a Mons. le Prince, que Dieu assoile, et fera au roi q' ore est, come de la mourt d' You de Galles, C. francs."

This was the blood money paid for our gallant prince's life. He was, however, mourned in France.

Froissart says he was "killed by a wicked and treasonable act, and to the great grief of the army and all manner of people," and that "the company of Bretons and Welsh who had been attached to him, were much enraged at his death."

"King Charles of France particularly lamented his loss, but he could not help it.

"Evan of Wales was buried in the church of St. Leger, which he had converted into a fort, half a league distant from the castle of Mortain, and all the gentlemen of the army attended his obsequies, which were very grandly performed."

I do not know if the church of St. Leger is still standing, there are several villages of that name in France. If so, it may possibly contain a fourteenth century cross monument to a prince of the Cymry.

Those of my countrymen, who desire to spend their holidays in visiting unfrequented parts of France, cannot do better than search for the burial place of Yvain ap Edmund.

# THE COTTAGES OF WALES.

Fair cottages of Cymru, with walls of gleaming white,
Whose smoke curls round the valley and up the mountain height;
The bees hum 'neath the gable or sheltering garden wall,
While all around grow flowers, red rose and lily tall.

A Cottage in Wales.

Oh lowly cots of Cymru, blest, yea, thrice blest are ye!
Ye know not this world's greatness nor earthly dignity;
Yet dwell within you ever, the love and peaceful rest
Which fly from hall and palace of those the world holds blest.

O pleasant cots of Cymru, within, at dawn's first rays,
As in the wood around them, are heard glad hymns of praise,
And early in the morning the birds and goodwife sing
Their matin song of gratitude to God, their Lord and King.

# "IOLO MORGANWG."

By T. C. Thomas, Llandaff.

Who has not heard of the peripatetic old "Iolo" and his ample wallet? Yet, the rich contents of his old bag, collected from John o' Groats to Land's End, are, to a great extent, unknown to the public. To trace the history of "Iolo Morganwg" would be simply impossible either for me to do or for you to find sufficient space in your columns. I will simply content myself, with your permission, upon the present occasion with a reference to and a quotation from one of his playful and, at the same time, ingenious poetical compositions. Some young folk of the town of Castellnedd (Neath) had entered the church there one Sunday, and after divine service was over a sprightly young lady of the party played on the organ a profane tune, then well known as "The voice of her I love," in which they all heartily joined. That deed of desecration reached the ear of the curate, who became furious and indignant, and at once threatened the parties with prosecution in the Consistory Court of Llandaff. Now, in those days that court was known as "Cwrt-yr-Esgob," and, no matter what was the nature of the cause at issue, the very thought of that court struck terror into the hearts of all offenders. "Iolo," happening to be at Neath at the time, was told of the threatened proceedings about to be taken against the young people, and at once replied, "I will get them out of that trouble if they will keep my counsel." It would be easy, as he said, to write a hymn to the same tune and with the same words as the burthen; they could then make the clergyman believe it was only a piece of sacred music set to a profane tune, which is common enough. The Salvation Army of our day can, I think, supply sufficient evidence of the truth of the old man's assertion. He was then staying at the house of Mr. Isaac Redwood, a bosom friend of his, and, after the family had one night retired, and "Iolo" was left downstairs—for he used not to go to bed, on account of his asthmatic disease—the following beautiful hymn was produced during the night over his cups galore. Yes, cups of tea, of which he had been known to partake of twenty or more at a sitting! He fathered the verses upon an imaginary collection of Moravian psalmody. The verses are as follows:—

The voice of the Beloved, or the mutual love of Christ and the Church: A Moravian Hymn. (See Fetter-lane Collection.) Song of Solomon, Chap. ii. 8, 10, 11, 12, 14.

BRIDE (THE CHURCH.)

No earthly sounds are those I hear
  Descending from above,
Celestial music to my ear,
  The voice of Him I love.

He puts an end to all my grief,
For oe'r the mountain waste,
To give my drooping soul relief,
He comes with eager haste.

BRIDEGROOM (CHRIST.)

My love, the winter's past and gone—
How sweet the joyful hours!
The dews of heaven descend upon
Green vales and opening flowers.
How sweet the turtle tells her tale
In every vernal grove—
Far sweeter still comes oe'r the vale
The voice of her I love.

BRIDE (THE CHURCH.)

I hear along the distant hills
The music of His voice—
How feels my heart the heavenly thrills
How does my soul rejoice!
"I come," He says, "I come to cheer
My fair, my tender dove—
I come, for in thy call I hear
The voice of her I love.

Whether the curate was pacified by the hymn is not known, but it is known that the young persons were not called upon to appear at the consistory court. This hymn reminds me that when in the Metropolis some time ago on a Sunday night I visited what I may be permitted to call the gorgeous, if not theatrical, Temple of Dr. Parker's, and in returning to my hotel (Anderson's) through the very Fetter-lane referred to I hummed that very hymn, and, I fear, forgot all about the eloquent doctor's discourse.

## BUTTERFLY AND PANSY.

By J. D. Morgan.

While viewing my garden one day with delight,
Where flourish the rue and the tansy,
I saw near by me a beautiful sight—
A butterfly kissing a pansy.

Enraptured I gazed on the vision so fair,
A picture of Nature's own giving,
So lovely it seemed, although lighter than air—
A poem so true and so living.

The beautiful butterfly soon flew away,
For brief was the time that it tarried,
Yet something mysterious to me seemed to say
That it and the pansy were married.

A child of the sunshine the butterfly seems,
So frivolous, flitting and airy,
Or something, perhaps, unsubstantial as dreams,
Or maybe the ghost of a fairy.

The pansy I praise for its beauty so rare,
(I beg of all others their pardon,)
But feel that I now am compelled to declare
The pansy the gem of the garden.

So lovely a sight to a sensitive mind
Leaves often a pleasing impression,
And Nature, so lavish in beauty, designed
That all should enjoy its possession.

Utica, N. Y.

# FAIRY OPINIONS AND CRITICISMS.

By Rhydlan Kyffin.

There are very few really independent critics in the world. There is a considerable number of self-opiniated eccentric thinkers among every nation; but when we watch them and their work closely we soon discover that their opinions and decisions are not invariably the result of thought and knowledge, but the outcome of intellectual conditions which are common among men and which remind me of the fairy tale af Andersen's, "The Emperor's New Clothes." This shows exactly the genesis of a good many public opinions and decisions. Two impostors visited the Emperor one day and pretended to be weavers and tailors of exquisite skill. They told him they could make him an invisible suit of clothes which had the virtue of pointing out who was wise and who was stupid. The material for these clothes had the peculiar property of being invisible to every one who was either unfit to fill an office or insufferably stupid. The old minister visited the weavers one day to see how they were getting along with the work, but he could'nt see anything, but fearing lest he might prove himself unfit for office or insufferably stupid, he pretended to see the whole thing; and expressed great admiration for the invisible suit of clothes. The Emperor went through the same ludicrous experience. He did not like to profess ignorance by admitting that he c see the invisible, so he likewis pressed great pleasure. Aftc work was completed there was ebration in which the Empero peared in a procession dresse his invisible robes—which practically nudity. A little viewing the procession and be ing the Emperor cried out, " he's got nothing on!" This chi expression and unsophisti statement of fact opened the ey all to the real situation of ma caused everybody to blush, an majesty to shrink into himself he, reconsidering his position, realizing the consequence of knowledging his nonsensical duct says, "At any rate I mu through with this process "And so," says the tale, "he p a still haughtier air, and the tlemen in waiting marched b and held the train which was'nt at all."

This is an actual experien everyday life. Some imposto augurates an idea or an opinio raises the impression that to or contradict it signifies ignoi and stupidity. This fallacy pre ly grows until it domineers th tellect of society until, event some simple minded reforme pears and cries in wonder, " this is perfectly ludicrous!" T follows a partial recognition o

truth, but society will still proceed with the procession, and the sycophants and the gentlemen in waiting on society will still march behind holding the train which is'nt there at all!

This is also noticeable in literature. Some one or more will undertake to popularize a writer of poetry or prose, and after a while, the ready public will become demented. An idea takes possession of the public mind, that to deny this or that author's ability is a sure sign of nonsense in the doubter. The consequence is that every man and woman glorifies the author and helps to propagandize his popularity. In due time, a mind that has lived outside the influence of this general aberrancy appears and beholds instinctively the fallacy of the whole thing; and with childish simplicity and candor he reveals the truth. This is true in politics as well as in literature; and it is the greatest obstacle to human progress The people are periodically hypnotized by such unaccountable spells of intellectual dreaming, whereby otherwise sensible men and women act as if they had no sense at all. Even after they have seen their own ridiculous position they prefer consistency to a change. The Emperor in the story seems to express their feelings, when he said, "At any rate I must go through with this procession;" and the gentlemen in waiting think it more honorable and consistent to still go on carrying the train that doesn't exist at all!

Now this is one of the results or consequences of authority; and the only remedy is the cultivation of independency of thought. Think for yourself. Express your opinions without fear of the charge of ignorance. Don't follow others—follow reason—follow the light of experience, keep yourself outside the reach of tradition and superstition. Study nature for yourself. Don't believe the Emperor is clothed when your eyes testify that he is stark naked. Follow the method of the child. Depend upon your own personal experience more than the general insanity of the crowd. Your intellect was given for personal use.

# THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

## NOTES ON THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS FOR JULY.

By Mrs. Jessie N. Lewis.

### Sunday, July 4.

Topic—Consecrated Patriots: what will they do? Deut. 32: 1-18.

What does it mean to be a patriot? Some seem to think it consists in spending all one's strength and money in a celebration every national holiday. There have been times in our country's history when to be a patriot meant the giving up of life itself. All honor to the consecrated patriots, living or dead, who have fought for the old flag in times of peril!

But we of this younger generation have a work, and an heroic one as well. By trying to do our part toward making our country stronger and purer in its institutions, moral, social, civil, we are showing the same love as did our fathers. It takes courage, Christian courage to be a consecrated patriot. It means that right is right, that our country is more than party politics, that her shame is our shame, just as her glory is our glory. We must know her past and be proud of it, and be courageous to meet the perils that threaten, rejoicing in her every success.

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### Sunday, July 11.

Topic—Individual responsibility for the conversion of the world. Rom. 9: 1-3; 10: 1, 13-15. (A missionary topic. Prayer for the International Christian Endeavor Convention.)

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "Ye"—who? Do you know Christ does not mean you, young man—young woman? God has a commission for each children, it is "go tell the world." may have drawn a narrow circle boundary of your world, and neighbor may have to travel a lon to reach the end of his. Whiche may be, be sure you tell your wo his love.

Perhaps a dear brother has go the ends of the earth in order to his mission. We may not go to but Oh, let us not forget to sen our sympathy and encouragemen prayers of faith.

How soon might the world be w Christ? Just as soon as each Chr wins his or her own world for the ter.

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### Sunday, July 18.

Topic—Belief in Christ: what what it does. John 4: 46-53; Ac 25-34.

I. What it is?

1. It is acceptance of Christ's p The Apostles were followers of on was a reality to them. So we mus faith in a personal Christ.

2. It is trust in Christ as a Sa Here is the difference between and practice. One believes in with the head, the other with the as well. (Rom. 10: 10). Have cepted Christ as my personal Savi

3. It is faith in Christ's words 10: 17). Faith, apart from thi never be well founded. We mus the Bereans (Acts 17: 11).

II. What it does?

1. This belief brings Christ near to us. According to promise, He is our abiding guest (Rev. 3: 20).

2. It gives us convictions. Strong men and women are those with convictions. The believer in Christ in contact with living truth, knows whom he trusts. John 7: 17.

3. It leads to implicit obedience. The soldier who has most faith in his general shows it in obedience. We believe in the captain of our salvation, and follow him in constant service.

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Sunday, July 25.

Topic—False worship and true. Matth. 6: 1-15.

1. Worship touches prayer, song, testimony, life itself. It is a serious thought that our worship of Almighty God may be false, that we may seem only to be religious. Yet so it is.

2. Prayer is false when we hide some sin in our heart as we pray. Song is false when it has no response in ourselves. Testimony given for self-glory to be heard of men, is false.

3. True worship is reverent. It is prayer breaking out into praise. It is none of self, and all of Christ. It is worship "in spirit and in truth." It will be known by its fruits—"righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." It makes the worshiper better, more peaceful, happier, more useful.

Mohawk, N. Y.

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## BROTHERLY LOVE IN BROOKLYN.

As a very promising sign of the consummation of Christian unity, if not of the dawning of the Millenium itself, we are proud to record a very unique incident which occurred in the above City of Churches a few Sundays ago at the dedication and opening of the new Central Presbyterian Church, corner Marcy and Jefferson Aves., when among the many representatives of the various denominations, were a Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and a rector of a neighboring Protestant Episcopal faith, and the two organists, and vested choir of forty voices of the latter rendered the musical selections during the afternoon service. Surely, here was an ocular demonstration that "One is your Father even God, and all ye are brethren," and that the gospel of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, as thundered from Plymouth pulpit for 40 years by that apostle of liberty, Henry Ward Beecher, and the poetical sermons of Oliver Wendell Holmes who sang,

"Our Father while our hearts unlearn,
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our altars ever burn,
With love's undying flame,"

are bearing forth fruits a hundred fold, and dispel the doubts and gloom of the isms and creeds which have grown out of the contracted make-up and weakness of human nature, which has tried to confine its Maker within the narrow confines of the very limited space of the house it lives in, and up to date he refuses to be thus confined, and as a happy result of His greatness, being so much beyond our ken, we now and then see, as in this case, the lion of even Anglican episcopacy, and the overgrown lamb of the sturdy Presbyterianism of Calvin and Knox feed in the same green pastures, and rest beside the same still waters under the same ever watchful eye of their wary shepherd. We were thus glad to witness this scene, which (through a zeal without knowledge, sandwiched between bigotry and hatred on the part of those who fought for a faith (not) delivered to the saints) was not possible 50 years ago, and we at the end of the 19th century and the close of the Victorian era realize that manhood is above creeds, and true religion something more tangible and common sense like than any ism, constructed by human, and consequently erring minds.

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

It was gratifying to read in the New

York "Tribune" a few days ago that among the musicians and composers of the Victorian era, the name of Dr. Joseph Parry was coupled with those of Sullivan, Balfe, Barnaby, Dykes, etc.

Isabella.

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## GRACE IS GRIT.

When you should take a responsibility be on hand. Do not dodge. Do not get some one else to do your unpleasant duties for you. No shirk can be comfortable in any world. Be courageous, faithful, straightforward. Suppleness and sinuousness become snakes, but men should be upright. A sneak may not seem a brilliant success as a sinner, but it is the climax of absurdity for him to pose as a saint. Moral cowardice is the besetting sin of our times. "Quit you like men." Goodness is grit, and much more; there is no real goodness without grit, though there is more than grit in goodness. A Christian is not a weak worm of the dust; he is the follower of the fearless and stainless Christ, he is a son of light, he is a soldier of the cross, he is the child of God. He degrades himself if he does not do his duty whatever it costs.

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## OVERPRODUCTION OF MINISTERS.

The supply of ministers is increasing faster than the number of churches. During the five years preceding 1896 the net gain in churches was 665, and the net gain in ministers was 728. The number is also increasing of ministers in other denominations pressing to secure Congregational pulpits. From these ranks it is estimated that about one third of our annual increase comes, and as many more ministers stand ready to respond to calls. From these facts and figures it seems evident that while there is abundant opportunity for ministers to preach the gospel, as Paul did, at their own charges, there are already ordained men enough to occupy all Congregational pulpits which can afford to give them reasonable support, while more new ministers than churches are being added every year.

## THE HEBREW PSALMS.

It is a well-known rabbinical tradition that above the bed of David there hung a harp. At midnight, as the wind rippled over the strings, it made such music that the poet-king was constrained to rise, and, till the pillar of dawn rose high in the eastern heavens, to wed words to the strains. The poetry of that tradition is summed up in the saying that the Book of Psalms contains the whole music of the heart of man swept by the hand of his Maker. In it are gathered the lyrical burst of his tenderness, the moan of his penitence, the pathetic accent of his sorrow, the triumphant shout of his victory, the despairing sob of his defeat, the firm tone of his confidence, the rapturous note of his assured hope. In it is presented the anatomy of all parts of the human soul; in it, as Heine says, are collected "sunrise and sunset, birth and death, promise and fulfillment—the whole drama of humanity."

In the Psalms is painted, for all time, in fresh unfading colors, the picture of the moral welfare of man, often baffled yet never wholly defeated, struggling upward to all that is best and highest in his nature, always aware how short of the aim falls the practice, how great is the abyss that severs the aspiration from the achievement. In them we do not find the innocent converse of man with God in the Garden of Eden; if we did, the book would for our fallen natures lose its value. On the contrary, it is the revelation of a soul deeply conscious of sin, seeking, in broken accents of shame and penitence and hope, to renew personal communication with God, heart to heart, thought to thought, and face to face. It is this which gives to the Psalms their eternal truth. It is this which makes them at once the breviary and the viaticum of humanity. Here are gathered not only pregnant statements of the principles of religion, and condensed maxims of spiritual life, but a promptuary of manly effort, a summary of devotion, a manual of prayer and praise—and all this is clothed in language which is as rich in poetic beauty as it is universal and enduring in poetic verity.

# PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

The Daniel Owen Memorial Committee will commemorate the celebrated novelist by the erection of a monument in Mold.

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The Rev. J. Morgan Jones, of Cardiff, has been appointed editor of the "Drysorfa" for the next five years, and the Rev. Thomas Levi of Aberystwyth, re-appointed editor of the "Trysorfa" y Plant."

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R. O., of San Francisco, has a collection of the autographs of 500 ministers, poets, literati and patriots from the time of Williams of Pantycelyn, and pictures of 1,500 persons from the time of Goethe, until the present day.

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Ellis H. Roberts' successor as president of the Franklin National Bank will probably be Charles F. James, vice president of the bank, who is a son of Gen. Thomas L. James, former postmaster general and now president of the Lincoln National Bank.

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Mr. and Mrs. William V. Evans of Delta, N. Y., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on Friday, May 21. There were present nine sons and their wives, one daughter—the only one, and her husband, and sixteen grandchildren, also Revs. Jones, Pritchard and Hughes. This happy, aged couple have all their children living and they were all present at their anniversary.

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The "Deseret News" of May 8, says that Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Jones (formerly Miss Annie Hope) are visiting at Salt Lake City on their way east. It adds that Mrs. Jones "is a singer of note, and at last nights Tabernacle choir rehearsal, favored the members with a selection from the Messiah, entitled, 'He was Despised.' Mrs. Jones' enunciation is perhaps best of any singer ever heard here."

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The editor of "Cerddor" in his remarks on the use of the word "rime" by the "Cambrian" says, that the American way of spelling English, is, occasionally, a little puzzling. He adds that the word "rime" means hoar-frost. If he will take the pains to look up Webster's Dictionary he will find that "rime" is etymologically preferable to "rhyme," and is becoming again common. Milton wrote:

He knew
Himself to sing and build the lofty rime.

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Watcyn Wyn, the Welsh poet, although yet in his prime, has requested his friends not to take extraordinary interest in his remains, and has arranged to have an epitaph like the following placed on his tombstone:

He lived as long as he had breath,
As long as he could dodge king death;
He left the world without remorse—
The world left him alone— of course!

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It is definitely settled, so 'tis announced, that Mr. O. M. Edwards will gradually withdrew from his magazine work. It has been for some time interfering not a little with his tutorial work at Oxford, and the shock of his child's death has been so great that he does not feel capable of supporting the double burden any longer. The good he has done by his magazines, especially "Cym-

ru" and "Cymru'r Plant," can scarcely be overestimated, and we join in the hope that some means may be found of inducing him to continue his oversight of these two at any rate.

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Probably the youngest preacher in Wales to-day is Mr. Willie Powell, of Treherbert, who is known in the district as the "boy preacher." He is the son of a Baptist, who is employed as a signalman on the Taff Vale Railway. The lad is only 12 years of age, and, according to a correspondent, "those who have heard him preach from various pulpits in the valleys are surprised at his learning, his easy delivery, and his oratorical powers. He is a student at the Higher Grade School, and always composes the discourses which he delivers."

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Sir A. C. Mackenzie and Messrs. Emlyn Evans and D. Jenkins, the three adjudicators appointed by the Newport National Eisteddfod Committee to adjudicate in the competition for the best cantata for mixed voices, with full orchestral accompaniment, to occupy an hour in performing, on the words of the Rev. J. T. Job's prize libretto "The Court of Ivor Hael," for which a prize of £50 was offered, have just announced their decision. Three cantatas were received, bearing the assumed names of "Briton," "Peredur," and "Cymru Fydd." The adjudicators have decided that not one of the three is worthy of the prize. The prize cantata was to have been performed at one of the Eisteddfod concerts.

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Friday, May 21, 1897, was a day which will linger long among the pleasant memories of one of the worthy couples whose lot it has been to arrive at the golden anniversary of their wedded existence. It came to the Rev. and Mrs. Richard Hughes, Cotter, Iowa. The crowd gathered at an early hour and spent the entire day in converse, a lawn lunch, and in a happy season of speech, song and recitation, in which Rev. W. Roland Williams, a son-in-law, acted on the occasion as master of ceremonies. Addresses were delivered by several friends and neighbors, to which Mr. Hughes responded in a cordial manner. Mr. Hughes ("Esgob y Gorllewin") is aged 73, his good wife two years his senior. Except the great affliction of blindness in Mr. Hughes' case, they both enjoy good health. A lot of costly and useful presents were received.

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John T. Watkins, the well known baritone and musical director, of Scranton, Pa., who for the past year has been studying music in London, is now engaged at "Her Majesty's Theater," and was the best baritone out of 75 applicants for a Catholic church position at a recent competition. Mr. Watkins was recently asked to give an exhibition of his histrionic talents before the manager of the "Savoy," and the results were so satisfactory that he has been booked for the first vacancy that occurs. Mr. Watkins' voice has improved wonderfully under the instruction that he has received at the Royal Academy, and his natural ability as an actor has made his path comparatively smooth in working his way into the good graces of the critical London audiences. The friends of Mr. Watkins in musical circles of Northeastern Pennsylvania, where he is so well known, will rejoice at his success.

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Bishop Mostyn, it is said, has recently become the possessor of a mitre remarkable for its magnificence and exquisite workmanship of white embroidered silk, richly ornamented with gold; it is studded with 500 precious stones. It is Gothic in design, bears on its front a dove, symbolic of the Holy Spirit, in gold repousse work, encircled by garnets and a heart formed of a single carbuncle of a large size, with jeweled

rays. The whole is surmounted by a cross composed of 33 gems. On the back are figures of the Welsh patron saints, St. David and St. Winifred, beautifully wrought in the Welsh colors and surmounted by rubies, emeralds and pearls. At the apex appears the national emblem, the Welsh harp, encircled by topazes and aquamarines, which is an exact copy of the ancient "Ariandlws," which tradition declares to have remained in the possession of the Mostyn family from early centuries.

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All our readers will learn with satisfaction that the crucial operation for which "Morien" has so long been waiting was successfully performed. The affection of the eyes from which "Morien" has been suffering came on a few years ago, and steadily grew worse, till for many months he has been moving and writing in semi-darkness, while reading has long been out of the question. For an active newspaper man this disability has been a heavy trial, and even the naturally lively spirits of "Morien" was occasionally so subdued by melancholy ponderings that his soul found vent in such mental speculations as, "Os dof fi drwy'r anialwch, Rhyfedd-af byth dy ras." Fortunately, all uncertainty is now at an end, for after the operation performed at his residence, in Treforest, "Morien"—so we are assured by the skilful local specialist who had charge of the case—will soon be able to see as well as ever he did—a circumstance on which we are all very pleased to congratulate him.

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John Elias Williams of Chester, G. B., writes as follows under date June 1: "I enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing the Sunday School Celebration at Brooklyn. There were over 80,000 children participating in the interesting ceremony. As it was impossible to have all the children into one procession, they were divided into several, each one containing ten schools. I was more particularly interested in the Beecher Memorial Sunday School which contained 700 children. They were all dressed in silk and cotton, and carried silk banners with appropriate names, such as the following: "Band of Hope," "Lily of the Valley," "Bible Searchers," etc. They carried also a large silk banner bearing in gold characters, "Beecher Memorial School, Organized Nov. 1st., 1888." There was also a body of young girls, thirty in number, called "The Girls' Relief Corps," in grey wool cloth, with a black band, and a "Boys' Cadets" numbering about 70 in all. Before joining the procession a religious service was held in the church, the singing under the leadership of G. T. Matthews, Miss Lilian Matthews acting as accompanist. I understood that Mr. Matthews is highly respected by the Beecher Memorial Sunday School children. Some time ago they presented him with a beautiful silk American flag, which, during his visit to Wales, he unfurled on the top of the Snowdon (Y Wyddfa.)

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Mr. William Jeremiah, Brooklyn, intends to sail on July 3, per steamer City of Rome for "the Land of Our Fathers." This is his fourteenth trip across the Atlantic, and he has usually traveled considerably on the continent, visiting the places of interest there, as well as those of his native land. Mr. Jeremiah is one of the prominent Welshmen of Brooklyn, and is well-known among the Brooklyn churches, for the liberality of his contributions in various religious and philanthropic institutions and other meritorious objects. He is a man of fine business talent, unassuming and of strict integrity. He retired from active business years ago and has now ample means and leisure to gratify his taste and inclination and to enjoy all the good things at home and abroad. He purposes attending the National Eisteddfod at Newport in August. Mr. J. is a member of the Union League Club of Brooklyn, and although

not a politician in the obnoxious sense of the term, and never an office-seeker, he is well-known for his sound judgment in financial and other matters and is respected by many of the best men of all parties in the city, as was recently shown when the Mayor selected him to be one of the Board of Directors of the Brooklyn Disciplinary Training School for Boys, and where subsequently he was elected permanent chairman by the Board. He is also favorably known among the Brooklyn churches, and though not at present connected with any Welsh church in New York, is the frequent recipient of all kinds of appeals to his good nature from his own countrymen there, as well as from those more immediately surrounding him, and of other nationalities. We wish him a very enjoyable journey and a safe return to his home and friends.

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## A PRAISEWORTHY GIFT.

The Jones Memorial Building, dedicated in Jacksonville, Ill., June 7, is an imposing structure. It was a gift of Dr. Hiram K. Jones to Illinois College in memory of his wife, who died some years ago. Its dimensions are 72 by 92 feet on the ground plan. The structure has a commodious chapel and a library adjoining it. Recitation and other rooms occupy the minor parts of the building. The memorial is built of pressed brick, highly ornamented. The walls are rich in color and the wood work of red oak is highly polished. It is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. The dedication ceremonies were held on the college grounds and President Thwing of Western Reserve College delivered an address for the occasion. Dr. Jones, the donor of the funds necessary to construct the building, is a native of Culpeper, Va., and, though he is now 78 years old, he is wonderfully hale and hearty. He was reared by parents who had an idea of progress, and he inherited from his sturdy Scotch and Welsh ancestors a love of liberty. For almost 40 years he has given his leisure moments to the study of philosophy, and was intimately associated with the eminent men connected with it. Dr. Jones has traveled extensively in the old world and has studied in the leading schools of Europe.

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## A STURDY REFORMER.

The death is announced of Mr. John Parry, of Llanarmon, near Mold, who came into prominence some years ago as a leader of the anti-tithe agitation in Wales. Mr. Parry, who held strong convictions on the question of Church and State, gave before the Welsh Land Commissioners, when they sat at Ruthin on September 4, 1894, an interesting account of his connection with public questions in Wales. Upon the death of his father, the tenant of Plas Llanarmon, he and his brother became co-tenant of the farm, but subsequently, after a dispute about the formation of a school board, though he did not assert it was in consequence of his action on that point, he received notice to quit. Subsequently, however, the farm was re-taken, and in 1879 Mr. Parry was appointed local agent of the estate, the owner of which was Mr. Carstairs Jones. In 1886 the tithe dispute broke out, and, though appealed to to dissociate himself from it, Mr. Parry declined, and when the Land and Labor League was formed he was elected its first president. The latter step caused correspondence with his landlord, and the result was that he quitted the farm. Mr. Parry continued to take a very active part in the land reform movement, and was a recognised leader of the anti-tithe agitation in his own district and more distant places, attending the tithe sales in Denbighshire and Montgomeryshire, and warmly supporting by every means in his power the protests by Welsh Nonconformists against being compelled to pay tithe to an "alien" Church. His objection to the payment of the tithe for its present objects, in fact, never left him, and up to quite recently he showed that his convictions had been in no way diluted on the subject. Mr. Parry was a deacon with the Calvinistic Methodists, and a member of the county council, and was very well known in Welsh Nonconformist circles. He was in his sixty-fifth year.

# FIELD OF LETTERS

## NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. THOMAS JONES, of Denbigh, giving the history of his relations with the theology and literature of his age, with brief sketches of the History and movements of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, with 30 illustrations. By Rev. Jonathan Jones, St. Asaph: T. Gee and Son, Denbigh. $1.75.

This valuable book presents to its readers the history of the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Denbigh, one of the most remarkable characters of his age. The author himself tells us in his Introduction how he undertook to write this book. In the year 1892 the National Eisteddfod of Wales gave out as a subject for competition "A Biography of the Rev. Thomas Jones of Denbigh." A friend approached the author with the purpose of inducing him to write on the subject, knowing that he was peculiarly qualified to perform the task consequently, portions of this Life were sent the adjudicators, and were awarded the prize. When announcing the decision Archdeacon Howell advised that the author would do well to publish these memoirs. So he has seen fit to present them to the public in book form. This book is not only the biography of an interesting character, but is also, largely, a depiction of the times in which he lived, and is in fact a narration of the story of Calvinistic Methodism during his lifetime. Thomas Jones was strong enough and remarkable enough to leave a lasting impression on the age he lived in, and the book reproduces those impressions for the edification and delectation of the reader. To associate with the great man through the medium of this entertaining volume will furnish pleasure and instruction for lovers of good literature. Readers will find here just what they expect and desire in a religious biography. Several Welsh ministers, famous in the history of reformation in Wales, are touched on in this book, which fact gives it additional interest, viz. Rev. Daniel Rowlands of Llangeitho, the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala, Thomas Gee, &c. It was the Rev. Thomas Jones that translated Gurnal's works into Welsh, which have been regarded by us as classic. He was a giant in life and thought.

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THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA CAMBRENSIS: Articles by the best writers among the Welsh. Edited by the Rev. John Parry, D. D., Bala. The second edition with additional articles on different subjects. Edited by Thomas Gee, Denbigh. Printed and published by Thomas Gee and Son. 1896.

It may interest our readers to know a little of the Welsh Encyclopaedia, of which a second edition was published last year. This has been an invaluable treasury of knowledge and instruction to the Welsh people. To thousands of Welshmen and Welshwomen it has furnished means of intellectual training; and we only regret that it could not be placed in every Welsh home. We are indebted to Mr. Gee for our Encyclopaedia, and it was in his own brain and heart the idea and purpose of publishing it originated. Mr. Gee had noticed that every civilized nation had its Encyclopaedia, but there was an excep-

tion to this rule in the case of the Welsh. So Mr. Gee thought it would benefit Wales to make this rule general. He went to work, and the difficult task was accomplished. It is really a pleasure to think that he did not undertake to publish the work from mere love of lucre, but to him it was a labor of love. Mr. Gee is actuated by the same spirit in publishing a second edition of this inestimable work. In order to keep pace with the times he brought out this second edition which contains 1800 articles, edited by himself. Old articles have been enlarged, and many on new subjects added, such as "Bright," "Browning," "Beecher," "Carlyle," "D. C. Davies," "Dickens," "Dr. L. Edwards," "George Eliot," "Huxley," "Ceiriog," "Grant," and many others. We commend this new edition to the notice of our people.

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J. W. Parson Price has set J. H. Powell of Scranton's words "Blessed Wales" to music, in the form of a song and chorus.

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The "Cenadwr Americanaidd" has the usual variety of reading matter, essays, sermons, poetry, and miscellaneous church information.

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"Y Teulu" is a weekly magazine published in Wales for the use of families. It contains a miscellany of literature for old and young; short articles and humorous selections. It is a kind of literary multum in parvo.

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"Heddyw" contains considerable interesting matter in prose and poetry; an Article on the best ways and means to procure national unity; a continuation of the series "Sunday all over the World;" "News of To-day," &c.

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"Wales" for June has a variety of articles and poems, among which we find "A Pembrokeshire Coward" by J. Rogers Rees; "The Book of the Three Birds" by T. R. Roberts; and "The House of the Twisted Sapling" by Owen Rhoscomyl.

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"The Cyfaill" for July contains several interesting articles on religious subjects along with memoirs, reports of meetings, lessons for the young, and other matters pertaining to the Welsh Presbyterian churches, and notes on persons and books, &c.

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Queen Victoria's favorite English writers are thus named by a writer in "The Quarterly Review:" Poets—Shakespeare, Scott, Tennyson and Adelaide Proctor. Novelists—Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Craik, George Eliot, Edna Lyall,—all women.

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Prof. Edward Broome has just published a chorus for male voices called "The Roll Call," to which we wish to draw the attention of our readers. The "Cerddor" commends it as one of the best pieces published for some time. It regrets the music was not written to Welsh words.

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The "Brython" was published during the years 1858 and 1859. It first appeared for several weeks in weekly parts, and was afterwards issued as a monthly. A new edition is now issued. It may be had in single parts at sixpence each, or completed in one volume, price 6s., from the publisher R. Isaac Jones, Madoc Office, Portmadoc, Wales.

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In a private letter from which the "Boston Literary World" publishes a paragraph, R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," etc., says that to Americans the English language owes nearly all its new expressions. He adds: "There does not seem to be left in us the power to hit out a new spark of language. We are like a lot of boys with their hands in their pockets, looking on at the blacksmith, and racing for his red chips."

By a curious inadvertence, in a review of Edward Clodd's "Pioneers of Evolution" recently appeared the words, "As Leibnitz said of Huxley and Spencer." The error has been pointed out by several correspondents, who may be assured that the reviewer had no intention of crediting the great scholar with the supernatural feat of speaking from a grave nearly 200 years old.

Electrical Engineering offers a handsome prize for the best contribution on the economical generation of steam for electric light, railway and power plants, exceeding 4,000 words in length. It is the first time on record, probably, that a premium has been put on excess of limit. It is not to be supposed that there will be great rushes for the prize, even with prolixity a desideratum.

The Thirtieth Annual Report of the Order of American True Ivorites has just been issued from the "Drych" office in better style than formerly. It is a neat pamphlet, and contains the proceedings of the last convention, and an account of the work of the Order during last year. It is really worth reading. During last year the Order paid out the following sums: Sick benefits, $8,334.94; funeral expenses, $2,252.59; to widows, $65.00; alms, $128.15. Incidental expenses, $3,820.72; all other expenses, $910.55; $1,883.82 less than in 1895. The following are the officers of the Order: President, Wm. E. Edmunds, Nanticoke, Pa.; Vice President, John Powell, Pittsburg, Pa.; Secretary, Daniel Bevan, Miners Mills, Pa.; and Treasurer, Moses J. Jones, Poultney, Vt.

It is the intention in Wales to start an English publication to support the Forward Movement, under the title, "The Forward Movement Herald." The editor will be Mr. J. C. Edwards Morgan, a son of Rev. Morris Morgan of Swansea.

Dr. Cynddylan Jones informs us that the Bible Society intends celebrating the Queen's Jubilee by issuing a new edition of the New Testament in English and Welsh for the low price of 2 pence.

The "Happy Home" (Teulu Dedwydd) is a little book published by W. D. Davis of Scranton, for the use of families and children. It has been written as a school for families, treating on subjects that pertain to, and calculated to help young people to be happy. But although it has been especially written for the young the old may acquire benefit from its perusal and study. May be had of the author, W. D. Davis, formerly agent of the "Drych."

## YOUNG WALES.

The east is brightening,
The morn appears;
And birds new-waken sing
To eager ears!

The green hills in the light
Laugh gloom away,
And on the dews of night
Sparkles the day.

Now Wales so long in sleep,
To joy awakes;
Oe'r realms of darkness deep
The morning breaks.

New thoughts, new songs are sung,
By new-born hearts;
The coming era's rung—
The old departs.

New aspirations spring,
New paths are seen;
What is to come, we sing,
Not what has been!!

Rhydlan Kyffin.

Prof. Edwin Williams of Trevecca College, has been chosen to deliver the Davis Lecture at the General Assembly of Welsh Calvinists at Newport in 1898.

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Provo, a thriving little town 35 miles south east of Salt Lake, backed by that stalwart of Utah Welshmen, John J. Davies (Ieuan Ddu) is determined to hold an eisteddfod in November. It will receive the aid, support and encouragement of the state Cambrian association. It is bound to be a success.

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Dr. Stocks Hammond, organist of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto ,died suddenly at his home June 6. He was a licentiate of the London College of Music. He came to America from England in 1893, to take the appointment in St. Peter's Church, Reading, Pa. He acted several times as adjudicator at Welsh Eisteddfodau.

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A grand Eisteddfod under the auspices of the Philharmonic Club will be held in Columbus, O., on New Year's Day. The officers are: President, R. E. Jones; Vice President, T. A. Morgan; Rec. Sec. D. A. Jones; Treas., H. G. Estep; Cor. Sec., A. L. Frey, 759 Delaware ave. The sum of $1,000 will be given away in prizes.

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In the June number of "Seren Gomer" (the Welsh Baptist magazine) the Rev. Spinther James of Llandudno, writes expressing an opinion that the Welsh word "bettws" is derived from the word "baptizo." Mr. Jones' discovery is not new, and he might have seen the same derivation suggested by Archdeacon Bevan in his history of St. David's.

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The Rev. John Roberts, who has been elected Moderator of the Calvinistic Methodists for 1898, is a native of Corris, Merionethshire. After attending a day school, he went to work at one of the Corris slate quarries. In 1866 he entered Bala College, and, four years later, offered his services to the Calvinistic Methodist Foreign Missionary Society, by which body he was appointed to labor on the Khassia Hills, in the north of Hindoostan, where he has for many years been principal of a training college at Cherrapoonjee. The title of D. D. has just been conferred upon him by the trustees of Ripon College, Wis.

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The ceremony of chairing the bard at the Brecon Eisteddfod recently, was one of the pleasantest phases of this successful eisteddfod. The subject of the poem was "Howell Harris of Trefecca." The adjudicators were the Lord Bishop of Bangor and Professor Young Evans, M. A., Trefecca College. The author of the prize poem proved to be Mr. E. E. Morgan, Parc-y-Brain, Bronllys, near Talgarth, one of the quietest and most unassuming of men, but possessing marked abilities well known to his immediate circle of acquaintances. What made the ceremony more than usually interesting was that some Talgarth relics figured in its performance. The Gorsedd pennon surrounding the prize chair was suspended to one of the javelins of Mr. Thomas Harris, of Tregunter, High Sheriff of the county of

Brecknock, 1768 (an elder brother of Howell Harris), and the weapon used in the chairing was the identical sword of Howell Harris when a captain in the Brecknockshire Militia in 1760.

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The other evening at the Knox Presbyterian Church, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, O., "The May Queen Festival" drew a crowded house. The play was written by Miss Sallie A. Lewis and sister, Miss Katherine. It was an ideal church entertainment. The church was artistically decorated in green and white. In the center of the stage was erected a beautiful throne for the lovely May Queen, Miss Katherine Lewis, and her little attendants, Misses Marguerite Runyan, Edith Nichol, Edith Lackey and Master Clifford Runyan. The May pole drill by sixteen little girls, all dressed in robes of white, carrying the May pole streamers of pink and green, was a picture of loveliness. The music was rendered by Mrs. Speigel, Misses Gussie Lewis, Adelaide Holmeyer, Libbie Ritchie, Hattie Reinhart, Elsie King and Gertrude Hosmer. A poem by Miss Sallie A. Lewis on "The Rose," was sung by one of the characters of the "May Queen."

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The second grand festival under the auspices of the Van Wert Choral Society was held lately and was a great musical event. The afternoon program was opened with an organ solo by Miss Peat. After the many high encomiums pronounced on her playing by the most eminent critics of the day, it was expected that Miss Peat's performance would give great pleasure, but the reality far exceeded the anticipation. "The Toccato and Fugue" in D Minor by J. S. Bach was given with a style and finish rarely heard. Miss Tudor's reception was as warm and even more enthusiastic than the others. Miss Tudor sang well in the afternoon, but her dearest and most enthusiastic admirers were unprepared for her work of the evening. Her two most beautiful solos, "From Mighty Kings" and "So Shall the Lute and Harp Awake" were given with a brilliancy and finish entirely unexpected. The audience eagerly awaited the two great tenor solos, "Sound an Alarm" and "How Vain is Man Who Boasts in Fight," and Mr. H. Evan Williams sang well, as the audience testified by a tempestuous applause. The Festival was a success, a great success, nor should Prof. H. W. Owen of Ada be forgotten in this mention. He took the greatest interest in every detail of the Festival and gave all the assistance in his power in every way, in order to make it a great success.

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In the last two Parliaments of Charles II., Sir Wm. Williams, Bart., of Glan Vorgaf, filled the Speaker's chair, and was Solicitor General to James II. Williams, a promising young lawyer on one of the Welsh circuits, danced with the heiress of Glasgoed, and got leave to propose himself to her father. "And what have you?" asked the old gentleman, rather roughly of him. "I have sir," answered the young lawyer, "a tongue and a gown." The issue of this marriage were two sons, one of whom was the ancestor of the present Sir Watkin, the Baronet of Wynnstay.

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## BANQUET TO THE HON. ANTHONY HOWELLS.

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A jolly and convivial party met recently at the Queen's Hotel, Cardiff—mostly good Cymry—to honor the Hon. Anthony Howells, the United States Consul, and to say adieu to him. The chair was occupied by the deputy-mayor, (Councillor Morgan Morgan), who had the guest of the evening on his right. Among those present were Councillors W. H. Allen and Lewis Morgan, Dr. J Parry, Mr. John Stephen, (Rhondda), "Dafydd Morganwg," Mr. William Harries, (Vice Consul, U. S. A.,) Dr. D. C. Davies, (U. S. Consul, Swansea,) the Vice Consul for the Netherlands, Senor

Albana (Consul for Venezuela), and many other distinguished gentlemen.

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of "Our Guest," remarked that Mr. Howells had lived in their midst for four years, and he ventured to think that he had made himself very popular during that time. They honored their guest because he represented a great Republic. With the great Republic of America this country had a great deal in common, and the friendly relationship of that country they desired to maintain and foster. He left this country forty-seven years ago, and made himself so popular that he was soon appointed to a great office in the State of Ohio. But, although he went away so many years ago, he was still able to converse in the Welsh language. He was a self-made man—a native of Dowlais—and he (the speaker) was glad that so many of his friends had attended there that night to honor him.

Mr. Howells, who was most cordially received on rising to respond, said that he had been treated during his stay in Cardiff as kindly as any foreigner could expect. He had been treated in South Wales as friends would treat a friend. He hoped his successor would be a native of Wales. He thought it as unnatural to have unfriendly relations between America and England as between England and Wales. The motto of the two countries should be the good of both, and their aim to civilize and Christianize the world.

Dr. Davies, in an interesting speech, gave some of his early reminiscences in Wales prior to his emigrating to the States, and touched on certain features of American life, political, commercial and otherwise. The health of the Chairman having been heartily pledged the party broke up.

The musical arrangements, in the hands of Dr. Joseph Parry, were excellent. The vocalists were Madame Hannah Jones, Mrs. Hughes, Miss F. E. Williams, Miss Crowther, Miss Richards, Dr. Joseph Parry and Mr. Pierce Hughes. Mr. A. M. Settar performed on the violin.

In Dublin, commencing May 17, was held the "Feis Ceoil," the Irish National Eisteddfod for the first time in the history of Ireland. Prizes were given for tales, essays, poems, music, vocal and instrumental, all compositions to be in the Irish language, except the paper on the best means of popularizing the Hyberno-Celtic tongue. One peculiar prize was offered for the best dancing, a feature hitherto unseen in a Welsh Eisteddfod. The Irish love dancing as the Welsh love music.

The proceedings, which took place at the Mansion House in the evening, when the Feis Executive Committee welcomed the Welsh delegation in Dublin, were of an extremely interesting character. As principal member of the Welsh delegation, Mr. T. H. Thomas, herald bard of Wales, was received with the greatest enthusiasm. After being introduced by the chairman, Mr. Thomas said he had come to attend the Feis in the double capacity of a member of the Gorsedd and a member of the eisteddfod. He was the bearer of two messages from his nation. The first was from the Archdruid of the Gorsedd, who said, as Celts, the Welsh rejoiced in everything done for the glory of the Celtic race, and that their hearts would go out to the Irish in their festival days during the present week. The other communication was from the Executive committee of the present year's Eisteddfod, who expressed a hope that, like the eisteddfod, the Feis would succeed in obtaining the adhesion of all the people.

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They are trying to figure the cost of the Queen's jubilee. The government is said to have expended $8,000,000 in the entertainment of official guests and in connection with the ceremonies and decorations it is estimated that the British public expended $10,000,000. The visitors certainly expended millions more. Everybody agrees that the celebration was worth all it cost—whatever the amount may be.

# SCIENTIFIC

## THE AIR OF BEDROOMS.

When there is too much water in the atmosphere, the person who breathes it is to a certain limited extent deprived of his due supply of oxygen, and an elementary beginning of suffocation is perceived in his chest, says the Hospital. Most middle-aged and all old persons have felt this; and all persons also who have weak hearts or impaired lungs. Now the air of bedrooms is exceedingly liable to be overcharged with watery vapor. The most obvious reasons for this are that many bedrooms are never warmed with fires, and that their windows are often left open all day until dusk, and sometimes even to the very hour of going to bed. Let us think of some of the consequences of going to bed in very damp air. A delicate or an aged person leaves a warm drawing room, say, at half past eleven, a drawing room in which there was a temperature of 68 degrees; he enters a cold, damp bedroom, say at a temperature of 38 degrees. The air in the drawing room was dry, perhaps a little too dry. The air in the bedroom is saturated with cold, watery vapor. The person we are thinking of, so soon as he enters the bedroom, chokes and gasps and coughs for half an hour at least, and sometimes brings on such an attack of asthma, or as he calls it "stuffiness" of the chest, that he can hardly breathe at all. He may even lose his night's sleep, and be ill for some days after such an exposure. Now, common sense says, "Make an effort to bring the atmosphere of the bedroom nearer in point both of dryness and warmth to the atmosphere of the drawing room; and then not only will a man feel as comfortable in the bedroom as in the drawing room, but even more comfortable. He will neither gasp, nor choke, nor cough, but will go to sleep with ease and comfort." Common sense teaches some people all this. But to those who have no special regard for common sense Science tells the same tale, and she speaks with a voice whose authority not even the most learned will question. —Hospital.

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## POINTERS AND SETTERS.

In his clever study of the dog, Professor N. S. Shales, looking more particularly to the instinctive traits of pointers and setters, speculates as to how long these hunting animals have shown their peculiarities when scenting game. Some theorists have advanced the idea that the actions of the dogs as pointers or setters, can only date back from the invention of the fowling piece. It is a mooted question among those who have carefully studied firearms which served for sport whether Spain was not the first country using the fowling piece. Now, curiously enough, tradition seems to indicate that the early pointer—the dog with an exaggerated split of the nostrils—was originally Spanish, and that from Spain the breed traveled northward. If the idea be entertained that the pointer appeared with the use of the fowling piece, the particular specialization of the pointer only began in dogs removed by some thirty generations from those of to-day. Those who advocate this ingenious theory do not bear in mind the dogs which must have been used in hawking, and hawking is of the most remote antiquity.

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The Review of Reviews in its May number gives a very interesting and instructive article on the question of the preservation of the seals and the most economical and amiable manner of set-

tling the dispute in relation to the same now pending between this country and Great Britain. President D. S. Jordon of the Leland Stanford University, in pursuance of an act of Congress authorizing the President to have a scientific investigation made, went last summer to Behring Sea in the United States ship Albatross with competent scientific aid and made a thorough study of the whole question. He also conferred with experts appointed by the British Government. President Jordon ranks among the highest living authorities in natural history and zoology and his preliminary report is an interesting and valuable document. His conclusion is that pelagic sealing must absolutely cease. He advises that this government should forbid all American citizens from engaging in it at any season of the year and recommends that the young female seals on the Pubilof Islands be branded in such a manner as to render their fur of no value. This would protect their lives against the barbarous assaults of poachers whose methods are wanton and cruel beyond all description. The females thus being protected, the herd would remain itself, and the United States Government would be able as in former years to regulate the whole business of seal taking on the seal islands, which are American property.

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A decided compliment has just been paid by the Admiralty to Wales, or, more correctly, to Welsh coal. In the list of regulations for conducting the naval review off Spithead during the Jubilee was one to the effect that all steam vessels should burn Welsh coal, so that the smoke would not obstruct the view of the fleet. Welsh slates are famous the world over, Welsh water is so excellent that Liverpool, Manchester and London gape for it. Now, again, we are afforded fresh proof of the quality of Welsh coal.

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A writer recently commented as follows on the old philosophical and theological theories: The beginnings of all things are wrapped up in mist and mystery; for instance, language and writing. Old writers and philosophers who undertake to throw light on these and similar subjects invariably contradict themselves. Adam Clarke states that there was no writing prior to the time God delivered the law on Sinai. No one had ever written anything previous to that. God wrote that law Himself for the simple reason, probably, that Moses could not have written it if it had been dictated to him. A statement of that kind appears plausible; but the very statement itself contains a contradiction. It is so unnatural that the mind itself and the requirements of consistency, furnish us with an objection, an argument that upsets the whole supposition. If no writing has been seen previous, how could Moses make anything out of what he had never seen before? The law, although written, would have been unintelligible to him. This miraculous explanation requires another miracle to support it. It is characteristic of the correct interpretation of truth that it eventually removes all objections. The more the mind studies it, the less need of the miraculous element there will be, until finally truth interprets itself without the introduction of fabulous helps. The arts of reading and writing developed gradually from the simplest beginnings. The education of a child shows the education of the human race. The child commences with a single syllable, then he proceeds slowly, adding element to element until he is able to join words with simple phrases; and we do not present him with a Bible to read, when he has never hitherto seen a letter; but we give him the alphabet, and he is slowly led from A and B and C, through spelling, to reading, and on. Any accomplishment is not a gift; it is a growth. The art of writing was not presented to man, but was acquired by gradual instruction.—T. B.

# CURRENT EVENTS.

## WEYLER'S TIME IS SHORT.

A dispatch from a correspondent in Madrid says: Public attention is engrossed by the appointment of Gen. Stewart L. Woodford as United States Minister to Spain. While the government continues to repudiate the intention of recalling Gen. Weyler, I am in a position to reiterate that his recall will be an accomplished fact at no distant date. I learn that in all probability Generals Blanco and Macias will proceed to the island and divide the supreme command, and I have good reason to believe that, coincident with the arrival here of Gen. Woodford, Marshal Campos will proceed upon his separate mission to Cuba. In accordance with the wishes of President McKinley, Campos should be the executor of any arrangements possibly reached between Spain and the United States. Indications do not point to any arrangements being reached with the United States, and intimate friends of Senor Canovas del Castillo (the Spanish premier) declare the Premier wil strenuously oppose autonomy. Castellar (the liberal leader) is also opposed to anything of the kind They both consider that such a concession would render it very difficult to maintain Spanish sovereignty.

The report that the United States will insist upon autonomy and the withdrawal of the Spanish troops and otherwise, it will intervene by force if necessary, does not make for a peaceful solution and the position is regarded throughout Spain with considerable anxiety.

## HAWAII.

Not only is the union of the Hawaiian territory to the United States no new scheme, but it is the inevitable consequence of the relation steadfastly maintained with that mid-Pacific domain for three-quarters of a century. Its accomplishment, despite successive denials and postponement, has been merely a question of time. While its failure in 1893 may not be a cause of congratulation, it is certainly a proof of the disinterestedness of the United States, the delay of four years having abundantly sufficed to establish the right and ability of the republic of Hawaii to enter as a sovereign contractant upon a conventional union with the United States, thus realizing a purpose held by the Hawaiian people and proclaimed by successive Hawaiian governments through some seventy years of their virtual dependence upon the benevolent protection of the United States. Under such circumstances, annexation is not a change, it is consummation.

The Hawaiian Islands are 2,080 miles from San Francisco, the nearest main land. They are 3,440 miles from Japan or 1,360 miles further than from our Pacific coast. San Francisco is 2,100 miles from Sitka and 2,360 miles from Unalaska. Hawaii lies at least ten degrees eastward of the western point of the United States mainland at Unalaska, and still farther east of the islands west of that point. It is therefore in every way geographically as well as commercially and politically, more closely related to this than to any other country.

"The Saturday Review," London, sincerely hopes that some nation may find time to administer a lesson to Uncle Sam, whose tall talk, on account of his distance from danger, is getting unbearable. The paper continues: It is well understood that England can not afford to quarrel with the United States, but one day the game of tail-twisting may be tried on some nation that has not an open Canadian frontier, and the consequences may be surprising. Even poor broken down Spain could make things very ugly in Cuba, and in the Pacific Hawaii threatens to provide another Cuba. The Japanese are probably more friendly to the United States than to any other state, but they make no secret of the fact that they do not intend to allow Washington to annex Hawaii. Leaving out of consideration the native Hawaiians who are melting away with disease, the Japanese are the dominant element, industrially and commercially, in the island, and a recent attempt to stop further Japanese immigration was promptly met by the despatch of two Japanese warships. The American admiral on the station tried a little bounce, but was referred by the Japanese admiral to his Government.

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The Gododin is a poem the subject of which is the disastrous Battle of Cattraeth. It is the oldest Welsh poem in existence. It was written by Aneurin, who lived in the early part of the sixth century. It contains upwards of 900 lines. Several translations of this heroic poem have been printed in English. The title of the poem is "Ottadini," which was the name of the tribe of Britons to which Aneurin belonged. The original version is printed in the first volume of the "Myfyrian Archaeology."

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Now that "Cadvan" has come forth as a defender of the antiquity of the Gorsedd we throw out the suggestion as one capable of proof that the words of Eve when she handed the remainder of the apple to Adam were "A oes heddwch?"

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The people of Utah will celebrate July 20, the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the great Salt Lake valley. It was July 24, 1847, that the first company of Mormons, 148 in number, arrived on the spot where now stands Salt Lake City. The celebration will embrace five street parades, chief of which will be the entrance into the city of the surviving pioneers in the same vehicles and along the same road used upon their first entrance. Among the wagons will be the one in which Brigham Young crossed the plains. Oxen, cows and horses will furnish the motive power, and the people who held the reins or flourished a gad a half century ago will perform the same duty. Camp will "be struck" on the same spot, the ceremony of taking possession of the country will be repeated and the stirring scenes that marked the pre-emption of the valley will be re-enacted by many of the original participants.

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Senator Tillman proposes to tax every immigrant $100 before admitting him to this country, and to make it a misdemeanor for any one to enter the United States and engage in business or trade without intending to become a citizen. Senator Tillman evidently thinks our policy of admitting immigrants a mistake, and he would, by his amendment, practically exclude them. It seems to us that there is no necessity for such exclusion; that every able-bodied, intelligent, and honest foreigner who desires to come to this country should be admitted and given every opportunity to earn an honest living. We have room for all who want to come, provided they are not depraved, illiterate, or unsound in body or mind. Every immigrant adds to the productiveness of this country. He furnishes a market also, and is of benefit.

# Original and Selected Miscellany.

## HON. JOHN M. FRANCIS.

Hon. John M. Francis, senior proprietor and editor-in-chief of the Troy Times, and ex-minister of the United States to Austria, Greece and Portugal, died at his home in Troy, N. Y., at 11:05 o'clock Friday morning, June 18. He passed peacefully away after an illness which confined him to his residence three weeks. He had been troubled for several years with a weakness of the heart, and since attendance upon the protracted session of the state constitutional convention, in the summer of 1894, his health had not been strong, and he had spent six months of each year in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

Full of years and of honors, the elder in service of the newspaper fraternity of the state press—he passed away in peace. His long, busy, successful, useful and honorable life fittingly ended at his home in Troy, with the enterprises and advancement of which city it had been associated for more than fifty years.

Without fortune and with only such educational advantages as a thirst for knowledge, a strong will and a determined purpose enabled him to acquire, Mr. Francis began the battle of life. He became a critic of literature and a leader of thought in his profession, and a constructive force in the state. He began at the printer's case; engaged in reporting, advanced to editorial writing, and in 1851 founded the Troy Times, of which paper he has been the controlling will from its birth till his death. His business and editorial abilities were both of a high order and the Times was, from its founding, a success financially, and of wide influence in molding public opinion.

John M. Francis was born at Prattsburg March 6, 1823. He was next to the youngest of his father's thirteen children, and early started out to make his own way in the world. The advantages of education accessible to him were limited, but he found his training in that "college of journalism," the printing office. He served an apprenticeship on the "Ontario Messenger" at Canandaigua, N. Y., to which place he had gone in 1838 without pecuniary means, and he soon won recognition as a forcible writer, and in 1843 was engaged for editorial work on the Palmyra Sentinel. Subsequently he was associated for a period with the late Hiram Humphrey in the editorship of the Rochester Daily Advertiser. In 1846 he came to Troy and became the chief editor of the Northern Budget, then one of the leading Democratic journals of the state, of which he also became the joint owner, invested with full editorial control. Since the Troy Times was founded in 1851 Mr. Francis has been editor-in-chief, and when not sole proprietor he has been the senior proprietor. In 1863 his earnest advocacy of the measure to put down the rebellion caused the sacking of the Times office by the mob during the draft riots of that year. Since 1887 the firm name of the proprietors of the Times has been J. M. Francis & Son, Charles S. Francis having been associated with his father.

Mr. Francis was honored with election to two constitutional conventions of his state—in 1867 and 1893, in each of which he bore an influential part.

President Grant appointed him United States minister to Greece. President Garfield, it is understood, would have named him United States minister to Belgium. President Arthur appointed him minister to Portugal and promoted him to the Austria-Hungary mission. Aside from the travel incident to the filling of these foreign posts, Mr. Francis made the circuit of the globe, and long trips to places of interest in his own country. Always his habits of industry clung to him, and the readers of his paper shared with him, through the articles he furnished it, in the information and pleasures gained from his travels.

At home or abroad, in private or official life, John M. Francis and the Troy Times were one. In the paper the founder will continue to live. In his life and achievements, always the ambitious, the striving, the earnest, honest young man will find incentive and encouragement.

Mr. Francis was the son of Richard Francis, who came from Wales to this country in the latter part of the last century, and made his home near Utica, N. Y. Later he moved to Prattsburg, Steuben county, where the late journalist and statesman was born. Mr. Francis is survived by two children, Mrs. John C. Havemeyer of Yonkers, and Charles S. Francis of Utica, N. Y.

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## A CAPITAL FOR WALES.

The word "Capital" is derived from the Latin word "caput" signifying "head;" and as every one knows, the head is the seat of the brain. This word would naturally suggest a good many practical thoughts which we may with profit consider. It has been said that Wales never possessed a kingdom, in the proper sense of the word. Those whom we have been used to designate "Kings" were mere tribal chiefs or lords of one or more shires. They ruled over sections of the country; and although they at times united their forces to resist foreign invasion, they recognized no common headship. The Welsh never had a regular seat of government, wherein all the authority and political powers were lodged. This lack of unity and concentration has been a characteristic of Welsh national life through the ages. Caesar makes mention of, and criticises this weakness in his notes; and it is noticeable to even superficial students of Welsh history. Wales had a nervous system; but never had a skull, a capital city. This peculiar defect has been a great obstacle to the development of Welsh nationality.

Now this would suggest one important thought, viz., that Wales should have a capital—a metropolis—a brain-seat of our national life. In this capital should be seated the concentrated mind and heart of Welsh life, the national reason, which would govern, control and evolve the thoughts and actions of the people. We are to-day, more or less, led by our instincts and sensibilities; with a capital instead of being moved by our nervous peculiarities, we would be under the control of a national mind. Other nations have their national centers; England has her London; France her Paris, and Scotland and Ireland, even, their Edinboro and Dublin. We, the Welsh people, have our national life, as it were, wandering around the towns of Wales lodged in the gorsedd of the National Eisteddfod. The National Eisteddfod represents our unabiding city. We are in the desert period of our national existence—our national spirit needs an abiding, a settled home. Our nation is too small to be torn by sects and divisions. We have a national institution that represents our literature and music, why not have a national temple, a national church to represent our religion? Why not have a national school of art to cultivate the highest and purest instincts of the people? We can not possibly have a national personality with our national reason unsettled and homeless—we can not have a national reason until we have a national caput wherein that particular ganglion of the nervous system of the nation can reside.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

A National Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XVII. AUGUST, 1897. No. 8.

## MR. HENRY G. WILLIAMS (GIEDDWYSON).

By D. J. Williams.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1847, in Cwmygiedd, Ystradgynlais, S. W. He is the son of William and Margaret Williams.

MR. HENRY G. WILLIAMS (GIEDDWYSON).

His mother died when he was but seven months old, but he was blessed with as good a substitute in the shape of a step-mother as any one ever was. Being the son of a poor man, and the youngest of eight children, he had no educational advantages after he was seven or eight years of age. When Mr. Williams was twelve years old his family removed to Trecynon, Aberdare, S. W. In 1861 he united with the Carmel Calvinistic Methodist Church, and at the same time took the total-abstinence pledge, which he has kept inviolate till the present time.

When sixteen years of age he left home, and went to work at Treherbert in Rhondda Valley, S. W. There he met friends who had a taste for literature, among whom was a Congregational minister, Rev. J. G. Lewis. These friends helped to kindle in his youthful mind aspirations after mental and literary culture. Through the co-operation of these friends, and Mr. M. O. Jones, a school teacher, meetings were started under the name of Penny Readings, and it was at this time that Mr. Williams felt the stirrings of intellectual ambition, and a desire for knowledge which have never left him.

He has always been a zealous Christian worker, and was one of the founders of the Horeb Calvinistic Methodist Church of Treherbert. He was urged by the church at that time to enter the ministry, but his modest estimate of his own ability would not permit him to do so. In March 16, 1869, he married Miss Elizabeth Lewis, daughter of Mr. John and Hannah Lewis of Carmarthen, S. W. Their marriage life has been a happy one, and their home is an ideal home. They have but one child, a daughter, Miss M. H. Williams, who is a school teacher in Plymouth, Pa., and an accomplished young lady.

Mr. Williams emigrated to the United States in less than a week after his marriage. His first home was in Shamokin, Pa. In about a year he and his wife made their home in Plymouth, Pa. Here he resided for twenty-six years. has been a prominent and u member of society wherever he been. Like a man who desires t of service to others, he has rece ample tokens of their appreci by being frequently promote positions of honor. He served Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Ch of Plymouth, Pa., as Secretar six years, and as an acknowl ment of the value of his service church presented him with the mentary of Matthew Henry or Bible, and a gold pen. He se as deacon in the same church seven years.

He has also been the recipie political honors from his fellow zens. He was elected Tax Coll for Plymouth Borough in 1880, was considered one of the best most efficient collectors that filled that office. Years after th was elected Borough Assessor large majority, but owing t pressure of other duties he wa able to accept the position. served under the Parrish Coa of Plymouth seven years as a ant, and four years as mine for and in the summer of 1896 h cepted a position as mine for under the Blue Ridge Coal Co Peckville, Pa., where he no sides.

He has been an active and in tial member of the American Ivorites. For six years he Honorable Secretary of the in which he revised and wro constitution, and also wrote t

cret work of the Order, besides serving on a great many committees.

Mr. Williams is a writer of considerable versatility and force, and is a poet of no mean abilities. He has a thorough knowledge of the outward rules of poetry, nor is he unacquainted with its inner secrets, for he has a keen intellect, and a good measure of imaginative glow and pathos. He has competed successfully for many prizes in prose and poetical compositions, has written much for the "Drych" and "Wasg," and has won for himself an honorable position among the Welsh writers of the land. He is a man of medium size. He has a scanty amount of hair on a head otherwise well-furnished. His forehead and eye-brows indicate the man of thought. His grey eyes peer out under his eyebrows with a look of seriousness, thoughtfulness, and affection.

Devoutness, modesty, affection, and thoughtfulness are the prominent traits which are written on his countenance, and without any exaggeration or flattery, he can be called a noble type of man.

## WALES.

By Evan Morgan.

Tho' native-born to this land of the free,
And born to other scenes and other rights;
Yet often dreamily in happy flights
Of fancy, I desire that I might see
Before I die, the land of minstrelsy,
Its lakes and vales; and stand where Snowdon lifts
Its mighty form, and view the tow'ring clifts,
Those rocky barriers of the roaring sea,
And when I hear the patriotic songs,
Sung in our native tongue, the stirring strains
My blood begins to tingle in my veins,
And then I love Wales more and curse the wrongs
Inflicted on our sires in years gone by,
When Welshmen fought and died for liberty.

# THE BANISHMENT OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

The story of Roger Williams is one of the most dramatic in colonial history. Each succeeding generation finds it not less interesting. The outlines of his career, his banishment from Massachusetts, and his founding of Providence, are familiar to all students. The circumstances of his banishment were recently discussed by an orthodox clergyman of Chicago in a sermon which was published in one of the leading dailies. It is asserted in this discourse that Williams was a disturber of the peace, a violator of the laws, that his presence threatened even the very life of the colony, and for these reasons he was banished by the civil authorities, and that it was not because of his religious opinions. It was also charged that he counseled cutting the cross out of the English flag, and denied the validity of the charter of the colony.

Was Roger Williams driven from Massachusetts for his opinions? Cotton Mather in his Magnalia gives a somewhat lengthy account of the cutting of the cross out of the flag, and the reasons for it, and the arguments of those who claimed it was a desecration of the cross to have it used for such a worldly purpose. He says there was division among their worthy leaders in regard to it. The historian seems to be undecided himself as to the right side of the question, and nowhere intimates that banishment was proposed for any of the fathers jected to the use of the cros flag. He does say that the who actually cut the flag some heat from the ministry iams, but he also expressl that Williams was only "r and obliquely" connected w affair.

It is true that Roger V questioned the right of the king to take away the lands f Indians, and bestow them u colonists. Upon what would that right be defen day? Would it be upheld u other ground than that the welfare of mankind would b by promoted? These colonis the discourse above referred not advocate freedom of t and worship, and had no tho doing so. They appropriat land to themselves, and prop restrict the liberty of all who permitted to share it with They must believe as they d think as they did. Without could have no rights in this It would hardly seem strange should be contended that colonists had no right to sei appropriate a part of the put main to themselves in that v

But it is charged that Roge iams was contentious and di the quietude of the colony. Martin Luther disturb the p all Europe. So are the missi

disturbing the quietude of Turkey. Says Charles Francis Adams, "The logic which defends the expulsion of Roger Williams from Massachusetts in 1635 is only consistent when it expresses regret that William Lloyd Garrison was not banished from the United States exactly two centuries later, instead of being dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck."

Fickleness is in the list of grievances justifying his banishment. He was not steadfast in his opinions. But Cotton Mather tells that through all the troubles in his stormy career he held to that one principle, "that everyone should have the liberty to worship God according to the light of his own conscience." These are the words of a hostile historian, but nobler monument has never been raised to his memory. Says Bancroft: "In the unwavering assertion of his views he never changed his position; the sanctity of conscience was the great tenet, which, with all its consequences, he defended, as he first trod the shores of New England; and in his extreme old age it was the last pulsation of his heart."

But it was the civil powers that expelled him from Massachusetts. It was not for opinion's sake. "It is the stale pretense of the clergy in all countries," says Buckle, "that after they have solicited the government to make penal laws against those they call heretics or schismatics, and prompted the magistrates to a vigorous execution, then they lay all the odium on the civil power; for whom they have no excuse, but that such men suffered, not for religion, but for disobedience to law."

The old Puritan historian enumerates among the list of crimes which led to his sentence of banishment his "violent urging" that it did not belong to the province of civil magistrates to punish violations of the "first table in the laws of the ten commandments." There is no charge that he violated it himself, but that it was not for them to punish such violations. Finally after the sentence of banishment we read that the court turned him over to the pastors of the churches for them to labor with him. For a year they struggled with his misguided conscience. Fickle as he was, the Puritan pastors labored in vain. He would not retract nor change his views at their request. "Whereupon the court ordered his removal out of the jurisdiction." So that it appears that the churches were the court of final resort, and that it was his steadfast adherence to his pernicious opinions and not the technical violations of law that resulted in his banishment into the wilderness. The historian tells that a few years later, in the new colony, could be found a greater variety of religions than anywhere else in the world on so small a spot of ground; "so that if a man had lost his religion, he might find it there at the general muster of opinions;" but that they were not agreed in any one principle so much as this; "that they were to give one another no disturbance in the exercise of religion."—L. D. Burdick in "New Unity."

# THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

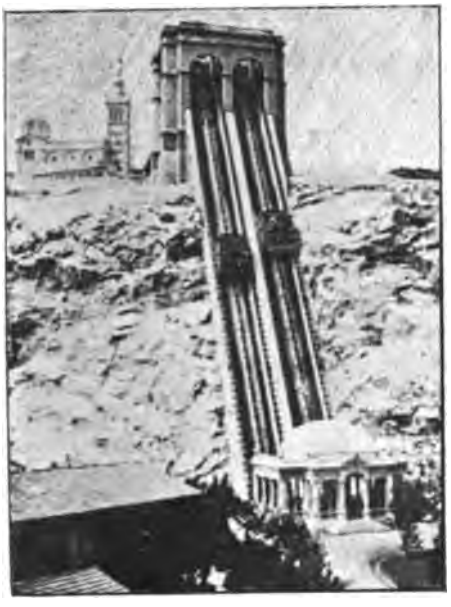
By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D. (Cynonfardd).

After a very profitable and enjoyable stay in Paris, and a most pleasant visit to Versailles, our party secured berths on the fast express, called Rapide; and checked our baggage to Marseilles. The journey across France gave us an opportunity to see the sections of country made memorable on account of their connection with the history of the Napoleons. We were traveling through Burgundy, the famous wine and brandy district, but we all kept strictly and soberly free from its sight and smell. We stopped for a change of engines at Lyons; but did not see the "Lady." The large and beautiful cathedral is on the hill above the city. A horseless carriage with several passengers in it was in sight, going smoothly and swiftly in our direction, but not as fast as we were running. Our entrance into Marseilles was about nine o'clock in the evening. This is a seaport town, on the Mediterranean. "Its harbor is formed by an inlet of the sea running eastward into the heart of the city, and covering nearly 70 acres. It has natural and artificial advantages, and can accommodate 1,200 vessels. South of the old harbor is the church of St. Victor, the most ancient in Marseilles; and further south rises the rocky hill of Notre Dame de la Garde with its church, held in the highest veneration by the sailors of the Mediterranean. During a portion of t the climate is delightful, but summer and autumn the often intense.

"Marseilles was founded Greek colony from Phocaea, Minor, about B. C. 600. cient name was Massalia, wri the Romans Massilia. It important member of the Greek community, plante merous colonies along the M ranean shores, and introdu germs of Greek civilizatic Gaul. The city was taken by Caesar. In the 8th century destroyed by the Arabs. united with the whole of Pr to France in the reign of VIII. Since the year 1830 i merce and industry have in vastly."

The church of "Our Motl Guardian" (Notre Dame Garde) is built on the sumr high rock overlooking the b incline plane is built to conv sengers up to the church. It steep; and the carriage roa ing around the hill is very ti The accompanying phot will show the ruggedness of roundings; but no pho could ever convey the im made upon us during our this church on the hill. Tl is never shut; and the can always burning, prayers for

ing, the dying, and the dead are daily offered there. I saw several poor, aged, bent-back mothers, crawling up the hill—too poor to pay for a lift—to enter the church with a candle; and there to light it, and let it burn to help the poor benighted and storm-tossed sailor boy who may be then in danger on the sea, or, if too far to return, that he may have a light on his way to the paradise of his God. Such is their



The N. D. de la Garde Incline.

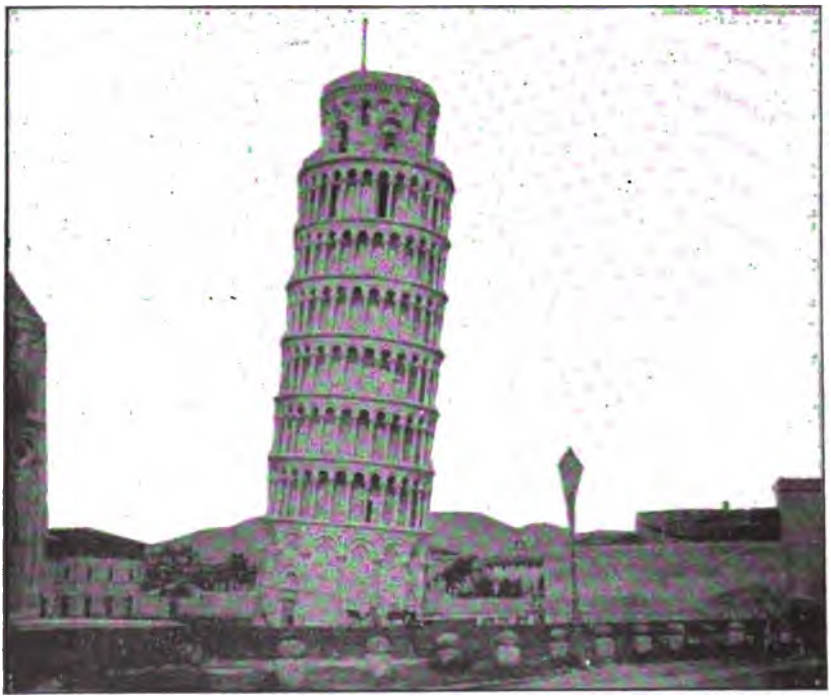
faith. Though I could not join with them in their formal service, yet my heart rejoiced to find that they had faith in a prayer-hearing God, and in the immortality of man. The social and moral condition of Marseilles is not inviting, and the sanitation of the city appeared to have been criminally neglected. It is an important seaport on the Mediterranean coast; and the terminus of the P. L. & M. Ry. (Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean Railway).

"The town of Pisa is one of the oldest and most beautiful cities of Italy, capital of the province of P., which was part of the late grand duchy of Tuscany. It is on the banks of the river Arno, which intersects the city, and is spanned by several noble bridges. It has broad, straight, well paved streets, and several fine squares. Among its 80 churches, the most notable is the cathedral, or Duomo, begun 1068, completed 1118, with its noble dome, supported by 74 pillars, and its fine paintings, variegated marbles and painted windows. Near the cathedral stands the round belfry known as the Leaning Tower of Pisa."

The tower is built of marble. It is 168 feet high, 152 feet in circumference, its walls 13 feet thick, and it leans over the perpendicular 13 feet 6 inches. Winding stairs inside the tower make it quite easy to reach the top and enjoy the view of the Italian gardens and vineyards of the neighboring districts. The basement is surrounded by a range of semicircular arches supported by fifteen columns; and above this rise six arcades with thirty columns each. The eighth story, which contains the bells, is of smaller diameter than the rest of the tower, and has only twelve columns. It was not intended by the architects, Bonanno and William of Innsbruck, that this tower should be built in this oblique position, it appears to have assumed it while the work was still in progress. Here it has stood, as if

ready to fall for about seven hundred years. Thousands of visitors are drawn thither annually, and the town thrives as a consequence.

"The Campo Santo, or ancient national cemetery, dates from 1228, when the Pisans caused earth to be brought from Jerusalem for the graves of the distinguished citizens of the republic. In 1283 the ground was surrounded by cloisters, the walls of which were adorned by fresco paintings now nearly obliterated, though some of these works of art, which are chiefly by Giotto, Veneziano, Orcagni and Memni, still retain traces of their original beauty. Among the other buildings of Pisa special notice is due to the churches of La Madonna della Spina and San Stefano, both rich in paintings and sculptures, and the latter famous for its organ, the largest in Italy; the ducal palaces, the University restored by Cosmo I. de Medici, still noticeable for its observatory, schools of art, &c., &c. The Baptistery, or Church of St. John, opposite the Cathedral, a remarkable structure, was completed 1162 by Diotisalvi. The main building, circular, and raised on several steps, supports a leaden-roofed dome, having a second dome above it, surmounted by a statue of St. John; the beautifully proportioned interior, noted for its wonderful echo, contains a pulpit which ranks as the greatest masterpiece of Nicola Pisano." It was also told us



Leaning Tower of Pisa
*Photographed by Cynonfardd.*

very reverently that the manger cradle of Bethlehem was in the basement of the Cathedral. The Baptistery and the Tower, which they call Campanile, are adjuncts of the Cathedral.

The most exciting event in a south Italy trip is the climbing of Vesuvius. We went by steamer from Naples to Sovranto, the birthplace of Tasso, then by carriage to Pompeii. This is considered about the finest carriage drive in Italy, winding over a macadamized road in sight of the bay, and through orange groves and vineyards under the benign rays of an Italian sun.

From Pompeii we drove out again in carriages to the town of Del Annunziato, where we exchanged our carriages for mountain ponies, fleet and sure-footed beasts. A fair specimen of the average is the one I rode, which is herewith presented In our party was a lady from Brookline, Mass., who had not been on horseback for 30 years, yet she rode well, and proved herself a heroine in the climbing. Leaving our ponies at the base of the last range, we were met by the mountain guides, who pulled, and pushed, and escorted us up safely to the summit. It was a very tiresome task. The ashes of the lava of the eruption of 1884 were fully 10 feet thick, and we sank down over shoe tops by our struggle to climb a nearly perpendicular path. But the sight on the summit amply repaid us. Two explosions occurred while we were there, and we were all very much frightened. Even the guides left us and sought their own

Notre Dame de la Garde—Marseilles.
*Photographed by Cynonfardd.*

safety for the moment. One explosion was very loud, and threw up the fiery contents 100 feet into the air; most of it fell back into the boiling lava of the pit of fire and brimstone, while several of the

CYNONFARDD on horseback.

smaller pieces dropped around us. Some pieces were picked up by the guides, cooled off, and sold to tourists. The experience on Vesuvius is one which none of us desired to repeat. The descent was not so laborious. Each one in the arm of his guide scampering through the ashes, until we reached our ponies. Then a race for 4 miles to the carriages. We took the train at Pompeii Station for Naples, and were ready for the bath-tub and a square meal.

"Vesuvius is a solitary mountain rising majestically from the plain of Campania, having at the base a circumference of about 30 miles, and dividing into two summits, Somma and Vesuvius Proper. Its height and form of apex are subject to frequent changes by eruptions. In a single eruption in 1822 it lost 800 feet. The first eruption recorded took place A. D. 79. Warning had been given 16 years before by a great earthquake which shattered the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The morning of August 24 brought comparative repose; but in the course of the day a huge black cloud rose from the mountain, from which stones, ashes and pumice were poured down on all the region around. The elder Pliny who commanded the Roman fleet at Misenium sailed to the help of the distracted inhabitants; he landed near the base of the mountain, was enveloped in sulphurous vapor, and was suffocated. The towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii were completely buried, and remained unknown for more than 16 centuries. The younger Pliny gives a graphic description of the acci-

View at foot of the Alps, looking towards Austria. *Photographed by Cynonfardd, with train moving.*

dent in his letters to Tacitus. In 472 the eruption was so great that the ashes fell even on Constantinople, and caused great alarm there. Eruptions have occurred through the ages. In 1865 began a series of eruptions which have been repeated at intervals since. Outbreaks happened in the years 1872-78-80. A wire-rope railway to the top of Vesuvius was opened in 1880."

Kingston, Pa.

## ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

### Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of Its Founders.

Third Paper.

General Lewis will by common acquiescence take precedence in rank and personal standing above all others who were among the founders of the Society, not by the accident of being the son of a great and honorable ancestor, but by virtue of his own distinguished public career as a soldier, statesman and jurist; and as it appears to my mind an important matter for consideration that the history of public men should be fully and truthfully stated, I shall endeavor to divest the subject of this paper of any cause for criticism, so far as volunteering my own personal views, and estimate of the worth and quality of Gen. Lewis, who is the subject of these remarks, is concerned. In order to give due weight to the merits of Gen. Lewis' life, I have deemed it more important to give the views of a disinterested historian, than of my own, that I might not be suspected of being influenced by personal or national prejudice. The following extracts are taken from "The lives of the Governors of the State of New York," by John S. Jenkins, 1852:

"It is usual with politicians, and perhaps is not improper, to refer to the Livingston family, as embracing as well those who love the name, as the prominent men, such as Jay, Tilotson, Armstrong, Thompson, and Lewis—who were connected with it by marriage. The last of these, Morgan Lewis, is the subject of this sketch. Of his parentage he had just right to be proud; his father was one of the little band of patriot statesmen who affixed their names to the Declaration of American Independence, and in the midst of trials and reverses, that severely tested his constancy and faith, remained firm and steadfast even unto the end.

"Francis Lewis, the father, was born in the town of Llandaf, South

Wales, in March, 1713. At the age of four or five years, he was left an orphan, in charge of a maiden aunt, who taught him the rudiments of learning, and instructed him in the ancient Welsh language. Subsequently he was sent to Scotland, where, while residing in the family of a relative, he acquired a pretty correct knowledge of the Erse. His education was afterwards completed at the school of Westminster, at which he enjoyed the reputation of being a good classical scholar. On leaving the school he entered the counting room of a London merchant, and by his assiduous attention to business, soon won the regard and esteem of his employers, and became well skilled in the duties pertaining to the mercantile profession. When he arrived at man's estate, he determined to seek his fortune in the Western world. The decision once made, he did not lack the energy and enterprise necessary to carry it into effect. Converting all his means into merchandise, he embarked for New York, and arrived there in the spring of 1735. He left a part of his goods at this place to be disposed of by his partner, Edward Annesly, and with the remainder proceeded to Philadelphia, where he established himself in business.

"In 1737 Mr. Lewis returned to New York, and in a few years was regarded as one of the most active and enterprising merchants in the city. His commercial transactions were very extensive, and were principally connected with the foreign trade. He frequently accompanied his vessels in their voyages, and was twice shipwrecked on the Irish coast. In the last French and Indian war he acted as the agent of the government in procuring supplies for the troops, and was present at the obstinate defence of Oswego, in the summer of 1756. On this occasion he manifested a great deal of firmness and ability; and in consideration of his valuable services, he received at the close of the war, a grant of five thousand acres of land, portions of which eventually became quite valuable.

"He was included in the surrender to Montcalm, and with about thirty other prisoners, was delivered up by the French commander to the head chief of his Indian allies, in open and shameful violation of the terms of the capitulation. Mr. Lewis had obtained a smattering of the Indian language, and being able to communicate with the chief, he so pleased him by his conversation, that he escaped the sad fate which befell his companions in misfortune, many of whom were cruelly murdered.* Indeed, he so won upon the chief, that the latter interceded with Montcalm in order to obtain

*It has been said that Mr. Lewis was able to converse with the Indian warrior, by reason of the similarity of his dialect to the ancient Welsh; but this resemblance, as well as the tradition respecting the settlement of the Welsh Prince in the valley of the Mississippi, has long since been shown to be purely fictitious. We cannot regret, however, that the tradition was once regarded as authentic, since it has given us the beautiful "Madoc of Southey."

permission for him to return to his family without ransom. The request was denied, and he was sent as a prisoner of war to France. He remained there till he was regularly exchanged, when he returned to America.

"From his position as a merchant, and from his connection with the commercial and maritime interests of the colonies, Mr. Lewis was among the first to feel the effects of the arbitrary taxation and the restrictive measures adopted by the home government. Whatever he could do to warn his fellow citizens against the impending danger, he did boldly and without hesitation. At an early stage of the struggle, he foresaw that the evils of which the colonists most justly complained, would be immedicable, without an entire separation from the mother country. His high character for probity and intelligence, and his fearlessness in the maintenance and utterance of his opinions, commanded the respect and confidence of the people of New York; and in 1775, he was unanimously elected a delegate to the continental congress. In the following year he had the honor of affixing his name to the Declaration of Independence. He continued to represent New York in the national legislature, of which his business habits and talents rendered him a most valuable member, until the year 1779. During the war he was concerned in the importation of military stores for the army. and rendered many secret services, at the request of congress, of the most important character. Shortly after he took up his residence in the city of New York, Mr. Lewis married the sister of his partner, by whom he had several children. Being apprehensive of an attack upon New York, he removed his family and effects early in 1775 to a country seat which he owned on Long Island. Here he deemed them secure; but the sequel showed his mistake. In a few months the whole island was over-run by the British troops, and his house was attacked and plundered by a party of cavalry. His large library, and all his most valuable papers were destroyed, and his wife was taken prisoner. She was detained as such for a number of months, and kept in close confinement. At length through the intercession and remonstrance of Washington, she was released; but she had experienced such barbarous treatment during her captivity, that her constitution was completely shattered, and she soon sunk into the grave.

"Previous to the revolution, the affairs of Mr. Lewis had been exceedingly prosperous; but he literally and truly periled everything by his firm adherence to the revolted colonies. His losses during the contest were so great, that he spent the close of his days in comparative poverty. His death occurred on the 30th of December, 1803, in the ninetieth year of his age.

"Morgan Lewis, the son of Francis Lewis, was born in the city of New York on the 16th day of Oc-

r, 1754. At an early age he sent to the Elizabethtown ademy, and from thence transred to the college of New Jersey Princeton. While a member of is institution, he was distinguished for his correct deportment, and for his studious disposition. He stood in the foremost rank of his class; and at the annual commencement in 1773 delivered one of the honorary orations. At this time he took his degree, and in the same year entered the office of John Jay as a student at law. In common with other young men of his acquaintance, in the city and colony of New York, he regarded with deep interest the ominous forebodings of the approaching struggle. Inheriting the zealous and self-sacrificing patriotism of his father—in him but the more conspicuous, because it was manifested with all the ardor of youth—he never hesitated as to what course he should pursue. In 1774 he joined a volunteer company, composed mainly of his associates, or those about the same age as himself, who had united together for the purpose of perfecting themselves in military discipline, under the instruction of one of the soldiers of the "Great Frederick." The ability of the teacher, and the manner in which they profited by his tuition, may be inferred from the fact that this one company furnished to the army of the revolution more than fifty of its best officers.

"When the tocsin of war was sounded at Lexington and Concord, young Lewis threw down h books, and caught up the musk In the month of June, 1775, and b a few days subsequent to the batt of Bunker Hill, he joined the arn before Boston, as a volunteer, in rifle company, commanded by Ca tain Ross of Lancaster, Pennsylv nia. His absence from New Yo was but temporary, as he was soo elected to the command of the cor pany of volunteers organized in th city, as has been mentioned. H returned home towards the close the month of August, and on tl 25th of that month was ordered b the provincial congress to cov with his company a party of cit zens, while engaged in removir the arms, ordnance and militar equipments from the arsenal on tl Battery. The Asia, a British ma of-war, which had been order from Boston, to overawe the ci and prevent any outbreak or d turbance by the "Sons of Liber then lay at anchor in the bay, ne abreast of the arsenal, and w short cannon range of the shor was necessary, therefore, to pr with great caution, lest the d should be discovered; for t the possession of the gur material was of sufficient ance to risk a collision, it w able to effect the object, if without drawing the fire of ish vessel upon the city.

"Information, howeve contemplated movement communicated to the of the Asia, by the spie or Tryon, and shortly

fall the former dispatched an armed barge to watch the proceedings on shore. The work of removal had but just commenced, when the boat was discovered gliding slowly in with muffled oars. The sentinel who discovered her immediately hailed, and receiving no answer, fired a shot over her, at the same time ordering those on board to come to the shore, or at once to pull out into the stream. The order was unheeded; but a small blue light was exhibited under the bow of the boat. This was doubtless the concerted signal, and in an instant the battle-lanterns of the Asia were lighted, and her guns opened their fire in the direction of the arsenal. Captain Lewis promptly detailed a section of his command, who fired a volley into the boat, which killed one of the crew, and severely wounded another. The cannonade was kept up from the vessel, and the houses on the Battery were considerably injured, but no other serious damage was done.

"In the month of November following, the provincial congress organized the militia of New York into regiments. Captain Lewis was commissioned as first major in the second regiment of foot. John Jay was appointed colonel of the regiment; but as he never joined it, on account of the pressing nature of his other public duties, the command devolved on the first major. Accordingly, during the ensuing winter, Major Lewis spent most of his time in organizing, equipping and disciplining his regiment. But he ardently desired to be employed in more active service, and in June, 1776, accompanied General Gates to the northern frontier, as the chief of his staff, with the rank of colonel. On joining the army, which had now returned from Canada, he was appointed quartermaster-general of the northern department, in which capacity he was continued until the close of the war.

"The duties devolving upon Colonel Lewis by virtue of this appointment, though useful and important, were not such as history delights to chronicle. It need only be said of them that, arduous and difficult as they were, fidelity and promptitude, at all times and under all circumstances, characterized his performance of them. He accompanied the army when Ticonderoga was evacuated, and rendered most valuable services in securing the necessary munitions and supplies, and transporting them to the islands in the Hudson, above the embouchure of the Mohawk, where Schuyler had determined to make a final stand against the invading forces led by Burgoyne. To him, also, was that same army, reinforced by the militia of New England and New York, deeply indebted for the completeness of their preparations, in anticipation of the memorable campaign under tne ambitious but patriotic Gates. When the latter moved forward to the position which he ultimately occupied, on Bemus Heights, he found everything in readiness for the march and the encampment, that the department

over which Colonel Lewis presided was required to furnish, and repeatedly expressed his satisfaction with the arrangements that had been made.

"After the battle of Stillwater, on the 19th of September, a general order was issued providing that, in the event of another conflict, the quartermaster-general should perform the duties of an aid-de-camp for the occasion, and directing that all orders given on the field by that officer should be considered as coming from headquarters, and obeyed accordingly. The final engagement on the 7th of October, as it will be remembered, was fought mainly in the woods, and Gates himself saw little or nothing of the movements that were made, though he was kept constantly informed of the changing aspects of the battle, by the videttes and messengers whom he had dispatched to the scene of action when the drums first beat the alarm.

"A party of these, consisting of six or eight of the most intelligent and best mounted of Vernejour's troops, were under the command of Colonel Lewis, who placed himself in close proximity to the hostile lines, in a favorable place for observation, and communicated, almost instant information of every movement to his chief.

"This action was the fitting prelude to the capitulation on the 17th instant. While Burgoyne and his officers were forgetting the misfortunes which had preceded the surrender, in the kindness of their reception by the courtly Gates, and his gallant brethren in arms, Colonel Lewis conducted the downcast and dispirited soldiers whom the former had commanded, to the plain on the margin of the Hudson, where they piled their weapons, and then through the long lines of American yeomanry to the rear of the encampment. The bright star which thus shed its beams over the plains of Saratoga, rose upon a land darkened with misfortune and gloom; but it proved the blessed harbinger of weal, and when it set, the hour of deliverance had come.

To be continued.

New York City.

## A REFORMER'S DREAM.

By Rhydlan Kyffin.

Now when so much is heard of strikes, and rumors of strikes, of trusts, poor times, gold basis, free silver, unrestored confidence and unrealized prosperity; when complaints are as numerous as the oft-quoted Vallambrosa leaves, it may interest the reader to know how our Reformer traveled this hard path of life, and how he discovered the sweet land of satisfaction and peace. One characteristic of this present

life is that even its satisfaction is unsatisfactory, and even when a man has attained to the goal of his desire, there is something yet devoutly to be wished.

Our ideal Reformer had had a hard time of it since the time he was born. Even when a lad he was imaginative, and often pensively contemplated things in a reforming mood. He had the natural ability to discover the wrongness and crookedness of things, and this power of sight had been so cultivated and sharpened that he could behold wrongs even when they were as yet unborn. The chief defect of his character, apart from this ability to find faults in social systems, was a variableness which made him change his views continually about the same things. During his lifetime he had been a Democrat, a Republican, a Prohibitionist, a single tax man, a Looking-backwardist, a Free-silverite, and every kind of partisan imaginable; and yet in all these characters he was perfectly honest and honorable, and his friends and neighbors never accused him of crookedness and selfishness in his views and actions. At the root of all these changes and variablenesses was a love of his fellow-man. In fact all these views contained particles of truth and elements of the great fact he had hunted for; and consequently he was attracted to these many parties for a time; and after associating with them he would find defects and failings which displeased and disgusted him, and which would induce him to abandon them altogether as unworthy of his support and approval. He was hunting after perfection, and it never struck him that perfection was not attainable under forms terrestrial, and under influences sublunary. He even marched in Coxe's army, but he left its ranks thoroughly disgusted with its failures.

One day he was seated in the public park, where all the imaginative class of reformers congregate, and where the fraternity often meet to discuss the public questions of the day, and to exchange views and theories of political economies; and in front of him on the grass sat a little boy who held a birch-rod, with which he was playing. The old Reformer seized the rod, and in wonder inquired of the lad where he had got it.

"Over there in the woods," was the boy's reply.

Says our Reformer, "This birch-rod grew on the Top Rock over the entrance to Allswell land, and that's the very place I have spent my best time trying to discover. You will do me the greatest kindness in the world," says he to the boy, "if you will show me the exact spot where you found this rod; for the finding of that place will be to me a peace which nothing else in this world can bestow."

The boy led him through town, and through Goodman's Creek, where he loitered to enjoy the sights, and took his hat off several

times in order to enjoy the play of the cooling breeze on his heated brow. To a man accustomed to town life, the dust, its worry, its accumulated heat, it is quite a relief to spend an hour under shady trees, to listen to the twittering of birds, and to the lullaby of the waterfalls. In due time they reached the locality of the Top Rock, and having accomplished his mission the boy ran home entertaining queer opinions of the old man's eccentricity. The old man entered a cave beneath the Top Rock, and walked down a steep path until he arrived at the shore of a beautiful river, which he crossed in a little skiff. On the other side was a beautiful plain, and in the middle of this plain was a beautiful city, and in this beautiful city was a beautiful square, and in the beautiful square was a beautiful seat whereon he found the most beautiful man he had ever seen. This man was a very picture of life and health. He wore the impression and the expression of happiness. His eye, his cheek, his appearance bespoke a perfectly peaceful soul, absolutely free of care and without the slightest sign or mark of worry. As soon as he had seated himself this man accosted our Reformer in the most courteous manner, and immediately and almost imperceptibly drew him into a very interesting conversation regarding this new land.

Says our Reformer: "It strikes me this land is something superior to any I have before seen. There is a kind of a sensation of peace and tranquillity pervading throughout, which has a wonderful effect on my tired soul. I seem to breathe peace —it seems to be an element in the air, like oxygen in common air. When I entered this land I was worried to death almost—I was tired of life and the cares of life. I felt as if I could call death a friend, and the grave a sister. But this beautifully invigorating air seems to act upon me and within me like an inspiration, and I can hardly realize and retain the memory of things that lately vexed and bored me."

"Well my poor friend," says the stranger, "you must be aware that you are in Allswell land, where the atmosphere is absolutely free from carnal and sinful commotions and disturbances that render the air of your world so poisonous and obnoxious. In the land where you have hitherto lived the air is full of elements that are sickening to the human soul; and the invisible animalculae and bacilli in it are the cause of all the troubles that man is heir to. All diseases of all kinds are caused by minute disturbing life centres, little invisible bugs, which not only cause physical disease, but also mental and spiritual ones. There is no pain in the spiritual—pain is material, and is generally caused by material interference; even political parties and political evils are caused by the interference of material media."

The old Reformer became very much amused when the stranger in

ed politics in such an origin-

s," continued the stranger,
al evils are caused by the
rable small animalculae or
hich stand between theory
ctice, like pieces of coal dust
n the lid and the eye, just
there is no surplus room to
nodate them, and conse-
the worry to the eye."
ll," asks our Reformer, "you
o politics in this land?"
sir!" he said. "Purpose and
olishment are here insepar-
Here the thought is wedded
action, and the wish to the
Politics is the result of
promises, wounded con-
and disappointed expecta-
nd selfish ambition working
oked lines, and for non-pro-
aims. Politics is the means
allen humanity uses to avoid
and evade right. Politics
die of inanation and exhaus-
this country, its invisible
of support is conspicuously
in our atmosphere. The at-
re of this land contains no
ce whereon evil can feed.
s the chemical elements
n the social evils of Sinland

Lord bless me!" says our
er; "you have no differences
crepancies of opinions and

replies the stranger, "we are
ated alike, and we view
ing from the same point of
unselfishness. Our unsel-
fishness unifies our views, as your selfishness multiplies yours in Sinland."

"You have no gold basis and free silver, &c., &c.?"

"We have no basis but the true foundation of justice. We have no need of currencies; but we use all we need, and the accumulation or surplus is the country's. We have no parties, because our principles are wholes, and our very atmosphere does not contain the means upon which differences exist. Differences are unfailing signs and proofs of varied points of view, although, as I have heard of your philosophers in Sinland, they argue that differences are the foundations of unities, but even such strange philosophy shows the evil influences of distorting elements in their mental make-up. Differences are the fathers and grandfathers of differences, and these differences are only removed by the obliteration of ancestral tendencies. Odds multiplied by odds are still odds, and it is only by the pacifying effect of evens that they are made even. Wrongs are multiplied by wrongs, and good is never generated from evil."

"You have no celebrations and jubilees, &c.?"

"No; our Declaration of Independence and the reign of peace and good will is so old that ancient history makes no mention of it; and our life is so thoroughly happy that the idea of celebrating and jubilating is a form of disturbance which the constitution of the country would not tolerate."

"You have no standing armies?"

"Armies mean bad blood and fear of eruptions; and there is no fear of eruptions in a country where casus belli is an impossibility. Armies are inventions to scare the foreign or to intimidate the native; and in this land there is no foreigner and no native. These terms are relative, and unity has no relations no more than a ball has corners."

"You have no royal families?"

"We have a royalty, but it is national, and equality is so absolute among all that royalty in the case of one or more is impossible."

"You have no panics and strikes, and such social fevers?"

"Our regularity excludes all abnormal conditions and eruptions, and perfect temperance prevents fevers; and our society is so perfectly organized that a strike would disgrace all, which prospective evil precludes every chance of its ever taking place. This is the land of perfect moral and spiritual health."

After a prolonged talk with this entertaining stranger, our Reformer returned to Sinland, and told his friends and neighbors most wonderful and incredible stories of Allswell land. One day he disappeared suddenly, and has never been seen since, and it is not yet known whether he returned to Allswell land, or died broken-hearted in some secluded spot.

## A NIGHT AT THE HAVOD.

From the Welsh of Glasynys, by Griffith Jones (Glan Menai).

O, kindness! What is there on the face of the earth so amiable and precious as thou; especially when thou art to be met with in the recesses of the mountains, where thy neat dress is not soiled by rudeness and disorder. To the mountains, then, from the deafening clamor of the towns—from the midst of the blinking blustering of vain conceited pretenders—from among envy's vaunted tribe, and the servile children of malice and uncharitableness. To the mountains, to listen to the wind's loud whistle between the craggy peaks, to hear the raven's harsh croaking, the sheep's plaintive bleating, the shepherd's harmonious shouts, and the clacking and barking of the dogs at the sheep. To the mountains to sleep away our lives in virgin solitude—in unbroken peace—in the midst of nature's virgin beauties—which ministering as definite mediums, link the present and eternal together. Just as the mountain peaks sink to the azure depths of the sky, and as it were disappear in the bright light of heaven, so is there a pure, quiet, and undisturbed life joined to that continued life of which immortality will not see its close. Therefore, reader, to the mountains.

Well, where shall we go? Which will be the most pleasant, the recesses of Eryri, or the hiding places of Berwyn? Which will be the most delightful, the lowlands of Nant Conway, or the grand peak of Cader Idris? Which is the most quiet spot, between the green-clad hills of Montgomery, or amidst the wilds of Ystrad Yw or Ystrad Towy? We decide upon going to Cwm Cowarch. What sort of a place is that? Where is it? It does not matter, let us go to Cowarch, and we shall remain for a whole night at Havod. Where shall we get a bite and a drink, or "drínkables and bed," as quarrymen have it? All right, by simply going to Cowarch. Cowarch is a dale, about two miles long, a river of course running through its centre, with a plentiful supply of trout in it at all times. Houses on both sides of the dale; some with their gable ends to the sloping hill, and a few with their backs to it. There is neither road nor pathway, but a sort of a lane, winding along and across, until we reach a level spot which at one time was a peat bog, but which is now smooth common land. At the upper end of the dale stands a stupendous rock which seems every minute as if on the point of tumbling down. It has an ugly threatening aspect. But under its chin stands the Havod. It is an old transverse house, the place having never seen lime except at a distance; but let us go in. Every mortal is welcome there. That is something, is it not? We doubted not we should see something new—everything is new to the traveler when among the mountains. What sort of place is Havod? There is a very large kitchen there with a chimney as big as a good-sized parlor, and a hole for the peat quite large enough to put a bed in if necessary. When we rapped at the door we were answered in a barking fashion by some half a dozen shaggy curs and two or three terriers. But some one came to the door, and in the shaking of hands we had also a shaking of hearts; no lukewarm ceremony here; but the heart is felt throbbing in the fingers and in the palm of the hand. Having had some whey and a thin oatmeal cake, we are going to discuss the world's affairs, and to give some reminiscences. The fire is all ablaze, and the flames are roaring in their fierce struggle upwards. We both sit in arm chairs· one of black oak, and the other of white sycamore. Opposite us, that is, near the fire, was uncle Rolant, talking, and at the same time handling his jew's-harp. Auntie Gwen has her cheerful looks directed towards the three partitioned cupboard, searching for some wax to rub the bow of her violin, and the elder son tunes his harp near the large table. Although we consider the notes of the clarionet as no better than those of an old goose clacking for a gander, still at the Havod—in the bosom of the mountains—we were content to put up with any sort of musical instrument. Having set the candles

in their proper places, and stirred the fire, and having made everything trim and tidy, we had a solo on the jew's-harp by the good man of the house. Although the almond tree had blossomed on his head for many a year, and although the sharp nails of time have left their marks on his cheeks, still he played his little instrument very cleverly. "Now Roli," said Auntie Gwen, "give it up now; let us have 'Difyrwch Gwyr Dyfi'" (The Delight of the Men of Dovey) said she to the harpist, and a capital duet we had; and after that we had a chorus; the jew's-harp, the harp, violin, and clarionet; the fife and tambourine by Deio Wmffra. The house re-echoed, and every one performed his part as he ought to. Upon this someone knocked at the door, and who was there but Deio Puw. A funny old chap he was. He used to come to the Havod about every three weeks regularly for some forty years, and a very merry old boy was he. He could relate all the ghost stories of the country, and he was an efficient player on the fiddle. A tune having been given on the fife —a quick lively one—auntie Gwen cries out a second time—"Roli, come to the kitchen," to which the old man immediately obeyed, in proof of which he flings away his two clogs, and jumps at it to open the dance. There were at least seven of them nimbly and smartly shaking their legs. Both old and young amused themselves with the same vigor and avidity. Having had enough clattering of feet, they sat down and had such a cup o as was never poured out throu teapot's spout. The tea at H was really good. All of one ac are they, without a harsh word sour face. After this we had s singing with the harp. Each was well up in the art, from youngest to the eldest, and t was very little danger of havi single hitch in their performa Being asked if they were in habit of getting such a night o we were given to understand th was only about three times a w Thus to the sound of the m song, and harp, this family s their lives. And here is anc thing, when it is time for fa prayers, there is no one r solemn and fervent at the thro grace than uncle Rolant whe his knees; nor any one with a r open heart, a purer life, or r chaste her conversation than a Gwen. A beggar never come the door but is relieved, none o poor boys of the neighboring tages come there without ge free of charge a pail of thick and a big clout of bread and bu at Christmas many a fat shee distributed there, and during whole year, it may be said of I od, as the immortal Ieuan Bry Hir said, when he broke out as lows:

"Open then thy treasure, and a portion discreetly, as long as canst to the needy; better will i at some future hour to lose

money, than close thy purse and let the poor languish."

Yes, and thus in accordance with what the englyn teaches, this good family loves to show kindness, and not merely speak of it; and above all, we never heard of a single false tale having ever gone out of Havod. Instead of living in slander, envy, and calumny, they escape to world of song. There is no one in the whole district so little talked of as this family, each and all, and although not particularly rich as to the things of the world, still there is no gentleman's house, if a Welshman, in the country but that some of the family have been staying in it at some time or other; neither is there one in the country who would not do anything for them, should they require it. But what is the moral? This; that old Welsh life, similiar to that of the Havod people, is better—more harmless—more honest—and so more pious, than the sourness and falsehood, pride, and prodigality, of the country at the present day.

## EQUIVOCAL WOOING.

(After the Welsh of Peter Lewis.)

A year is gone, and things look blue,
Since I've to wait and wait for you;
It is now time, I do believe,
For my sweet love to wear her sleave.

When winds are cold, and hills are white,
With grass and flowers out of sight,—
When nights are chilling, I believe
You'll find the comfort of a sleave.

Some wear their sleeves around their arms
All stylish sleeves have certain charms;
For you 'tis better, I believe,
To wear your arms around your sleave.

Cold is the house without a fire,
And dull is trade without a buyer;
Yet colder, duller, I believe,
Is my sweet love without her sleave.

If you have all the things you choose,
A dress, a bonnet, and brown shoes;
In this you lack, I do believe,—
To fix these right you need a sleave.

Your outfit, love, is good and neat,
But yet it's somewhat incomplete:
All will be well, I do believe,
When you have had the proper sleave.

SOLOMON SLEAVE.

# A REMARKABLE STORY OF THE SEA.

By G. H. Dierhold

The following is an authentic account of a shipwreck in the Southern Ocean a few years ago, which was made known to the world by means of an albatross that brought the news to Australia.

In the southern part of the Indian Ocean, about a thousand miles south of Madagascar, and quite out of the usual path of ocean sailing, there lies a small group of four barren, rocky islands, called the Crozet Islands. They lie some distance west of Kerguelen Island, and are chiefly known to navigators who sail in that direction to hunt whales, seals, and sea elephants. Their latitude is between forty-six and forty-seven degrees south. On these remote islands a crew of thirteen sailors were wrecked early in August, 18—, and the means by which the fact of this shipwreck was made known were, to say the least, remarkable. September 22, 18—, a dead albatross was found upon the beach at Free Mantle, South Australia, with a piece of tin tied around its neck, and bearing the words in French: "Thirteen shipwrecked men took refuge upon the Crozet Islands, August 4, 18—." Over two thousand miles of ocean had this bird of tireless wing borne the message of disaster, only to perish of exhaustion at the close of its flight. A dispatch was immediately sent by the Governor of South Australia to the F Government telling of the fi of the albatross and its messa was at once conjectured tha shipwrecked sailors were the ers and crew of the brig Ta which had left France for Caledonia early in the spr 18—, since which time no wor been received from her. The F and British Governments, thei straightway ordered that sear vessels should be sent out to 1 the unfortunate sailors, whose tion had been thus wonde made known to the civilized ' The French transport M—— soon on its way to the ( Islands, and touched first a small island of Cochous. U pily no human beings were there, though it was plain th island had been recently occ They found traces of recent fires, biscuit boxes, and othe ticles scattered around. A he stones had been piled up to a attention, and on the top of sheet of paper was fastene which the following communi had been written with a lead in French: "The iron ship Ta of Bordeaux, with thirteen m the crew, went ashore on this of Cochous during a heav Some time afterwards she got and floated off, but three hours she filled and sank. The cre

caped to the island in two small boats, taking with them 100 kilograms of biscuit. The crew had lived on Cochous Island nine months, and their food being now exhausted, they are about to set sail for Possession Island, Sept. 30, 18—."

Possession Island is also one of the Crozet Islands, and is eighty miles from Cochous. The M——— at once went to that island, but found on it no traces whatever of the shipwrecked men. They visited all the islands in those waters without result, and it became evident that the unfortunate crew had been lost in the perilous passage by boat to Possession Island. It is supposed that they attempted to go to the other island, believing that their chances of rescue would be better there. Of course, the two hundred and fifty pounds of biscuit which they took ashore was not sufficient to keep them from starving during their nine months' stay there, and they must have eked out their food resources as others wrecked upon the barren Southern Ocean Islands have done, by eating penguin flesh and eggs, and fish. Had their patience held out a few weeks longer, it is not probable that they would have starved, and all might have been saved. They little dreamed that eight days before they left the desolate island rock, on which they had lived so forlornly, the bird to whom they had intrusted their brief message had finished his wonderful flight, told the world of their calamity, and set two nations to work to rescue them from their dire distress.

# THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

## NOTES ON THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS FOR AUGUST.

By Mrs. Jessie N. Lewis.

Sunday, August 1.

Topic—Putting religion into our daily tasks. 1 Kings, 7: 13, 14; Acts, 18: 1-4; Mark, 6: 1-3.

Religion is full of energy. God's word rebukes the slothful, indolent and disorderly. They who had a mind to work in building the walls of Jerusalem succeeded. What was the prayer Christ taught? Of course, "our daily bread" means breakfast, dinner and supper. But man shall not live by bread alone. Some of us labor in the field or in the shop, and need strong muscles; while others wear out brain and heart in our daily tasks. God's promise to each is, "Be strong, for I am with thee." What greater inducement could a professed Christian have for taking his God into his daily life?

If we make Christ a partner with us, we will find ourselves co-workers with Him. "My Father's business" will be ours as it was Christ's, and each day will bring us some specific work for Him.

With religion in them, the humblest tasks are glorified. Paul, the bold soldier of the cross, who had fought a good fight with promise of reward, spent his daily strength in tent making. Christ himself was a carpenter. Even washing dishes and running errands may be done in His name, and thus have the Son of God as a companion.

Sunday, August 8.

Topic—The comfort that comes from the Bible. Isa. 12: 1-6.

(A promise meeting.)

How many promises can you repeat? The Bible teems with passages of comfort. Paul speaks of having hope "through patience and comfort of the scriptures." You may be surprised on a test to find how few of these blessed words you can repeat and locate. We may need some particular word of hope or consolation when our own Bible cannot be turned to easily. Let us write these gracious messages on the tablets of our heart.

The Bible is a book of hope and cheer, a look-up book. Take the hundred and third Psalm, "Like as a father pitieth:" "as far as the East is from the West,' &c. That Psalm alone, hidden in the heart of a Christian will sustain him through all life's experiences of joy and sorrow.

When we need love and comfort we go to our friends, not to strangers. We must know our Bible as a friend before it will mean much to us. Besides, the Comforter, the spirit of truth, whom Christ sent, is the real teacher. He leads us into the fullest knowledge and comfort of the word, if we allow ourselves to follow him.

Sunday, August 15.

Topic—Stumbling blocks. Matt. 18: 1-14.

(A temperance topic.)

It does not take a mountain in order to make a stumbling block. Often "the little rift within the lute" does the most damage, so small a thing not being thought necessary to fix. The most intangible thoughts and desires of the heart may cause great falls. Even our good deeds may rise before us so often that they will trip us. A small package of cigarettes during the day, an occa-

sional social glass, and our physical health has had a tumble, to say nothing about the tripping of our will power. Moderate indulgence grows rapidly. A temperance topic ought not to confine itself to two or three items. We are exhorted to be moderate—temperate in all things. Whether the hand or the foot or the eye offend, it is better to be maimed than to be cast into everlasting fire.

The worst of stumbling blocks are those we cast in the ways of others. How often have we been tripped by a sour face or a harsh word. Even in such little things, let us watch that we do not cast shadows on other lives. Influence is the ring upon ring that reaches even to the shores of eternity.

Sunday, August 22.

Topic—Have we the spirit of Christ? Rom. 8: 1-18.

We know well what this spirit is. The most superficial study of the New Testament reveals it. To gain it ought to be the highest ambition of every young Christian. Christ loved to pray to the Father. Do we? Christ was courageous, humble, earnest, self-sacrificing, sympathetic. Are we?

The spirit of Christ drew near to him, and wrought comfort to the sorrowing, flashed out terror to evil doers, won marvelous things from God. Does our spirit do these things? Thus the spirit of Christ proves itself in us by bearing fruit.

It will also prove itself by a consciousness of our own sinfulness and a great, loving longing for Christ and his righteousness. Then we shall fear no man, we shall hate no man, we shall seek to give ourselves for all men.

Sunday, August 29.

Topic—The idols we are likely to worship. Ex. 20: 1-6; Luke, 12: 13-21.

An idol is something or somebody that occupies the place which God wants to occupy, that takes time belonging to God, that consumes the interest or energy or love that should be his. Have we idols? There are some things made into idols to which it is hard to shut the eyes. Money, fame, position. The Master's commendation, "Well done," is far more worth striving for than the applause of men.

Beauty is a glorious thing. It is easy to make an idol of it. There is a beauty to be desired beyond all symmetry of form, the beauty of holiness. The thirst for knowledge excites men to put aside every other interest of life. There is a promise of wisdom in James, 1: 5, the beginning of which is the fear of God.

Not that we must have no secular interests, no dearly loved friends, no pleasure or recreation. We each live our own life, but as Christians, we must place God first in our time, our love, and every day's work, if we are to keep ourselves from idols.

## DEATH OF REV. S. B. HALLIDAY,

Twenty Years Assistant Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and later Pastor of the Beecher Memorial Church.

After some 70 years of unselfish labors in the Lord's vineyard, and in every department of life touched by humanity, the above well known and deservedly respected clergyman entered into rest on July 9th, 1897. He was born in Morristown, N. J., on June 5, 1812, and came from a very patriotic stock, his father and grandfather aiding with all their strength and heart to sustain this land of liberty in her hour of trial during the Revolutionary War.

To name all the missionary and philanthropic movements with which this good man was identified during the three score and ten years of his busy life would fill volumes, so we can only state that after filling the position of Superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry in New York, he became the Rev.

Henry Ward Beecher's assistant at Plymouth Church, which position he filled until Mr. Beecher's death, when he resigned. The relationship of these two men was always as sweet, tender and true as could be experienced between one man and another, and their friendship was akin to that of David and Jonathan. One incident out of many will accentuate this fact. Previous to Mr. Beecher's last visit to England the great preacher uttered these touching and grateful words to his pastoral helper, Mr. Halliday: "May God be as good to you as you have been to me."

The funeral services were held on Monday afternoon, July 12, and the house and surroundings took on the appearance of a garden of flowers, the fragrance of which was fully in harmony with the extended perfume of his own pure, sweet and helpful life, and crape (that slander on true Christianity), was conspicuously absent from the door-bell, while roses, fitting expressions of joy and victory, held sway.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

The services, which were of the simplest kind, were conducted by the Rev. D. Butler Pratt, Pastor of the Beecher Memorial Church, the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, and the Rev. Horace Porter, former and present assistant pastors of Plymouth Church. The musical selections were conducted by Prof. Henry Eyre Brown, formerly organist of Plymouth Church, and Mr. G. T. Matthews, two old time friends of the family. The singing of the two well-known hymns, "Jesus Lover of my Soul," and "Shining Shore." formed a very touching part of the services, and brought to mind the funeral of Mr. Beecher, when the same hymns, which were favorites of his, as well as Mr. Halliday, were sung.

"They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown."

Brooklyn, July 13, 1897. G. T. M.

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## PROF. RICHARD T. ELY ON CHRISTIANITY.

Positive Christianity is the Christianity of Christ. Negative Christianity is the Christianity of men. Negative Christianity we see about us in abundance. It refrains from evil and maintains respectability. It eschews zeal and engages in no warfare with evil. It doubts the existence of serious and social evils. Positive Christianity having eyes and ears percieves wretched social conditions all about us. It knows what vile tenements signify and is aware of the enormous extent of the housing problem. Positive Christianity sees degraded childhood and lost opportunities on every side. Positive Christianity remembers that blindness is sin, that neglect is sin. "Inasmuch as ye did it not," is the condemnation of negative Christianity. Positive Christianity goes out into the streets with the seeing eye and the hearing ear; it visits jails and cries out against our monstrous compulsory schools of crime. It visits hospitals and almshouses, and is filled with righteous indignation at public abuses.

When Christianity becomes positive, that is, when our professed Christianity becomes real Christianity, we will witness a mighty turning and overturning in our social life. It is marvelous how Christ hit at once on the social evils of this day, and how terrible His denunciation of prayer and public worship as a substitute for service and an atonement of theft of widows' homes. "Ye shall receive the greater damnation." And the Apostle James had an eye for a great social evil, viz., withheld wages, and no anarchist was ever severer: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl." This was the outcome of Christianity of a positive sort. Our social duties will be perceived, they will engage our attention and command our best services, when our Christianity becomes positive.

# FIELD OF LETTERS

## WELSH BIBLIOGRAPHY.

We have received the following from Mr. Ashton, the Welsh bibliographer, to which we desire to draw the attention of our readers:—

Sirs—Will you kindly allow me to call attention to the fact that I have been for the last nine years collecting materials for the compilation of a Welsh bibliography of the present century, in which is recorded all books, pamphlets, periodicals, newspapers, &c., written in Welsh, as well as those relating to Wales, published in any other language; and, at a rough computation, I should say that something over 12,000 have already been recorded. The work, which will be published by the National Eisteddfod Association, will at least make six volumes, with a supplementary volume of index. The first volume (including the years 1801—1820) will be sent to the press about the end of the present summer. And, in order to make the work as exhaustive as possible, I appeal to all those who take an interest in the literature of the Principality to send me materials for it. This may be done by sending, first of all, a list of short titles, with places and dates of publication, in the following form:—

"The Cambrian Traveler's Guide," Stourport, 1813.

"Y Bibl Cysegr-lan," 8plyg, Rhydychen, 1821.

"The Beauties of Cambria," H. Hughes, London, 1823.

"Duw yn Nghrist," J. Roberts, Caernarfon, 1835.

"Casgliad o Ganeuon Cymru," Levi, Aberdawe, 1896.

"Trefecca, Llangeitho, a'r Bala," H. Hughes, Caernarfon, 1896.

Then I can mark those that I have already entered, and return the list with a request for full particulars of the remainder. The particulars I require consist of a full and accurate copy of the title-page, size, number of pages, and other small details, of the nature of which my correspondents will be informed. Moreover, I shall expect all those who furnish me with the first list to give me the required particulars of the books I want, otherwise it will only add to my labor to compare lists of short titles only, because I never enter a book unless I get a full and accurate description of it.

Publishers of newspapers (both English and Welsh) published in Wales, will oblige by sending full accounts of their papers, such as full and correct title, politics, price, date of first (and last, if discontinued) number, date of incorporation with any other newspaper, name of publisher, printer, and, if possible, a list of chief editors, with dates of appointment.

I would remind my correspondents that this work will not bring me any pecuniary benefit, but is simply undertaken with the object of making a thorough survey of the literature of Wales in all its branches. As the items are entered chronologically, it will show the growth and development of our literature, especially in connection with theology, Biblical criticism, the Sunday School, the temperance cause, history, biography, political matters, and musical publications. And the bibliography as a whole will not only supply materials for the history of Welsh literature, but it will enable the student to know what has been written on any given subject. These considerations, I hope, will be taken as sufficient excuse for

seeking the aid of the book-loving section of my fellow-countrymen. I am, &c., CHARLES ASHTON.

Dinas Mawddwy, North Wales, June 9.

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Watcyn Wyn has published a book of rhymes in Welsh for children, and for the use of schools. It is entitled "Caneuon y Safonau."

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The next "Heddyw" will be devoted to Queen Victoria's Jubilee. It will give an historical sketch of Wales under Victoria, and a prize-essay on the Queen's reign will also be published. The number will be illustrated throughout.

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Bellamy's new book "Equality," and "The Welsh Colony" by Index, can be read with pleasure and benefit. The Frawdoliaeth may be had from the "Drych" Office. Socialism and sociableness are the respective characteristics of these books. The one makes you dissatisfied with society; the other makes society dissatisfied with you.

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"Llenor" for July has a good variety of articles and sketches, viz.: The Boy Jesus, Alexander Smith Poetry, A Memoir of Caledfryn, Style, Literary Notes, with choice selections out of Islwyn's works, &c. There are also several beautiful illustrations.

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"Wales" contains "A Mountain Stroll," by A. Jackson; "A Young Welshman Abroad," by J. D. Spencer; "A Night at the Hafod," by Griffith Jones (a translation from the Welsh of Glasynys); and other articles, with the continuation of "The House of the Twisted Sapling" by Owen Rhoscomyl, and several illustrations.

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The demand for the "Penny" Testament in its "Jubilee" cover commemorative of the completed sixty years of Her Majesty's reign was so great in the fortnight preceding "the Queen's Day," that the Oxford Press was unable to supply the Bible House with copies fast e to meet it. Something over 1 copies had to be printed and 1 with the special gilt stamp imp on the cover, in a very short time. grams and letters poured in for su per return, as every one wante books in scores, or hundreds, or sands before Sunday, June 20, a was impossible to avoid disappo some.

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Two important Welsh works w is hoped, shortly be publishd und auspices of the Guild, namely, M Kyffin's famous translation of J Jewell's "Defence of the Faith c Church of England," and "Dr Grefydu Gristionogol" of Dr. G Roberts. The editors of these re which will be furnished with intr tions and notes, will be respect Mr. D. Lewis Jones, Bangor, and Powell, Cardiff.

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Trysorfa y Plant" is getting ol it has wonderful vitality, and it to-day as young and fresh as eve does not seem to grow old at a looks as young now as when we knew it. In appearance it is unc ing, and we cannot see why it not flourish for a hundred years The July number has good portra two celebrated characters—Kilsby and Garibaldi. There is, besides a variety of reading for the young.

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The "Drysorfa" is the monthly of the Calvinistic Methodists in W has a pleasing appearance, and is tainly full of reading to interest an struct. It has various articles on logical subjects, a biographical s of the Rev. J. Morgan Jones with trait, notices of books, notes o Psalms for the use of Sunday Scho report of the Assembly at Rhyl several other minor matters of in to the denomination.

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The long-looked for Hymnal of Calvinistic Methodists has at las peared, and we do not wonder that

plaints are already brought against it. It is rather difficult to manufacture perfect hymn books in the way the work is done these days—by committees. The proper way, we believe, would be to have one or two experienced scholars undertake the task, and give them absolute authority to select hymns. The Congregational Hymnal was compiled by committee, and great difficulty was experienced in trying to please everybody. Books are made by taste and talent, not by votes.

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"Cymru" for June has considerable reading matter in prose and poetry, heavy and light. Rev. J. J. Jones gives a readable and enjoyable account of the life and works of the bard Reuben Davies, "Prydydd y Coed," who sang well in his time and season, but is almost unknown to-day. The "Drama—Ednyfed Fychan" is continued in this number, but it is rather heavy matter, and seems to justify the old assertion that drama-writing is almost impossible in Welsh. We are not dramatical, although we are ultra-poetic. "Robert Oliver Rees" by Idrisyn in a long substantial article wherein he is attempting to resuscitate the memory of a character almost forgotten and, certainly, not generally known at the present time. It is not always the best names that are kept alive among nations, but the popular, those who have lightness enough, like straws, to flow down the stream of history. "Tro drwy's Wig" is a trip through the woods, which happily reminds us of our earlier days when we used to associate with birds and flowers. This little article is, certainly, refreshing, and is full of nature. Others also there are, which not only increase the bulk, but also add to the interest of this July number.

The "Dysgedydd" for July may with propriety be called a Jubilee Number. On the front page are some pictorial sketches of incidents in the life of Her Majesty, with a beautiful portrait of herself in the center. This number is also full of information regarding the reign of Victoria. The article by the Rev. D. Griffith, Bethel, gives an interesting sketch of Nonconformity during the reign of Her Majesty, and takes a comprehensive view of the success and increase of the various denominations. He furnishes statistics to illustrate the growth and development of these various religious societies, and shows that their increase has been steady, and that good results have followed them. With regard to Wales it shows also that the spirit of religious sectarianism has changed for the better, and gives credit to the Church of England for increased interest taken in the welfare of the general public. It shows activity in religious life everywhere, and proves without doubt that bigotry is on the wane. The increase among the several denominations in Wales is, respectively as follows: The Baptist, 48.21 per cent.; the Methodists (Calvinistic) 31.79; the Wesleyans, 31.77; the Congregationalists, 23.35. Congregationalism in Wales according to the above figures seems to be losing ground. In other denominations things seem to be in a prosperous condition. Several other articles we find on the reign of Victoria, by the Revs. Josiah Thomas, Liverpool; James Charles, Denbigh; J. Thomas, D. D., Liverpool, Dr. Joseph Parker, London, which will repay perusal. This number is, in every way, excellent, and contains information that will prove instructive and interesting to the general reader.

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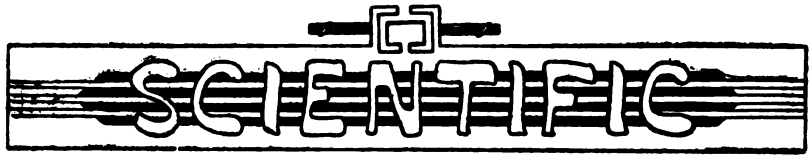


## THINNESS OF SPIDERS' WEBS.

More than 10,000 full-grown spiders' lines woven into a cable would hardly make up the thickness of human hair. Young spiders begin to spin lines when they are so small that four hundred of them would be required to make a full-grown one. Their fibres are probably four hundred times thinner than those of adult spiders, and therefore 4,000,000 of them would be needed to make a strand equal o a human hair in thickness.

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## MUSIC AND HAIR.

A French scientist has a theory that music has an effect upon the growth of the hair; that various musical instruments have a tendency to increase the growth of hair on the heads of players, while other instruments tend to make the musicians bald, which is held to account for the fact, .. it be a fact, that pianists and violinists usually have hair in plenty, while those who play on brass horns are usually deficient in hirsute adornment. "The Music Trade Review," commenting on the matter, observes that "music has long been known to have therapeutic qualities, and is useful in many nervous diseases, and now it seems that it may be useful as a hair tonic."

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## BIGAMY IN ITALY.

Italy is said to contain more bigamists than any other European country. The church refuses to recognize civil marriage, the state does not regard a church marriage as binding. As the majority of people are Catholics, and would not tolerate any measure which had the appearance of encroaching on the rights of the church, it is impossible to pass a law providing for the punishment of any priest who should have performed a religious marriage before it had been made legal by a magistrate. The result is that large numbers of unscrupulous men take two wives, one in the eyes of the church, and one in the eyes of the state.

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## ALCOHOL.

The results of the administration of one ounce of alcohol internally, says Dr. Kellogg, are as follows: 1. To diminish nerve activity. 2. To diminish cerebral activity. 3. To impair the co-ordinating power of the brain. 4. To lessen muscular strength. 5. To decrease digestive activity to a notable extent. Both my experience as a physician and laboratory experiments which I have conducted, to my mind, demonstrate very clearly that alcohol is not only of no value as an aid to digestion, but it is in the highest degree detrimental.

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## SCIENCE IS RIGHT.

Do not believe those who tell you that science dries up the emotions and inspires men only with austere and egotistic vanity. The fruits of its inspiration are modesty, temperance, and respect for the opinions of all others. Science has never erected a stake at which to burn its adversaries, nor has it consigned them to a hell in this world or the next. The God of the scientists is not a Moloch to which they offer as a burnt-offering the sufferings of their fellow men. What science teaches is the love of men for truth, and the duty of realizing this love in conforming our

lives and our actions to the laws of our nature. Science does not teach a barren asceticism, in the name of which the Middle Ages tried to banish joy and pleasure from the world. Joy and happiness are as much a part of our nature as pain and sadness, they are inseparable from our destiny. Love, therefore, all art and beauty.

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## A REFUSE DESTRUCTOR PLANT.

On June 28, Lord Kelvin opened the works established by the municipality at Shoreditch, England, which is designed to destroy the local refuse, generate electric light, and supply hot water to the public baths and laundries. Carts will convey the street, trade and household refuse to the works, where motor cars and electric hoists will distribute it to tipping platforms. Hence it will be shot by the aid of mechanical feeders into a dozen cells of the destructor. A forced draught is provided by motor-driven fans, some of which will exhaust an adjacent sewer, and blow the gases therefrom into the furnace to help feed the flame. Steam generators and boilers will be used to drive the engines and dynamos, and heat the water to be furnished to the baths and laundries. It is expected that 20,000 tons of refuse a year, which has formerly been carried out to sea at great expense, will be consumed annually in this plant. Lord Kelvin, in opening the works, described the project as an extremely happy union of scientific knowledge and mechanical skill, and said that it required remarkable courage in its application in this initial plant.

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## CHINESE GEOGRAPHY.

Dr. Lockhart, a member of the Medical Academy of London, has received as a gift for the library of the association a series of volumes relating to China, sent him by an English missionary, Rev. C. C. Spaham, of Hankow. Among these volumes, says the "Chronique Universelle," he has discovered a Chinese geography extremely curious and valuable, the more so as it can not be found at the present time in the country of its origin. This book has for its title "Sha-Hai-Sing" (mountains and seas). The author gives a strange description of the people living in other parts of the globe. He says they are divided into four distinct classes. The first includes men possessing three faces; the second consists exclusively of dwarfs; the third of hybrids, partly men, partly fish; the last division, the most curious of all, of men who have no neck. The head is placed directly on the trunk, the face turned on the upper side. When they wish to travel they force down their mouth a stick which, without encountering any obstacle, passes entirely through them, and in this way their servants carry them on their backs, taking them from place to place like living palanquins. Father Spaham affirms that many times numbers of Chinese scholars have recited to him this strange geography learned by them from their teachers.

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## BLOTTING PAPER.

Blotting paper is not new, but it was made in this country only about 40 years ago. Before that time we used some of the thin English blotting paper, imported; but, more commonly, to prevent ink from blotting, we used sand, which was poured upon the written sheet out of a sand box. The sand box was a common article of desk furniture, as the wafer box was at one time, and almost as commonly seen as the ink stand. It was made sometimes of tin, sometimes of wood. It was, perhaps, three inches in height, and may be two and a half inches across the top, where its diameter was greatest. It was something like a pepper box in the manner of its use; but as to shape, instead of having a convex top, it had a

concave top, like a little saucer. The bottom of this saucer was perforated. The box was filled with sand through these perforations. When the box was used sand was poured from it upon the writing. A little of the sand adhered to the fresh ink and kept it from blotting. Very much the greater part of the sand poured out lay scattered upon the paper. Lifting the book or paper, the surplus sand was poured back into the box.

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## THE ALLEGED OCCURRENCE OF FROGS IN BLOCKS OF STONE.

The occurrence of living frogs and toads inclosed in blocks of rock or stone or in clay, many feet below the surface of the ground, has often been reported, but never substantiated, says "Leisure Hour." Dr. R. H. Traquair, keeper of the Natural History Collection in the Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh, has examined this delusion, among others, and he puts all such reports down to want of power of accurate observation. A stone is being broken, a frog is seen hopping about close to the place, and forthwith the lively imagination of the quarryman persuades him that he has seen it actually come out of a cavity in the rock. Dean Buckland made experiments for the purpose of ascertaining how long frogs and toads could live shut up in cavities of stone, and excluded from air and food, with the result that most of them were dead within a year, and none survived more than two years. Yet frogs are alleged to have been found inclosed in rocks which, geology teaches, were deposited under water millions of years ago, and afterward subjected to a pressure which has crushed all the fossils contained in them as flat as paper. If geology is right, the frog stories are utterly incredible. Or, as Dr. Traquair puts it, the blow of the hammer that disclosed a live frog inside a block of stone v out an opening would at the same destroy not only geology, but the w fabric of natural science.

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## THE LAKE BLUSHES.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, h queer habit of turning red about tw three times every ten years. It pretty lake, like most of the shee water in that picturesque country, its peculiar freak is attributed to a position to celebrate the slaught Burgundians under Charles the on June 21, 1476. But the Frenc that it blushes for the conduct o Swiss, who in that battle gave the gundians no quarter. The old fi men of the lake, who catch enor fish called silures, that weigh bet twenty-five and forty kilograms when they see the waters of the reddening, that it is the blood o Burgundians. As a matter of fact, of the bodies of the Burgundians in the battle were thrown into lake, while others were tossed i grave filled with quicklime. This torical recollection angered the Bu dian soldiers of the victorious arm the republic of 1708 so much that destroyed the monument raised in or of their compatriots who fell h ally in that battle, and Henri M very justly reproached them for piece of vandalism. It would hard to attribute the reddening of the v of the lake to the blood of the so of Charles the Bold. The color i simply to the presence in large tities of little aquatic plants call naturalists Oscillatoria rubescens. curious thing about it is that Morat is the only lake in whic curious growth is developed, an peculiarity is beginning to ir scientific men.

# PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

## A DIAMOND WEDDING.

Address by Rev. R. T. Roberts, M. A.

The diamond wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Owen of Racine, Wis., was celebrated July 1st, at their spacious residence. Between one and two hundred invitations were sent out, which were gladly accepted, as the large number present testified, and a more jolly company would be hard to find. The four sons and two living daughters, one with her husband came from Omaha, Neb., were present, besides many grandchildren. Four generations are living. Seats were provided for all on the large lawn in front of the house. About 5 o'clock P. M. Rev. R. T. Roberts, who acted as master of ceremonies, called the company to order, and a familiar hymn was sung very heartily by all present, after which Mr. Roberts read a portion of scripture, Rev. Joseph Roberts, D. D., of New York, former pastor at this place for fourteen years, offered prayer. Rev. R. T. Roberts delivered the following appropriate address in the English language:

Dear friends, we are assembled to-day with these sons and daughters, and their children, to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the married life of their father and mother. This is no ordinary event. About eighty-three years ago there appeared in a home in Merionethshire, Wales, in the family of William Williams, Bwlch Coch, Hirgwm, Parish of Llanaber, a bright, beautiful little daughter, whom they called Mary. This daughter was the life and light of the household, until she became one of the belles in that part of Wales. About eighty-one years ago in Hafoduchaf, Merionethshire, Wales, in another family, there appeared a bouncing boy, who came there to stay, and they called him Evan. This boy became one of the strongest, handsomest and most energetic youths in the neighborhood. He was acknowledged by all a born leader among his fellows.

One day, while this young man was in his full strength, and known as one of the most heroic men among the giants of those days, he saw Mary, the belle of the neighborhood. At once he made up his mind that he saw in her his counterpart. By that mysterious method by which human affinities agree, Mary found that she had been placed on the throne of Evan's heart, and in the year 1837, at the time of the singing of the birds, the blooming of the flowers, and the budding of the forests, Evan Owen and Mary Williams were pronounced man and wife. For seven years after the happy wedding they lived in their native neighborhood. In the summer of 1844 the ambitious young couple, after deciding to try their fortunes in America, came to Wisconsin and settled in Mount Pleasant, where they resided for forty years, and then moved into this, their present and pleasant home. They, together with other pioneers, have contributed much to make our city and the country round about what it is.

We rejoice to see our father and mother to-day; not only do those who are their sons and daughters by a special tie of natural parentage rejoice to-day, but we who are the sons and daughters of the old pioneers claim that it is our advantage to join with you to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage, and to whom we owe so much because of their pioneer parentage. We wish you, dear father and

mother, a beautiful sunset, as you descend still further into the shades of the evening of life.

He was followed by the Rev. Thomas Evans, Lewis T. Roberts, Evan Samuel, Thomas L. Williams of Racine; Benjamin Evans, formerly of Mount Pleasant, but now of Columbia County, Wis.; and Rev. Joseph Roberts. Most of those present had been residents of Racine and vicinity from forty to sixty years. The old familiar hymn, "O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled," etc., was sung most heartily. Following this all were invited to the spacious house, and four were seated at each table, and the refreshments served were exceptionally fine, and were greatly enjoyed. Thence the company returned to the lawn, where a couple of hours were spent in conversation. Griffith P. Jones read some poetical verses that he had composed for the occasion, and they were in his most happy vein.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen came to Racine in 1844, and located on a farm in the town of Mount Pleasant, where they raised their family of children, and through industry and economy attained a comfortable competency, and of late years have lived in this city, enjoying a happy and serene eventide of a useful life, with their physical and mental faculties unimpaired.

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Mr. Ivor Foster, the Rhondda baritone, has this year been selected to take the baritone part in the opera "Don Giovanni" (Mozart) at the annual performances given by the Royal College of Music. When it is remembered that he has not yet completed a twelve months' course, the distinction of selection bespeaks most gratifying progress. It will be remembered that he has already filled one engagement at the Royal Albert Hall Sunday Concerts.

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J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac. of Carnarvon, has been appointed organist at the Chatham Street Presbyterian Church, Liverpool.

## MORIEN.

Dydi y Mawredd dod i "Morien"—olwg
I weled yr wybren;
Tanbaid bo'i lygaid heb len,
A siriol megys seren.
—Rector of Vaynor.

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In "Heddyw" for July the editor says: "I did not take part in condemning the appointment of Mr. Legard. I know many teachers and directors of schools that opposed him who do not teach Welsh at all. They are patriotic for selfish purposes, and will not sacrifice any of their money or comfort."

In a concert in the Salle Erard, Paris, last May, Miss Clara Butt sang a new song by Mrs. Novello Davies, "The Voice from the Spirit Land."

The Milwaukee Lyric Glee Club had, on the programme of their concert held April 22, two attractive notices; viz., one in which the ladies were requested to remove their hats, and the other, in which it was stated that two of the members of the club were lineal descendants of the "Men of Harlech."

Miss Mary Knight, a clever Welsh girl, is making a great success in London by painting miniatures of pet cats. She has been in this rather novel profession for three years, her first model being a pet of the Duchess D'Alencon. She sells the miniatures, on ivory or porcelain, for $50 and upward.

Professor Dan Protheroe, Mus. Bac., of Milwaukee, author of the chorus, "The Crusaders," for male voices, the test piece at the Bridgend Eisteddfod the other day, has again composed an excellent piece, entitled "The Roman Soldiers," which is to be published by Mr. David Jenkins, Mus. Bac., Aberystwyth.

Mr. Gwilym Thomas, the well-known Rhondda vocalist, has been seriously ill for some time. His numerous friends

and admirers will be pleased to hear that he is once more convalescent. We trust to see him fully restored, so as to be able to cater again to the pleasure of thousands in South Wales.

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Evan Evans (Llew Buallt) is one of the best known musicians in South Wales, and as the leader of the Buallt and District Harmonic Society has earned great distinction in the Eisteddfodau. He was born in Melin Dol-llynwydd near Builth, in 1848.

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A Welsh bard in an untranslatable epigram, has given the following picture, asserting to have been himself an eye witness of how an offended woman dealt with an offending husband on a fair day in a Cardigan town:

"Hi gwnws, hi neidws i'r nen;—a phas-
Hi ffustws ei gefen; [twn
Hi gnocws, dolcws ei dalcen;
Pan gwaeddws baeddws ei ben."

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In the course of his report on Welsh elementary schools, Mr. Legard, H. M. chief inspector, makes the following references to singing: In such a musical country as Wales it would be natural to expect highly satisfactory reports of this singing, and this I am glad to find is the case.

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There was a sale near Llanwrtyd recently of the "belongings" of the late Kilsby Jones. Amongst the collection was the old arm-chair of Kilsby, a number of books and magazines, and a memento of his which recalled the old minister's residence at Tunbridge Wells in 1866. This was in the form of a black marble mantel-piece, presented to him by many friends. Kilsby's chief abomination were snobs and threepenny bits.

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"Mabon" is now known to several members of the Royal Family. When the Prince and Princess of Wales and their two daughters visited the Cardiff Exhibition last year, "Mabon" was the man who kept things in trim in the Exhibition Hall. Their Royal Highnesses showed the greatest interest in his method of holding the huge gathering in good humor, and they turned round to face him when he rolled out the Welsh National Anthem with tremendous vigor and voice. It may be that the Queen's interest in her faithful (and now enthusiastic) Welsh Commoner had been excited by what she had been told of him by the Prince and Princess, and the two Princesses.

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The Rev. Father Ignatius is, without doubt, one of the first ecclesiastical orators of the present age, says a writer in the "Sunday Reader." He possesses above all others, that coveted gift that makes the great orator, the power of putting a matter very simply and very clearly before the minds of his hearers, and at the same time in such a way that every word he utters stirs the members of his congregation to the depths of their hearts. All those who have heard Father Ignatius unhesitatingly declare that he is among the very first orators of the century. It is but necessary, in fact, to visit one of the many city churches in which he preaches during the Lenten season, or to hear him in the Portman Rooms—where, as he recently informed the writer, he always feels more at his ease—to be fully impressed with the marvelous power that this eminent divine possesses.

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## DEATH OF REV. FRED EVANS.

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The death of Rev. Fred Evans will be greatly regretted by the many friends of that most estimable and lovable man. Mr. Evans won his way into the hearts of the people by his frank, open and most genial characteristics. He was sunlight itself and softened the shadows with the warmth of his nature. It is sad to think that he died so young, only about 55 years of age. Mr. Evans died in Wales, where he went with the hope of restoring his health. His son is the private secretary of Vice-President Hobart.

Mr. Evans won fame as a conductor of Eisteddfods. Few if any equaled him in the masterful management of these gatherings. His readiness of speech, brilliancy and wit were captivating. He was an able man, potent for good, and successful in his ministerial capacity. Full of hope and encouragement he inspired others to reach out for the light. His influence remains with us, and his memory is fresh and bright, as it will be to those who knew him for many years to come. Peace to his ashes.

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The Rev. D. T. Phillips, 3902 Prairie Ave., Chicago, has been appointed U. S. Consul to Cardiff, and we wish to congratulate him on his appointment. Mr. Phillips was successful out of 40 candidates. He is a native of Wales, and is a little over fifty years old. While a mere youth he moved to Cardiff, where, it seems, he began to exercise his gifts

for the ministry. He entered Haverfordwest College, where after the usual three years he graduated with honors. He was subsequently pastor at Llantwit-Major, Bristol and Swansea. He immigrated into this country, and was pastor for some time at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, &c. He took a two years course at Johns Hopkins University in Philosophy, and two years more at the Chicago University. He established a new Baptist church at Parkside, a suburb, and has toiled there with considerable success. Mr. Phillips is a good scholar, and an excellent writer in English and Welsh. He has won valuable prizes for essays on different subjects. He has also distinguished himself as an orator, poet, and campaign speaker, and was an enthusiastic worker in the last presidential campaign. He is held in the highest esteem by his brethren in the ministry.

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The garden party given by the Queen to her "faithful Commons" at Windsor recently, was a marked success, and proved a complete solatium for the irritation caused by teh official mismanagement which prevented many members being received by her Majesty on the visit to Buckingham Palace. The wives and daughters of members gained by the contretemps of the previous reception, and were included in the invitations on this occasion. Many members were presented to her Majesty, and among them Mabon. The little incident is described in the following manner by a newspaper: Mr. A. Balfour was again summoned to the Queen's side, and her Majesty seemed to be mentioning the names of those whom she would particularly like to have presented. Immediately the Chancellor of the Exchequer stepped forward, and next Mr. W. Abraham, who was seen standing in the front of the throng, his broad features hidden under a soft felt hat, was brought up to the Royal carriage. Doffing his comfortable, if, in such surroundings, uncommon headgear, Mabon bowed low to the Sovereign. The Queen was quickly told all about the sturdy ex-Welsh miner, one of the most lusty singers of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," that the Principality has ever known; and her Majesty was made so well acquainted with the honorable member's Bardic title that when he was presented she exclaimed, "I am very pleased to meet you, Mabon."

The old rectory of Wrexham, where Bishop Heber wrote his world-famous hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," is about to be demolished.

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Mr. John P. Lewis, of Merthyr, has sent to the Queen a beautifully printed copy of the Welsh translation of the National Anthem made many years ago by his father, the late Mr. Rees Lewis, and he has received from her Majesty's private secretary a gracious acknowledgment of its receipt.

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At a meeting held at the University College, Cardiff, it was unanimously desired to invite the Welsh National Eisteddfod to Cardiff in the year 1899.

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The Welsh Wesleyans are about four times as strong in North Wales as they are in the South. The figures for the northern province as given to the synod last week show 33 circuits, with 20,900 members. South Wales has 19 circuits, with 5,550 members.

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Talking about curious freaks of nature in the feathered world, there have been seen recently in Pembrokeshire a white sparrow, a black and white "blackbird," a crow with a white wing, and a few rooks entirely white.

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The first edition of 60,000 copies of the new Welsh hymn book of the Calvinistic Methodists has been sold out, and arrangements are now being made for a fresh supply.

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The throne in St. David's Cathedral, where Bishop Owen was enthroned, was erected by Bishop Morgan, nearly four centuries ago. It is on the south side of the choir, and is an imposing, graceful structure of wood, 29 feet in height. It comprises three seats, a central stall for the bishop, and one on each side at a lower level for attendant clerics. Some time ago the throne was carefully and minutely repaired.

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There has been considerable talk in Wales, these recent years, about the new poet. A new poetical era, it is said, is about to dawn. The new poet will be a poet of light and culture, not of rhyme and alliteration. Inspiration will supersede machine work. The days of the "awdl," "cywydd" and "englyn" are numbered. These are mere shadows of poetry.

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The following fact shows the great advancement of learning in Wales during the last 50 years. In 1843 there were only two ministers belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists possessing post-graduate degrees, the Rev. Lewis Edwards of Bala, and the Rev. David Charles of Trevecca. In 1860 there were only two in South Wales, and seven in North Wales and London. Last year, the number had increased to 32 in South Wales, and 67 in North Wales.

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Finlanders have their Eisteddfod, but they call in "Sordavola." Mrs. Alec Tweedie, in her new book "Through Finland in Carts," gives a graphic description of the institution "which," she says, "as in Wales is held annually in a different town, for the purpose of elevating the tastes of the people, and

of fostering the cultivation of music." Here is a hint for the promoters of the Cardiff National Eisteddfod: "Why not arrange an international choral contest, 'Wales v. Finland?'"

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Mr. Justice Ridley's recent indiscreet remarks upon the use of Welsh in law courts have been severely criticised in the Welsh press, the "Genedl Gymreig" declaring that justice can never be satisfactorily administered in the courts of Wales until judges are appointed who understand the language of Wales.

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In the "Weekly Mail," Morien writes about the English: "We in Wales are proud of the English people, for we regard them as our very superior children. Some people regard the English as German-Saxons, but I don't see the slightest resemblance between them. I say the Englishmen and Englishwomen are genuine Britons. They are Britons who have forgotten the British tongue."

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"The go of the age, in my opinion," says Watcyn Wyn, "is the leading feature. The advancement of learning and the searching after truth, and the attempt and the courage to give utterance to the truth on platform and in pulpit and press. The march of science has waked up dormant theology, and the man in the pulpit begins to speak his own mind, and endeavors to follow the Christ, and let the dead bury their dead. The general awakening, and the public sympathy for liberty of opinion and freedom of speech, has given courage and boldness to the platform speaker and the man of the press."

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Mr. T. H. Thomas has designed a new bardic crown for the Newport Eisteddfod, of which the following is a description:—In the centre is a British shield-shaped space supporting a model of the Gorsedd in burnished silver, or crystals, or amber, surrounded by engraved lettering, within the circle archaic raised lettering, above the bardic sign. On either side Celtic ornament, from which oak leaves and acorns taper to ends, the tapering broken by two studs material silver. All the decorations will be in strong relief.

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Among the many curios which Principal Prys has brought home with him from Egypt, the few tnat were shown to the Trevecca College Committee, and presented to that institution on Friday, attracted much interest. The most interesting undoubtedly was the gift of Mr. Bryan, of Cairo, which is described as the seal of Princess Thi, wife of King Amenophis III., who reigned about 150 years before Moses. This particular Amenophis stands out conspicuously among ancient Egyptian kings owing to the discovery made about ten years ago of a large number of tablets called Tel el Amarna, which were really the foreign correspondence of Amenophis III. with his subject kings in Canaan and other countries. Among the number of these subject kings was the "King of Salem" (Jerusalem), who, in his writings (included in the Tel el Amarna) claims that he is king, not by right of inheritance, but as a priest appointed by the Most High. If this were so, then it is supposed that he must have been a successor to Melchisedec, King of Salem, who was king in virtue of his priesthood.

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Already Welsh ladies have made bold to cast off their yoke, and to do many things at which their English sisters would throw up their hands in horror. Now, there are lady church-warddens. Two parishes in the diocese of Llandaff are superintended in church matters by women. One of these parishes is Newcastle, near Bridgend, the other Llandough-juxta-Cardiff, and up to the present neither has had cause to complain of the way in which the necessary duties are carried out. But where does the "horror" come in.

# CURRENT EVENTS.

## GOLD FEVER.

There is no doubt that the facts as told by the press are in the main strictly correct. The Klondike gold fields, however, are not in Alaskan territory. They are in the British provinces, in what is known as the Northwest Territories. The Klondike River, which has been on the map for about twenty years, but not under that name, branches from the Yukon River not far from the boundary between Canada and Alaska. The nearest way to reach the Klondike River, which is a very small one, and the gold fields, is from Chilkoot Inlet. Steamers run from Sitka there, and from Seattle and Tacoma. The distance from the head of Chilkoot Inlet to the Klondike is about 500 miles. To reach there it is necessary to cross the coast mountains and the chain of lakes, and short streams, which form the headwaters of the Yukon River. It is on these streams that the gold is found. The country is a rolling one, covered with grass.

There is a short, hot summer of about four months, with practically no spring or autumn. The ice begins to break up in the rivers about May 25, and navigation commences on the Yukon about the first week in June. It begins to get very cool by the latter part of September, and is almost winter weather by the first of October. The winter is very cold and dry, with not more than three feet of snow. There is only about three inches of rainfall during the winter, and not more than a foot or ten inches the whole year around.

## A CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT EBENSBURG, PA.

The Congregational Church of Ebensburg was thronged at all the services held June 20, in connection with its centennial celebration. The history of the church from its origin has been full of interest. It was organized in April, 1797, of twenty-four members, all of whom were recent comers from Wales. The first pastor was Rev. Rees Lloyd, who had been pastor of a Congregational church at Ebenezer, Pontypool, Wales, from which place and circumstance Ebensburg takes its name. At the time when these first settlers came to the mountains the place was a perfect wilderness, and it was only the most assiduous perseverance and sustained industry of these brave and noble men and women that could have wrought the transformation which after years made manifest.

Rev. George Roberts, who was ordained a deacon at the time Rev. Lloyd became co-pastor with the latter, and Rev. William Tibbott in June, 1808, Rev. Tibbott severing his pastoral relations with the body in 1822, and Rev. Roberts continuing for some time longer, later having as his co-laborer Rev. Morris Jones, who immigrated from Wales in 1822. Other pastors who have served the church are: Rev. Morris Jones, from 1827 to 1839; Rev. William D. Williams, from 1839 to 1843; Rev. John Howes, 1843-47; Rev. Llewelyn Powell, 1847-64; Rev. Thomas R. Jones, 1867-84; Rev. George Hill, 1884-92; Rev. R. Sir-

howy Jones, the present pastor. For about twelve months after Rev. Powell resigned, the pulpit was supplied nearly every Sunday by Rev. D. T. Davis (now of Shamokin), who was then engaged in business at Johnstown. There are many still living who have happy recollections of Mr. Davis' preaching. All but three of these were born in Wales, Rev. Howes being a native of Gloucestershire, England; Rev. Thomas R. Jones, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Rev. George Hill of Sirhowy, England. The services were changed from all Welsh to half English in the ministry of T. R. Jones, and to all English in 1886.

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## ANDREE'S BALLOON VOYAGE.

It would be a big feather in Sweden's cap if Andree were to succeed. The Nansen expedition was peculiarly Norwegian, although private subscribers from England and Russia helped to support it. Great pains were taken to let the world know that Norway was the patron of the doctor. The joy of the Norwegians over their hero made Sweden look kindly upon Andree's project, and should the aeronaut pass "the farthest north" of Nansen the rivalry between the nations will be somewhat satisfied.

It is a question whether the scientific fruits of Andree's expedition will amount to much, but there is more shell than substance to the scientific rewards of any arctic exploration. Nansen's was no exception. A great many soundings, leading to uncertain hypotheses, a small number of facts interesting to students of bird life, and some more or less vague deductions concerning currents, represent the total addition to human knowledge resulting from the voyage of the Fram. Nansen and Andree stand upon the same ground as candidates for the applause of the world. Both are exemplars of the courage and hardihood of the human race. One trusted himself to the unknown sea, the other to the unknown air. Both are heroes, and neither will lack praise while the world retains its affection for high courage and unhesitating enterprise.

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## COAL STRIKE.

Nobody can fail to sympathize with the miners. Of all classes they have perhaps suffered most severely during the last four years. Mining machines have to an important extent displaced men. Modern engines make a given amount of steam with one-half the coal of an old-fashioned engine. Oil and gas are competitors. Every factory shut down and every railway train laid off have meant less work for the miner. As a temporary expedient to carry him over until there is a market for more coal, or he can find something else to do, the proposed combine and higher price will be cheerfully endured, although the probabilities are that the higher price will bring new mines into the market until the agreement breaks under the pressure.

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## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Upward of thirty thousand members of the Christian Endeavor societies, almost none of whom were from the wealthy classes, were assembled in the metropolis of the Pacific Slope, at an expenditure that must have footed up in the aggregate more than $2,000,000. The fact was a splendid demonstration of the zeal and vitality of American Christianity.

The decision to hold the convention in San Francisco this year was not reached without some anxiety. Thus far the annual conventions of the societies had been in a sense cumulative in their size and importance; and it was felt, to say the least, that it was tempting fate to meet at a point so remote from the centre of population. But the result amply vindicated the wisdom of the choice. In point of numbers and enthusiasm the

convention will not suffer by comparison with any of those that have preceded it. Moreover, it received a royal welcome, not only from the great city of San Francisco, but from the whole of the Pacific Slope. Nothing was left undone to make the visit of the delegates enjoyable, and the memory of its delights will remain with them many a day.

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John T. Watkins, the celebrated Welsh baritone, sailed from Southampton for his home at Scranton, Pa., July 24, after having been very successful in the Royal Academy of Music, London. He won the two medals of his class, and was invested by the Princess of Wales. His many friends will be glad of his remarkable successes in music and oratory.

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## UTAH'S CENTENNIAL.

The success and prosperity of the colony is without a parallel in history. If Brigham Young could stand upon the summit of the Wasatch range on the 23rd of July, and again view the valley as he did fifty years ago, instead of a desert about to be settled by a half-starved colony, he would see a fairer Canaan than he ever dreamed of. He would see 20,000 rich and beautiful farms, 18,000 of which are absolutely free from debt, a town that he had founded half a century ago grown to a magnificent city of 50,000 people, worshiping in a temple which has few superiors on the globe.

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## THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

It is at length possible to gauge what proportions the gathering of the National Eisteddfod at Newport are likely to assume. As to the general arrangements, in the first place the pavilion would seem to be unexceptionable. It is centrally situated, the seating is conceived on an ample scale, the provision for natural light and ventilation is excellent; the artificial light is of the best. To sit on the broad-backed benches and listen to the choir of 600 picked voices practising is to get a foretaste of the more perfect performance, with the accessories of a big audience and of a phalanx of instrumentalists. The pavilion does much credit to its designer (Mr. B. Lawrence, architect) and its builder (Mr. George Martin). It is in form semi-circular, 346 feet from end to end, 50 feet in altitude at the highest point, and with an average height of nearly 40 feet. There is a broad promenade running around the semi-circle, and converging to the floor in front of the orchestra are numerous gangways between the seats. The entrances are twelve in number. The committee's idea was accommodation for 17,000 or 20,000. The total actual accommodation is 13,450, divided as follows:—Orchestra and platform, 600; first seats, 1,900; second seats and promenade, 4,790; third seats and promenade, 6,250. The arc lamps are of 2,000 candle power, hung at such an altitude as not to interfere in any way with a clear view of the orchestra from the point distant parts of the building. Very little decoration will be allowed to depend midway; everything in the shape of ornament will be fixed to the walls of the promenade, so as to lessen risk from fire or accident.

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We have the pleasure of informing our readers that the President has appointed Dr. G. W. Prees of Cambria, Wis., consul to Swansea, S. W. The salary is $2,500 with notarial fees. We congratulate the Doctor on his appointment.

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The Rev. John Roberts, D. D., intends to return to his missionary field in Cassia, India. The damage and loss caused by the earthquake call for his return.

# Original and Selected Miscellany.

## A GRACIOUS REPLY TO ROYALTY.

The Queen was once informed by the manager of her Shaw farm that a Mr. Elliott, a Scottish farmer, was a breeder of superior collie dogs, and she thereupon expressed a wish to possess one of them. Accordingly, Mr. Elliott forwarded two beautiful dogs, and her majesty was so enraptured with them that she gave orders that the next time he came to the farm he should immediately be taken up to the castle.

Mr. Elliott was somewhat uneasy as to how he should comport himself in the presence of royalty, and the manager spent a considerable time in putting him through his facings. At last the fateful day arrived, and he was ushered into the presence of the Queen:

Her majesty shook hands with him and said:

"Oh, Mr. Elliott, I have to thank you for the two beautiful collies you sent me!"

And to this gracious remark Mr. Elliott replied:

"Touts, touts, wumman! haud yer tongue! What's the maitter o' a pair o' dowgs between you and me:"

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## HINDOO SACRED CALENDAR.

The Hindoos call the whole of their four ages a "divine age;" and a thousand of these divine ages form a "cal pa," or one of Brahma's days, during which period he successively invests fourteen "menus," or holy spirits, with the sovereignty of the earth. Each menu transmits his empire to his posterity for seventy-one divine ages, and this period is called "manawantara;" and as fourteen of these make but nine hundred and ninety-four divine ages, there remain six, which are regarded as the twilight of Brahma's day. Thirty of these days form his month; twelve of these months one of his years; and one hundred of these years the duration of his existence.

The Hindoo sages assert that fifty of these years have already elapsed—so that we are in the first day of the first month of the fifty-first year of Brahma's age, and in the twenty-eight divine age of the seventh manawantara. The first three human ages of this age, and five thousand earthly years of the fourth are past. The Hindoo chronologists therefore calculate that it is 131,400,205,000 years since the birth of Brahma and the beginning of the world.

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## A CHANGED MAN.

The Hon. Wayne MacVeagh has been studying the politics of the United States from the close point of observation of a residence in Rome for the last four years, and he disclosed the result of this observation to the graduating class of the University of Pennsylvania lately. It seems that the country is in a bad way. Mr. MacVeagh finds that the voters have not that respect for law which they once had, and he attributes the change of feeling to the corrupt influences used by capitalists and corporations to secure legislation.

"The black flag of the corruptionist," he said, "is far more to be feared than the red flag of the Anarchist, and it is impossible to exaggerate the ethical change which would transfigure Ameri-

can politics if all capitalists and all corporations would, for the future, absolutely refrain from this misuse of money in politics, of which they have been guilty in the past. It would be as if there had appeared "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.'"

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## PIPING REPRODUCED.

One of the competitions at the Dublin Feis was in playing the Irish pipes, and seven pipers from various parts of the country, entered. The airs they played were all unpublished; they were played into a phonograph, for the purposes of preservation. One of the most amusing incidents imaginable was the repetition of the airs by the phonograph. Denis Delaney, who is a splendid type of man, had never heard the phonograph before, and when, after his performance, he put the tubes into his ear and heard his playing faithfully repeated, there was no describing him. His face beamed with joy, and in astonishment he thumped the table, shouting, "My G—d, did I ever play as well as that? Did iver ye hear the likes ov it? Ah! no, I nivir played like that." "Yes, Denny," said the operator, "that's your playing." "Well," responded Denny, thumping the table in another transport, "begor, that should pass."

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## THE RED HAT.

It is said that Innocent IV. first made the hat the symbol, or cognizance, of Cardinals of the Roman Church, enjoining them to wear a red hat in the ceremonies and processions in token of their being ready to spill their blood, if need be, in the cause of Christ.

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## ORIGIN OF THE DRUGGIST'S SHOW BOTTLES.

An interesting story is told in connection with the familiar red, yellow and green vases that brighten the windows of drug stores. The custom of placing them there originated with an apothecary who found himself one night minus the red light with which tradesmen of his class were accustomed to ornament their store fronts. To make up the deficiency he got a bottle of red liquid and placed a candle behind it. The effect pleased him so well that he decided to improve it by placing a second red light in the window, with the aid of another bottle of red mixture and an additional candle. This sign made such a brave showing that an envious rival cast about for means of improving on the sign. He hit upon the scheme of placing a bottle colored with yellow fluid beside the red one, and then surpassed his previous effort and carried all before him by placing a green bottle beside the yellow. The three made a sign that caught the town, and all the druggists quickly fell into line. The bottles were replaced with the handsome vases at present in use, and the druggist's sign was here to stay to brighten the dingy streets of town and village.

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## HUMILIATED.

One of those good-natured persons who are always bent on imparting information was humiliated not long since:

A negro was once seated on a rail-fence in Arkansas, intently looking at the telegraph-wires. A gentleman passing said,—

"Watching the wires?"

"Yes, sah."

"Waiting to see a message go by, hey?"

The negro smiled and said, "Yes, sah."

The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the work of the electric current to him at length. Concluding, he said,—

"Now, you know something about it.'

"Yes, sah."

"What do you work at?"

"I'm a telegraph operator at the Hazel Switch Station, sah."

## INAPPROPRIATE HYMNS.

In religious meetings, where the people are free to sing whatever hymn may occur to them, it sometimes happens that the liberty is the cause of a little embarassment.

In a church in New England the first hymn sung in the evening was,
"Come thou fount of every blessing."
In the course of fifteen minutes a brother came late, and after a little while, closing his eyes and throwing back his head, he started,
"Come thou fount of every blessing."
When the meeting was about half through, another arrived, and, not knowing that "Come, thou fount of every blessing" had already been sung twice, proceeded to sing it the third time.

A church adopted the custom of holding temperance meetings on the first Thursday evening of each month, in which the remarks and prayers were interspersed with singing.

At the close of some remarks on temperance the pastor said, "Let some one sing a hymn!" when the leader raised the hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

This, of course, embarrassed the pastor, and disturbed the people.

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## SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

The publication in London of the Logia Ihkou, or "Sayings of Our Lord," as translated from a papyrus leaf found in a mound at Behnesha, Egypt, by two English explorers, will create widespread interest among educated Christians. But the sayings are so disconnected, fragmentary and few, that they are likely to prove of no great value. One of them reads: "Jesus saith, except ye fast to the world ye shall in no wise find the Kingdom of God and except ye keep the Sabbath ye shall not see the Father." This sentence is held by some to be at variance with the teachings of Christ, while the others are thought to lack the New Testament ring of candor and earnestness. Still the Christian world at large will be inclined to withhold judgment concerning the contents of this papyrus until such time as more definite information is given concerning the proofs of its authenticity. The date of the document is fixed at somewhere between the year 150 and 300 A. D.

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## THE CAT IN ANCIENT TIMES.

The cat was very highly regarded in England at one time, both as a rat and mouse catcher, and as an ornament to society.

The ancient Egyptians treated a cat with great distinction. It was a crime to kill them. The most prominent cats were upon death embalmed in drugs and spices, and cat mummies have been found side by side with those of kings. When Cambyses, the Persian, attacked the Egyptian city of Pelusia, he cunningly provided his soldiers with cats instead of shields. When the host advanced, the the Egyptian city of Pelusia, he cunning- covering that they would be unable to do damage to their enemy without seriously imperiling the lives of vast numbers of cats. And so the city was taken easily. It cannot be disputed that the ancient Egyptian cats must have enjoyed life very much.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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## ART IN JAPAN.

The art of the Japanese differs from the Aryan or Indo-European, for it is not, as with them, the grafting of one style upon another, but the accumulated knowledge of many centuries, unaffected by foreign influences. Within its confined scope it was in advance of the art of other nations when the country was opened to foreigners. After the introduction of art, its development was greatly promoted by the influence of the feudal system. Pictorial art has never attained any great importance, but the decorative and industrial art of Japan is original and excites the admiration of the world. They know little of either

sculpture or music in their highest development, and their delineations of the human form, though showing skill, are only bizarre and grotesque; but they have the closest and the most sympathetic appreciation of nature in a most delicate and beautiful aspect, and their exquisite representations of the varied forms of animal, insect and plant life make their work the wonder and envy of our western artists. In porcelain, pottery and lacquered ware, and in metals and bronzes, the Japanese have never been surpassed; but in the increase of the demand the individual workman is giving place to men and women crowded together in factories, using machinery, where the personality of the workman disappears.

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## HIS OWN POET LAUREATE.

The Mikado knows his business. Not only does he save one salary, but he gets an article in poetry with which he cannot help being satisfied. It may be worse than the worst, and yet he feels that it is good; and even if it is worse than the worst, it must be many millions of diameters better than the productions of the laureate shops in England or of the rival shops kept by the gentlemen who think that they ought to have been appointed a laureate. Still, if the Mikado ever wants to take a vacation, he cannot do better than get Sir Edwin Arnold to be his substitute. Sir Edwin can produce a spirited lyric or a long epic by the simple process of stringing together a series of Sanscrit or Japanese words; and he has lived in Japan and loves it, and has a poetry wheel which is simply a prayer wheel slightly altered. He would be pleased to show goods to the Mikado at any time.

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## GODS MADE IN ENGLAND.

Among the industries of which England has long held a monopoly, says the Berlin "Tageblatt," and which can not easily be taken from her because she can underbid all competitors, is the manufacture of heathen gods. Birmingham is the center of this curious trade. Outsiders, especially journalists, are rigorously excluded from the works, yet "Kuhlow's Review" has managed to obtain some particulars, from which we take the following:

"Idols of all kinds, representing all sorts of deities, from Tokio to Timbuctoo, are turned out in Birmingham. The sale to the heathens themselves is a good one, but the best customers are the dealers in curios in Cairo, Damascus, Colombo., etc., who supply the unsuspecting traveler anxious to obtain some rare momento of his voyage. The price varies greatly. You may get a 'geniune Chinese idol'—made in England—in a London curiosity shop for half a crown, or you may pay £20 for a specially ugly one, 'stolen,' as the dealer will tell you, 'by a sailor during the Chinese War.' In the Cairo bazar, however, the price of a first class god of this sort is from £20 up. There is, according to the testimony of an expert, little difficulty in detecting a genuine native god from the Birmingham article. The first is handmade and displays some irregularities, the second is as correct in his get-up as a dude fresh from the hands of his tailor. There is no doubt that the trade is a fairly large one, and some sharp Birmingham business men will do well by it."

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## A VERITABLE GODSEND.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier made an exceedingly interesting announcement, when speaking at a banquet given in honor of the Colonial Premiers. He said that Canada had determined to open up a new route across the Rocky Mountains to British Columbia, and his colleague, the Minister of the Interior, had sent him word that the Canadian Pacific Railway would employ 1000 men, and give them a start in life, so that England could send at once to Canada 1000 men,

who would have work as soon as they landed there, and who, when they had completed that work, would chose wherever they liked a plot of 160 acres for no price at all except that they should make it their home. This would be good news at any time to British workingmen. Just now to the Bethesda quarrymen and the tin platers of South Wales it is a veritable godsend. It will be seen that the Canadian Premier fully and formally confirms the announcement made on Saturday at Bethesda by Mr. W. L. Griffith of Conway, the special agent of the Dominion Government in Wales.

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Mr. E. H. Jones has been mayor of Kimberley, South Africa, on several occasions, and has accumulated a considerable amount of worldly wealth. Mr. Jones is a very useful public man. It is also said that the Metropolitan, Bishop Jones of Cape Town, is a son of Gwalia. His name would tend to emphasize that impression; his work and ability render him an ornament of no ordinary value to any nation to which he may belong. The Bishop of Pretoria in the Transvaal is a most pronounced Welshman. Two years ago he delivered a most excellent speech at the Cambrian society in that capital, and woui with a splendid piece of poetry c own composition. The Rev. J. T. of Johannesburg, is pastor of a byterian church, and is believed the best preacher in the whole of Africa. There are other Welsh r ters out there who are doing a good work.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Mrs. Justwed—O! Harold! Th has eaten all of the angel cake I this morning!

Mr. Justwed (soothingly)— mind! I'll get you another cat to row.

"I rise for information," said th islator. "I am glad to hear it," his opponent, "for no one nee more."

"I am speaking for the bene the coming generation," said the winded preacher, and someone sai dibly, "Yes, and if you don't get th soon they'll be here."

She—There was no one at hom night, so I just sat and sang t clock.

He—What were you trying t Kill time?

## DEAR IRELAND.

By Willis Arden.

Loved Ireland! I kiss your lids, tear-red,
And your Gethsemane, your tear-drenched sod.
Blest Ireland! sad, fevered, thorn-crowned head,
Bent low, condemned to kiss the censor-rod.

Bruised Ireland! I love each brae and vale.
Sing, colleen, sing the land-song of your race;
"God save the Isle of Green!" though sore winds wail,
And throb, and rape and sorrow-track her face.

Crushed Ireland! we tread your ravished grounds.
Who would not weep with you who bear your wrongs,
And kneel him down, and salve your bleeding wounds,
And give his heart to loose your vassal-thongs?

New York City.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

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## REV. ERASMUS W. JONES.

The subject of this sketch was born in the parish of Llanddeiniolen, Carnarvonshire, Wales, on the 17th of December, 1817, at a house

REV. ERASMUS W. JONES.

called "Cefn y Gryddyn." He was the youngest of nine children, and the only one now remaining. For some years he attended school at Pentir. In 1831 his eldest brother, John, emigrated from Carnarvon to New York, and the following year, Erasmus, accompanied by his brother William, started for the same port. At the end of nine weeks and two days they reached the desired haven, and the younger brother, as expected, was taken into the family of his brother John. He attended Sabbath School and preaching at the Willet Street M. E.

Church. There for the first time he read and understood an English book. In the spring of 1834 his brother's family moved from New York to Trenton, Oneida County, where they remained for two years, when John went to Cazenovia to study for the English ministry, and Erasmus was sent to New York to finish learning his trade. In 1838 he returned, and settled in Remsen, where he remained until he entered the ministry. His experience in Remsen upon the whole was pleasant. He was a very good singer, and took prominent parts in concerts. He also spent much time in teaching singing schools. During that period the great Washingtonian Temperance reformation flourished. They had a strong society in Remsen, which met at the old academy. For speakers, they depended upon home talent. It was in this movement that Mr. Jones first undertook to speak in public, and by this practice he soon became a good speaker, and received invitations from near and far to address temperance meetings. After this he united with the Abolitionists. By this, for a time, he lost many friends, but at last the tide turned, and many of the pioneers in that struggle lived long enough to see of the travail of their souls, and to be satisfied.

During the year 1847 he received from the preacher in charge a license to exhort, and in the spring of 1848 he was recommended to the coming Conference for admission. He was admitted, and from that date until April, 1886, he filled the following appointments: Hammond, Hopkinton, Bombay, Steuben, Belgium, Baldwinsville, Boonville, Jordan, Euclid, Belleville, the army as Chaplain, Rodman, Copenhagen, Clayton, Lee, Hamilton, West Winfield, Sauquoit, and Whitesboro. While yet young, Mr. Jones gave substantial proof that he possessed a poetic talent. He has a beautiful silver medal, on which is engraved the following: "Presented by the Literary Committee of the St. David's Benevolent Society to Erasmus W. Jones for the best song on The Welsh Emigrant, N. Y., March 1st, 1842." In 1852 he paid a visit to his native land, and his preaching was followed by powerful revivals. In 1856 his first book, "The Captive Youths of Judah" was published, of which two editions were sold. In 1864 he was appointed chaplain in the army, where he served for two years. In 1870 an article from his pen appeared in "The New York Independent" on "The Welsh Pulpit." In 1873 he was awarded the prize of $25 at the Utica Eisteddfod for his story, "The Adopted Son of the Princess." In the "Atlantic Monthly" for March, 1876, was published his article, "The Welsh in America," which was highly complimented by the press. In the fall of 1882 he was suddenly overtaken by a deafness almost total. At the close of that Conference year he moved to Utica, and for three years he served the small society at Whitesboro. This was his last regular field of labor. Since he settled in Utica, notwithstanding his deafness, he has been

diligent as a writer, a lecturer and preacher. In 1885 he spent three months preaching among the Welsh churches of Ohio and Wisconsin, receiving kindness which he will never forget. In 1886 his "Llangobaith" appeared, and was well received by the press. In 1887 he paid another visit to the home of his childhood, and there wrote a series of letters to the "Drych," the "Wasg," the Utica "Daily Press," and the "Northern Christian Advocate." In 1888, before the Oneida Historical Society he read a paper on "The Early Welsh Settlers of Oneida County," which was published. In 1890, his "Gold Tinsel and Trash" was published by Hunt & Eaton. At the International Eisteddfod in Chicago during the World's Fair he took the $100 prize for the best translation of Llew Llwyfo's "Gwenhwyfar." After this he took the prize at the Pittsburg Eisteddfod for his translation of "An Ode on Sympathy." During the years he took several other small prizes.

Throughout the years of his English ministry he has been intensely Welsh in his sympathies, and has been present at nearly every Eisteddfod in Utica; and his brief bardic greetings have always been received with warm applause. In the 1882 Eisteddfod he was its conductor, and was highly complimented in the following day's dailies. Mr. Jones, although advanced in years, retains wonderfully his speaking powers, as well as his mental vigor. In a short address at the last Conference in Watertown he said: "My lungs are as strong as they were twenty years ago, if not stronger. I can lecture for over an hour on Friday evening, and preach twice on the following Sabbath without feeling any weariness." His lecture, "Two years as Chaplain of a Colored Regiment," has been delivered seventy-five times, and has always been well received. His other lectures are, "The Poetry and Poets of the Bible," "Rev. George Whitefield," "Rev. Christmas Evans," "Elements of Success," and "A Retrospective Glance at the Great Anti-slavery Struggle." His domestic life has been happy, blest with the best of wives, and good intelligent pious children. Of his education Mr. Jones says: "My school advantages in America have been quite limited, but I have not been without instructors. My teachers have been fully competent, and under my own roof. This home instruction has aided me in all my literary efforts for many, many years."

His life is a good illustration of the truth that a man does not need to be born among social privileges and educational advantages in order to attain a position of honor and usefulness. Personal ambition and personal effort in this land is sufficient to raise a young man among his fellow-men; and if he has an elevated aim, and has the right conception of the purposes of life, and devotes his spare time to self-culture, with the determination of becoming something, there is naught

to prevent him from succeeding. Mr. Jones' early circumstances and surroundings were not favorable to the success which he has achieved; but since he had energy, and since he had a will with a purpose he has succeeded. Some people have greatness thrust on them, others are born to greatness, but Mr. Jones is one of those who have achieved greatness by their own activity and loyalty to the principles of success. We wish him many years of leisure and happiness in the eve of life.

## WHERE IS IT?

By Rhydlan Kyffin.

"O! mother, where is that Happy Land,
Where gold in nuggets from dirt is panned;
Where mud is nothing but wealth disguised,
Where sand needs only to be revised?"
"My child! the land which they call Klondike
Where there's no railroad, nor path, nor pike;
Where barren mountains are icy cold—
'Tis there, they say, is the Land of Gold!"

"O! mother, where is that Happy Land,
The Yukon shore with its golden sand,
Where crazied seekers now rush away
To hunt for fortunes within its clay?"
"My child! 'Tis North where the rivers freeze,
Where Zero rules over all the seas;
Where sunshine comes on about July—
Is frozen out—and diggers die!"

"O! mother, where is that Happy shore—
Why could not we go and be poor no more?
O! let us now hurry to this rich Klondak,
Be both millionaires and then hurry back?"
"My child! I'm too old to be so far gone—
If you wish to go to the mines—"Yu-kon!"
The child replied, "You'll be older yet
Before "Al-ask-a" again, you bet!"

# AMONG WELSH RUINS.

## Roman and British Ruins in Wales.

By Rev. M. P. Jones.

Wales is not a large country; it seems a mere speck on the map. It is not a wealthy country, and therefore to many appears of no importance. But it is dear as the apple of his eye to the Welshman, and ought to receive more attention from the American tourist. Unsurpassed in natural grandeur and beauty, rich in historic interest, and abounding in legendary lore and ancient traditions, it is well worth a visit. Warriors have laid down their lives for it, poets have sung its praises, and orators have recounted its struggles and triumphs. It had a history before Julius Caesar invaded its inviting shores, a religion when Christianity was in its cradle, and a literature when the Saxons were roving savages. Its very hills have been made sacred by a thousand echoes from the past, and all its valleys and ravines have been baptized with the blood of heroes. On scarped cliffs and lonely heights, in shady glens and lovely dales are mute witnesses to the loyalty and devotion of her sons, and crumbling monuments to deeds of heroism and acts of faith.

**Of all the bright gems now adorning the light,**
**The earth is the brightest, most full of delight;**
**Of all the fair lands fanned by breezes and gales,**
**The fairest, the dearest, most glorious is Wales;**
**Of all the brave warriors, O, Fame, in thy halls,**
**The bravest had Cambria to answer her calls;**
**Of all the true Christians God's praises did sing,**
**The truest had Wales her sweet incense to bring.**

Much as we would like to trace the history of the Principality through the various vicissitudes which have befallen its people during twenty-four centuries, and much as we would enjoy taking the reader to every ruin of note within the Welsh borders, we must content ourselves with noticing only a few, selected from the large number which it was the writer's privilege to visit last summer. These military and ecclesiastical remains belong to different periods, and may be designated as Roman, British, and Norman. The Roman possibly are the oldest, as they belong to the first centuries of the Christian era. While these remains are numerous, scattered over a wide area, some are more worthy of mention than others.

One of the most notable Roman camps in South Wales once occupied the summit of a hill known as Garn Goch, situated about six and a half miles northeast of Llandilo. It

was about 600 yards long and 200 yards wide, with huge stone ramparts forming an oblong, and another rampart extending obliquely from the southwest end down to a point several hundred yards below the north-west end, where it ended in a tower or a massive gateway. None of the original works are now standing, but the outlines of the camp are easily traced by noting the long rubble heaps which encompass the spot. Near the center is a depression usually filled with water, and between this and the eastern entrance a road may be traced. Of this camp, as of the smaller, and according to some, the older one on the lower ground to the northwest, nothing is known, aside from the fact it was erected by the Romans. Was it built after the betrayal of the brave Caractacus by the treacherous queen of the Brigantes, and while the captive prince showed to imperial greatness by the boldness of his mien how well a Briton could behave in chains? Or was it some twenty years later, when Suetonius, after the horrible massacre of the Druids and others on the fair island of Mona, disgraced himself even in the eyes of the tyrant Nero by his cruelties to the noble and irrepressible Boadicea, who had proved herself more than a match to him in several battles? No one as yet can tell. The shovel of the excavator, if it has ever pried into the mysteries of this ancient camp has revealed no secrets, and the hoary heaps that now stare the eager antiquary in the face are silent as the sphinx of Egypt.

From the many Roman stations in Wales we choose one that has played an important part in Welsh history, and yielded many valuable clues to the lovers of antiquity. I refer to Caerleon on the river Usk in Monmouthshire. The average traveler as he hurries by the now inconsiderable town on the train, or rides through it in a private conveyance, sees but little to attract his attention, and if he is ignorant of its history he never dreams of its former greatness. Even the antiquarian finds in the scanty remains in orchards and fields but little to remind him of the fact that here was once "The City of Legions," and later the capital of the famous King Arthur and the seat of an archbishop. Fragments of a Roman wall, a hollow surrounded by a mound now known as the Round Table, but supposed to have once been an amphitheatre, a garden strewn with Roman antiquities, together with the contents of a small museum in the heart of the town are all the relics of Isca Silurum that time has left us. The wall is twelve feet thick, and in places about thirteen feet high, with large trees growing out of it. Here was the fortress, perhaps the very one that the Romans were building when they were suddenly surrounded by the fierce and justly incensed Silures, and escaped extermination only by receiving timely re-enforcements from the neighboring camps. Like all Roman fortresses it was oblong,

three sides being straight, and the fourth curvilinear. The corners were rounded, and the inclosure included a circumference of eighteen hundred yards. The hollow supposed to have been an amphitheatre, is two hundred and twenty-two feet by one hundred and ninety-two, its form being oval. As the sides of the cavity are now covered with turf, the visitor discovers no signs of the stone seats said to have been laid bare in the last century. What is now called Castle Mound is also supposed to have originally been the site of a Roman tower. It is three hundred yards round at the base, and ninety at the top, the Normans having greatly added to its original size in order to supplant the original tower with a castle, of which nothing is now left but the foundation. In the middle of the last century, however, the ruins were about forty feet high.

While the present Roman remains give no clue to the former grandeur of Isca Silurum, Giraldus Cambrensis, borrowing from Geoffrey of Monmouth, gives a description worthy of the place it occupied as a colony and capital of Britannia Secunda during the first centuries of the Christian era. He says, "Many remains of its former magnificence are still visible: splendid palaces, which once emulated, with gilded roofs, the grandeur of Rome; for it was originally built by the Roman princes, and adorned with stately edifices, a gigantic tower, numerous baths, ruins of temples, and a theatre, the walls of which are partly standing. Here we still see, within and without the walls, subterranean buildings, aquedects, and vaulted caverns; and what appeared to me most remarkable, stoves, so excellently contrived as to diffuse their heat through secret and imperceptible pores." Well did King Arthur in the next century after the departure of the Romans fix upon this magnificent city as his capital. The grand villas mentioned by Giraldus must have been still not only habitable, but in a good state of preservation, and he could take the choicest as his royal residence, and the theatre was just the place in which to assemble his knights of the Round Table. In the lapse of years, however, these relics of Roman art and magnificence were allowed to fall into decay. The Briton less accustomed to luxury than plain comforts, and more ignorant of architectural art than of the science of war was ill-prepared to repair the damages wrought by the ravages of time and war. Indeed, when it suited his purpose he found it much easier to aid the destruction of these ancient buildings than to assist in their preservation.

Not less interesting than these Roman remains are the ruins of British fortresses. The searching eye of the antiquary often lights upon these in North and South Wales alike. With so many enemies to contend with it is no wonder that the Britons found it necessary to construct so many defenses. Holding the land of their fathers dearer than life they justly resented

the intrusion of foreign foes. Therefore every mountain pass in Wales was at one time or another guarded either by a strong tower or a fortified camp. In many instances these were taken either by the Romans or the Normans, and used with telling effect against the natives; in other instances they were never taken, or if taken they again became the possession of the native princes. The ruins of fortified encampments are far more numerous than those of ancient towers. Indeed, in North Wales at least, only one sample of the latter remains. I refer to what is known as Dolbadarn Castle. It stands near the junction of the two lakes of Llanberis, and was originally one of five castles which guarded as many passes in the Snowdonian region. It is considered to be of great antiquity, and has been in ruins for many centuries, for Leland, a contemporary of Henry VIII. tells us that only the present decayed round tower remained in his time. By whom it was built, and how many stirring and bloody events it has witnessed, no one can tell. It is evident that it never was very large, and what remains of it is only ten feet inside the walls, and twenty feet high. Though much of its history is lost, one or two incidents of a thrilling character have been preserved.

Dolbadarn Castle, from the Lakes, Llanberis.

A Welsh prince called Owen Goch was confined in this tower for more than twenty years for rebelling against his brother Llewelyn, the last native prince of Wales. His captivity was shared for a time by his brother David, who rebelled on his own account. But he never like David was fortunate enough to effect his escape. A contemporary bard touched by his cruel fate com-

posed an ode of which the first verse reads as follows:

"From yonder height a captive's sighs
Are wafted toward me by the gale—
There chained, abandoned, Owen lies,
And I still live to tell the tale!
To tell how a brother's doom
Yon towers are Owen's living tomb."

Hard as was the prisoner's fate, his confinement was less rigorous than the bard would make us believe. Had he been kept in a dungeon, or loaded with chains, he would hardly have lived twenty

Llanberis, Snowdon and the Pass.

years. While he was kept under close surveillance, he was probably where he could see his strong prison, together with the promontory on which it stands, reflected in the clear water of Peris Lake, and catch a glimpse of the rugged heights which frowned down upon him from their dizzy altitude. Even this, however, was poor comfort, since he could not scale them, and breathe the air of freedom. Whether any one but death ever released him must remain forever a secret. Not so uncertain was the tragic end of a fair maiden, who, according to tradition dwelt with her father in this same castle. She also was restricted, not by strong and lofty walls, however, but by the will of an arbitrary father. She was in love with William of Montgomery; her father preferred Hector of Marchlyn Mawr, and the two young men were infatuated with her. Both lovers were encouraged in their suits, the one by the daughter, the other by the father. It is not told whether the two lovers ever came to see the fair Margaret the same night or not; but it is evident that matters came to such a pass at length that a final choice had to be made. The young lady accordingly taking advantage of a tournament that was to be held

at the castle, proposed that the young knights decide her fate and their own by force of arms, secretly believing, no doubt, that William of Montgomery would come off victorious, which he did. Before the encounter took place, it was agreed by the interested parties that the vanquished should not only lose his claim to Margaret's hand, but also present the victor a steed to be ridden by the lady on her wedding day. By a pre-arrangement, which Hector, doubtful of the outcome of the encounter, had made with a witch abiding in a mountain cave, the verdict in favor of his rival was hardly given, when a remarkably beautiful white palfrey galloped into the arena to the delight of all. It was just such a gift as any maiden may wish, to enhance the pleasure of her wedding day; but alas, it was a demon-steed. Ignorant of this fact Margaret proudly mounted it on her wedding morn, and attended by a large escort of armed knights she gaily rode towards the church of St. Peris, with the bridegroom on her right, and Hector on the left. When the church was almost reached the demon-steed took fright at the sight of a cross on the church gates, and bounded away with the bride, followed by the now thoroughly alarmed escort. The palfrey's feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, and it was speedier than the wind. None of the knights except the bridegroom could overtake it, and he did so only as it reached the narrow pass of Penmaenmawr, which was too late, for as he threw his arm around the lady's waist, horses and riders plunged over the precipice into the sea, turning the wedding day into mourning.

Kent, Ohio.

## THE NEW WOMAN—ONCE OUR SUPERIOR, NOW OUR EQUAL.*

By Rev. R. Sirhowy Jones.

The subject is aptly worded, and is significant of a profound truth. Nature everywhere assigns to woman the position of superiority. This in the position accorded her at the creation. Chronologically she comes after man, but that is only an instance of the good wine being kept last. She was created to be the helpmeet of man. The original specimen of humanity was such a helpless, shiftless, unambitious, self-centred being that the Almighty took pity upon him, and sent him a lovely woman, who with her superior charms would bring inspiration and joy into his life. Every effort of nature is an improvement upon her last effort. Woman is God's improvement upon man. The re-

*Prize essay at Scranton Eisteddfod.

sources of the architect are taxed, not in the putting together of the rough materials of his building, but in the harmonizing and elaborating of its finish. It was at the creation of woman that God finished and elaborated the magnificent palace of manhood, which had been left in the rough at the creation of man. Woman is man with God's finishing touch put on. I pass by the fall with the simple remark that the tempter, with characteristic insight, immediately recognized the superiority of woman. Why else did he select her for his attack? For the devil, whatever else he may be, is no fool nor coward, and he knew if he could capture the superior citadel it would be a very easy matter to storm Fort Adam.

The superiority of woman is something not reducible to mathematical expression. It is *spirituelle* in its nature. The artist alone can express it. The pen of the essayist is too dull, too heavy. But the poet, who with true artistic impulse has described the ideal womanhood—and what true poet has not? What poet could resist?—has touched the chords of the universal heart of man to a responsive amen. Her superiority belongs, not to the physical or intellectual realms, but consists of that subtle, undefinable, yet universally recognizable quality that clothes her with such charm as to make her the easy conqueror of the self-styled "lord of creation." By the inexorable decree of the Creator she is differentiated from man by the beauty and delicacy of her organization, by her artistic instincts, by her refined feelings, by her truth-perceiving intuitions, and by the exquisitely tender qualities of her heart. Where man fails by sheer force and strength, woman wins by persuasion and love. Her superiority is the superiority of the softening influence of sunlight over the mechanical force of the sledge-hammer.

The most sacred of all institutions is the home. The queen of the home is woman. From conception, through birth, and for years afterwards the infant life is molded almost wholly from the mother's side. "The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world." Maternity next to Godhood, calls forth the deepest reverence of man's heart. Woman in her ideal sphere is the personification of love, patience, tenderness, sweetness; and is holy, almost worshipful. No other earthly kingdom can vie with that of the home for the wealth of its resources, and the far-reaching extent of its influence, and she who sits upon its throne can covet no higher nor more resplendent one. This is the ideal womanhood, which, although lost for centuries from the world's conception, has long been re-discovered by the progressive spirit of Christian civilization. But in some quarters, today, it seems as though woman, like a vain and foolish queen, spoiled by the exaggerated adulation of her subjects, is in danger of abdicating her throne, and of throwing to the dust the diadem with which God has crowned her.

The New Woman, in her desire to be man's equal, voluntarily subjects herself to the law of degeneration. She thrusts herself into his pulpits, harangues from his platforms, sits in his editorial chairs, practices in his law courts, and engages in his trades. She dons men's clothes, adopts men's mannerisms, wears men's caps, cuts her hair short, plays men's games, smokes men's pipes, and becomes generally "mannish." Environment must tell; the pursuits of life have a subtle influence in determining the quality of character developed through them. And when woman enters upon the pursuits of men, she inevitably becomes affected thereby toward masculinity; and this obliteration of the distinctive qualities which have always made her the idol of man's heart must necessarily destroy man's passion for her. Is it not a downward step when the high priestess renounces her altar to betake herself to the political platform?

The newer the woman becomes, the worse man she is. The very new woman deliberately ignores the marital relation, or wilfully destroys her maternity; she wickedly rejects the very notion of home. She sells her birthright for the privilege of making a few rancorous stump speeches at the political hustings. President Cleveland never penned truer or nobler words than when, in the name of his wife, he wrote to a Woman's Political League these words: "It is impossible for us to approve of the use of Mrs. Cleveland's name in designation of the clubs designed to do political work. We trust you will not undervalue our objection, because it rests upon the sentiment that the name now sacred in the home circle as wife and mother may well be spared in the organization and operation of clubs created to exert political influence."

The trades and professions as ill befit woman as do politics. She should be spared work in the sense of toil, for the reason that she supplies her quota of nature's dues in her sufferings and duties as the mother of the race. Beside this, toil makes her ugly, destroys the symmetry of her fair proportions, and the beauty of her grace; and the world cannot afford to be robbed of its most beautiful possession. Moreover, woman's intrusion into the pursuits of men lowers the marketable value of the genuine masculine article, and reduces the remuneration of labor. Let woman return to her old-fashioned belief in man, and he will loyally provide for her maintenance in regal style. Then, the professions. It is evident that general and promiscuous practice in any of them is impossible to woman. Though women preachers may be occasionally tolerated, women politicians and women lawyers are intolerable monstrosities.

We begrudge not woman the facilities of higher education, but believe that the true field of her advance lies in the culture of the emotions. For if this field be left uncultivated—and uncultivated it will be, if woman leaves it for other pursuits—it must result in a distinct loss to

the world's fund of sweetest and purest and most refining influences. The world needs ministering angels in human form to cheer its sorrowing heart, and sweeten its bitter cup. True women are such angels. There can be, then, no identity of spheres for man and woman, for the simple reason that there is no identity of natures. There can be no identity of natures without the obliteration of sex. Sex is the order of God. The distinction is eternal, and no enactments of Congress or Parliaments, or Declarations of Woman Righters can remove it Why try to re-create nature?

Ebensburg, Pa.

## ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

### Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of Its Founders.

### Fourth Paper.

No further attempt at the invasion of Canada was made by the continental army, and the headquarters of the northern department were now transferred to the city of Albany. Here Colonel Lewis was for the most part employed in discharging the duties connected with his staff appointment. In the fall of 1780 he took part in the expedition under General Robert Van Rensselaer, against the partisan corps under Sir John Johnson, and the fierce warriors of the savage Brant, who were laying waste the beautiful and fertile valley of the Mohawk. On this occasion, he was honored with the command of the advance; and in the engagement at Stone Arabia, he did good service at the head of his men, exposing himself fearlessly in the melee, and contributing essentially to the defeat and rout of the enemy. Subsequently he accompanied Governor Clinton to Crown Point, with a strong party of troops, in order to cut off the retreat of the same party of marauders who had debarked at that place, and crossed over the country on another errand of destruction. The attempt was unsuccessful, and the mongrel band escaped the fate which they had so richly deserved.

"At the close of the war, Mr. Lewis resumed his professional studies, and was duly admitted to the bar. He commenced practice in the city of New York, and soon secured a very respectable share of business. He was naturally fond of the 'pomp and circumstance' of war, was appointed colonel commandant of a legionary corps of volunteer militia, at the head of which he escorted General Washington on the

occasion of his first inauguration as President of the United States. Previous to this event, but in the same month, he had been elected a member of Assembly from the city and county of New York on the Federal ticket. Before the time for the next annual election came round, he removed to Dutchess County, but his friends insisted on presenting his name to the electors of that county, and he was again returned to the legislature. Soon after this he was appointed one of the Judges of the Dutchess Common Pleas. On the 8th of November, 1791 he was appointed Attorney General of the State,to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Aaron Burr, who had recently been elected a Senator in Congress.

Mr. Lewis continued rapidly to ascend the official grades, which finally conducted him to the highest office in the State. In the summer of 1792, the council of appointment determined to create a fourth Judge of the Supreme Court, and by the casting vote of Governor Clinton the office was conferred on Mr. Lewis; and in 1801 the latter was made Chief Justice. Upon the bench he presided with dignity and impartiality. His decisions were marked by candor and good sense, and by his firmness, tempered by a kind and agreeable manner, he commanded respect, and enforced obedience, without incurring the ill will of suitors or attorneys. In 1804 General Lewis was nominated for the gubernatorial chair in opposition to Aaron Burr, and elected.

Among the first official acts of Governor Lewis, was that of recommending to the legislature, in his speech at the opening of the session in January, 1805, the subject of making some permanent provision for the encouragement of education, and the support of common schools; and if he had no other claim upon the favorable regard of his fellow-citizens, this alone should entitle him to their lasting gratitude. 'I cannot conclude, gentlemen,' said he, 'without calling your attention to a subject which my worthy and highly-respected predecessor in office (George Clinton) had much at heart, and frequently, I believe, presented to your view—the encouragement of literature. In a government resting on public opinion, and deriving its chief support from the affections of a people, religion and morality cannot be too sedulously cultivated. To them, science is an hand-maid; ignorance, the worst of enemies. Literary information should then be placed within the reach of every description of citizens, and poverty should not be permitted to obstruct the path to the fame of knowledge. Common schools, under the guidance of respectable teachers, should be established in every village, and the indigent educated at the public expense. The higher seminaries also should receive every support within the means of enlightened legislation. Learning would then flourish, and vice be more effectually restrained than by volumes of penal statutes.' These were words of wisdom, and

they were wisely heeded. On the 5th day of February succeeding, the Governor sent a special message to the legislature, in which he advised that the proceeds of the public lands of the State, amounting to one and a half millions of acres, should be exclusively appropriated to educational purposes. A bill was forthwith introduced, which became a law on the 2nd of April, setting apart the net avails of the first five hundred thousand acres of land that should be sold, and three thousand shares of bank stock, as a fund for the use of common schools, to accumulate till the interest amounted to fifty thousand dollars per annum; after which the latter was to be annually distributed, for the promotion of the great object in view, in such a manner as the legislature might direct.

In this manner, upon the recommendation of Morgan Lewis, was the foundation of the present common school fund first laid. One improvement after another has been made, until now we have a splendid system of education, to which the citizens of New York may justly point with exultant pride. Its influence is felt in every nook and corner of the State; in the crowded thoroughfares of our large towns and cities, and in the quiet hamlet embosomed amid the leafy drapery of our virgin forests; in the marble palace of the millionaire, and in the humble cottage of the laborer.

The District School "Journal," May, 1846, says: "The district school is no longer the repulsive, dreary and tedious place of mental and bodily torture, which has furnished the fertile theme of wit and sarcasm to so many of the highest class of minds. Music and innocent hilarity, play grounds, adorned with the choicest flowers, and cultivated with the most assiduous care; walls, ornamented with the most tasteful and attractive drawings; and seats and desks, arranged with the utmost regard for the comfort and convenience of the occupant; kind, attentive, and faithful teachers, and cheerful, obedient and happy pupils —now meet the eye on every hand; and the work of education is everywhere progressing with a power and success hitherto unknown."

The wish of Governor Lewis has been fulfilled. Poverty no more obstructs "the path to the fame of knowledge," and the indigent are educated "at the public expense." The starting-point in the career of learning has been made free to all; and the son of the rich man enjoys no greater privileges, in this respect, than the young stripling, with no fortune but an honest heart and a determined spirit, who presses forward beside him in the race.

The war in 1812 found Mr. Lewis somewhat advanced in years. The noon-time of life had passed away; age had impaired the vigor of his body, but it had neither weakened the strength of his mind, nor destroyed, in aught, the fire of patriotism that continued to burn in his heart. His services were promptly offered to the general government, in anticipation of a collision, and in

the month of May, 1812, he was appointed quartermaster-general of the army of the United States, with the rank of brigadier general. His connection with the quartermaster's department now ceased, and he accompanied General Dearborn to the Niagara frontier. At the capture of Fort George, General Lewis followed closely the movement of the advance corps under Colonel Scott, with the whole of his division, and aided in dispersing and scattering the enemy's troops. He then ordered the pursuit to commence, but almost immediately countermanded his orders, under the direction of the commander-in-chief. Thus was Scott recalled when the enemy were "within his grasp near Queenstown;" and thus were many of the substantial advantages that might have resulted from the attack lost to the army, through no fault of General Lewis.

At the close of the war he retired from public life, though he was afterwards frequently elevated by the partiality of his fellow citizens to places of honor and usefulness. At the celebration of the Centennial anniversary of the birthday of Washington, on the 22nd of February, 1832, he delivered the oration, at the request of the Common Council of the City of New York. In 1835 he was elected President of the New York Historical Society; and at the time of his death he was the presiding officer of the State Society of Cincinnati, and the Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of New York, and also President of the St. David's Society, which he held for six years. He rarely participated in political controversies, though always recognized as a member of the Republican or Democratic party. In the animated contest of 1840 he took a deep interest, and so far deviated from his usual custom, as to preside at a mass meeting held by his friends at Kingston.

He lived to an age far beyond the ordinary allotment of humanity, and died in the City of New York on the 7th day of April, 1844. He was married in the spring of 1779 to Gertrude Livingston, the sister of Robert R. and Edward Livingston. This union was a long and happy one, and was terminated by the death of Mrs. Lewis in the seventy-sixth year of her age. They had a large family, and many of the descendants are among the most useful and enterprising citizens in the city and State of New York.

To the amenities of a gentleman he united the attainments of a scholar. He was a friend to the unfortunate, a public benefactor, kind and amiable in the relations of private life, and a patriot, sans peur, et sans reproche."

New York City.

# THOUGHTS ON THE JEW.

By James B. Davies.

The Jew is a character—a wonderful character. Second to none on the face of the globe. No man ever stood a better chance for annihilation than the Jew, but he has baffled the German Emperor, the Czar, the Caesars, the Arabian Caliphs, the Assyrian kings, and Nebuchadnezer, also the Pharaohs, from the brickyard until they left him in the sea. The mixed persecuted races of the world disappear one after another, but the Jew like iron, loses nothing but the dross, under the hammer of penal law and torture. The Jew is here, he is there, he is everywhere. A town without him would be an odd town, and open to suspicion. He is not noisy, but there is not an intellectual wave that sweeps over society without the participation of the Jew. Kings and emperors can declare war, but dare not, without consulting some Rothschild for money on the Rialto to defray expenses. The influence of the Jewish mind in the governing of the affairs of Europe is beyond the imagination of the Gentile family, except those behind the scenes.

The English nation's sarcasm once nearly became a crust of ice around Benjamin Disraeli's head, but with great energy and power he broke through into the glory of the premiership of Great Britain and the earldom of Beaconsfield, among the highest honors under the sun.

When this Jewish Earl was transacting business for Great Britain at foreign courts, he found several of the same flesh and blood as himself at the helm of state. At St. Petersburg he had an interview with the Russian Minister, Count Cancrin, son of a Lithuanian Jew. He went from Russia to Spain, and had an audience with the Spanish Minister, Senor Mendizabel, son of Nuevo Christiano, a Jew of Arragon. He went from Spain to Paris, and there had an interview with the President of the French council, the son of a French Jew. This President of the French council made an application to the Prussian Minister to attend the conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and to the Earl's surprise he was a Prussian Jew. If the Earl could only convert the four mentioned Jews and himself into Welshmen, and finish the trip in the National Eisteddfod, he could upset the pavilion with enthusiasm.

The Germans are great critics and scholars, but there would be marvels without Jews. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity in Berlin is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same University, is a Jew. Wehl, the first Arabic scholar of the day, and professor of Heidelburg, is

a Jew. The claim is made that there are about a dozen Jewish professors in Berlin alone. If this is so, the Jew can boast of his heavy percentage of power in training, even over the Christian mind of the world. Amsterdam gave them the great Spinoza, who was a philosopher that could drink deep of the Peruvian bark, and had patience to endure more than the toothache. The Jews are not all singers. They do not tax bad voices to slander the fine art of music, but sweet music is not sour to them when time and proportion go hand in hand. Let us listen to what the Earl of Beaconsfield says on this point: "Almost every great composer, skilled musician, and almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains spring from our tribe. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate, too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, are of Hebrew race, and little do you men of fashion, your muscadians of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into rapture at the notes of a Pasta, or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel. I speak not of the past, but at this moment all musical Europe is ours." A great claim this, and made by a great man, but if made in an Eisteddfod it would create a high temperature, and looking for the hat would soon be in order, either in Ireland, England, Wales or America, for there is a sweetness in music that will curdle by jealousy in the least portion of time, and set madness in action before reason can open its eyes. A higher claim than this the Jew has over the Gentile world, for to his moral and civil laws we are nothing better than subjects and bondsmen. Our Bible is nothing better than a Jewish volume. Of course it is the holy book of God, but run by him through the Jew as a mediator between him and the Gentile. The revelation of God is revealed to us in the literature of the Jew. God's ideas were sent to us in the ideas, customs, fashion and geography of the Jew. The Son appeared in Jewish flesh and bones, lived like a Jew, died like a Jew, and never ceased to be a Jew. His apostles were Jews, and the Apostle Paul was always taking a long breath when proclaiming himself a Jew. Judaism was the cradle of Christianity, and very near became its grave. Even the Apostle Peter renewed the rocking of this cradle, and would have driven the child Christianity to death with his patriotism only for the Apostle Paul. "When Peter was come to Antioch I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." This proves that Paul would make a better Pope than Peter, for he stopped the rocking and soothing, and became the best nurse to the Gentile, and the first defender of spiritual religion, which is in Christ Jesus. However, they were all Jews, ex-

cellent and good men. They rendered unto us a testament that includes an everlasting inheritance, salvation through the Son, which was offered, first to themselves as the chosen children of the Most High.

The Sabbath is the greatest of holy days. It is the seventh portion of time set apart for man and beast to recruit strength to fulfill the purpose of their creation. If this great day had happened to become law through Congress, Reichstag or Parliament, the author of the bill would have been better known than Lincoln, Emperor William, or Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. But Sunday is of the Lord. He gave it to the Jew as a sign forever, and he handled it with the greatest care, and brought it down unto us from the beginning of time. So this welcome day is of the Jew in all its bearings. The Gentile is losing its color in the service of the day by honoring the Jew in his prayer, sermon and song, until he becomes Jewish. Every layman, priest and preacher have nothing on Sunday night within the compass of his knowledge to dream of, but the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. So consistence and honor demands that homage should be paid to the Jew every day of the week, and especially on Sundays.

Plymouth, Pa.

## A STORY OF A WELSH GHOST.

By Rhydian Kyffin.

Rochefoucauld, the French wit, was very near the truth when he said that ghosts and love are very much alike, because although they are much talked of, they are rarely seen. This story I am about to relate seems to verify that saying. Some time ago I was traveling in the western part of ———, and I visited a village wherein a number of Welsh people lived. I suppose the reader knows by experience how a man feels when he visits a strange town, wherein every one is an utter stranger. One seems at home on a train, although among strangers; but once a man steps off he seems to realize his position. After landing on the platform, and while endeavoring to collect my thoughts into a purpose, an old man approached me, and inquired if I was a stranger. I told him it was just so.

"Well, I suppose," he said, "you are not acquainted."

"Not exactly," I replied; "I know Mr. —— by name, and I believe we know enough of one another to make our meeting interesting. My idea was to ask for him, and I was confident that he would assist me in further arrangements. Although he has never seen me, he knows me by

reputation, which I believe would be a ground for introduction. I somehow suspect he would be glad to see me, unless I am sadly mistaken."

"Well if so," he said, "accompany me up to the house, and I'll 'fix' up, and we'll visit him."

Before we had reached his house he had told me a good deal regarding the character and standing of our mutual friend. He told me he was a farmer, and that he lived north-east of the village, about a mile away. After "fixing up" I took my seat in the buggy beside him. In this part of the country the roads are rectangular, and so when you wish to go a mile you have to travel a mile and a half. We started off north, then we turned east, again we turned north, and again east, until we reached the gate at the bottom of the lane which led up to the farm-house. My coachman was much of a critic (or rather, a cynic), and it seemed that he did not entertain high regard of the farmer.

"You are not acquainted with Mr. ——?" asked he.

"No," said I; "I have received a couple of short letters from him; but they gave me very little insight into his personality."

"Well," he said, "if egotism were consumption he would have been dead long ago."

"Every exaggeration," said I, "is an imperfection; and we ought to congratulate ourselves that the multifarious forms of selfishness are not physical diseases and plagues, or the human race would have been extinct ages ago. A little egotism is agreeable, but an excess of it is certainly a nuisance."

By this time we had arrived at our friend's residence, which looked more like a palace than a farm-house. It was surrounded with porches, the columns of which were highly ornamented, and the whole building appeared far more massive and colossal than it really was. There was considerable waste of style and architecture; and much pains had been taken to accumulate appearances for purposes of demonstration.

The farmer was called out, and I was introduced to him as Mr. ——, and was kindly received, and invited into the house. Having thanked my coachman cordially for his services I followed my host into the house, and I found him very sociable and hospitable. I forthwith became interested in the history of the house, and commenced putting inquiries regarding the palatial residence, in response to which he related the following:

"Everybody seems struck with the majestic appearance of this house, and it is really a freak of architecture, and it certainly is too fashionable a residence for an agriculturist. It serves as a monument of unrealized ambition, and proves the vanity of earthly plans. My predecessor (and owner of this property) became wealthy by the demise of an uncle, and being a poor man, and inexperienced, he did not know exactly what to do with such a fortune. After some deliberation

that it might have been a ghost, but he became resolved to build the biggest house in the township, and so annoy his neighbors. His family consisted of a wife and an only daughter, who both died within two years after they had moved into their new home. He very soon followed, and the estate was rented out for common farming."

The house was much too large for the present tenant; in fact one room was large enough to accommodate his family. My host and myself, for a length of time, conversed and discussed the questions of the day, which were then the silver and tariff questions. About ten o'clock we prepared to retire, and Mr. —— fetched and lighted a lamp, and was about to lead me into a spacious downstairs room, when I noticed that he and his wife passed rather suspicious looks. He seemed to wear a face which meant, "Will I tell him?" and she had a nod in her eye, as if she wished to say, "You better do so." So he turned round, and told me the following little incident.

"I believe it will be better to tell you this before you retire. It was in this room that Mr. and Mrs. —— and their daughter died, and they departed this life in the very corner where you are going to rest; and so as to put you on guard we wish to tell you a mysterious occurrence that happened here one night last winter. A reverend friend of mine called here on his way back from a western tour, and I was highly pleased to welcome him, and we talked of he retired to this very room. He had about $200 on him, the receipts of his preaching tour. I bade him good night, and wished him happy dreams, and went up stairs. About twelve o'clock, I was suddenly aroused by one of the most unearthly yells I ever heard in my life, and almost scared out of my body; I rushed down stairs, and met my friend wildly rushing up to meet me, as white as a sheet, speechless with terror, and for a while he could not utter a word. After a minute or two he recovered self-possession to tell me what had occurred. He had retired to bed, and being weary, he fell asleep in a few minutes, but somewhere about midnight he was awakened by a frightful noise, as if some one was trying to break through the door, which opened on the porch. He had read of burglars in America, and having a considerable sum of money in his possession he feared that these had undertaken to rob him. The sound being magnified by the large and unfurnished room, and he being partially aroused, which would increase his fears, he jumped out of bed, and uttered the fearfulest yell, undoubtedly ever uttered, which pierced the quietness of the midnight hour. We inspected and examined the doors carefully, but could discover no signs or marks of violence. We went outside, and looked around and inside the out-houses, but could see no traces of intrusion—no foot-prints. Then came to my mind the recollection of the deaths which had occurred in that room, and I feared

old times until eleven o'clock, when I did not mention this to him. For a time I believed the house was haunted, and ever since, my wife and I have been greatly worried over that night's incident."

What could a man do under the circumstances, and in such a crisis? I hated the idea of seeking other lodgings for the night, and I discarded the thought of showing any signs of cowardice in such a strait. I took the lighted lamp and entered the room, and he accompanied me inside the door, and continued to encourage and advise me, and finally told me to leave the lamp lighted, and if anything extraordinary should happen to let him know. I was perfectly composed—apparently; but I must confess that I felt a little nervous and embarrassed, although I was not afraid. I closed the door, placed the lamp on a small table in the extreme south-west end of the large room, and examined the place with some interest. It was more like a public hall than a bed-room, and the ceiling was uncommonly high. The least sound was distended greatly, and its hollowness and ghostliness reminded me of some cavern in a coal mine. I coughed once, which seemed to be magnified and re-echoed fourfold by the four sides of the room, and it seemed to be rolled or coiled up for future use. Finally, I turned the light down low enough to make things barely visible, and retired into bed, and strange enough I was asleep in less than fifteen minutes. That showed I was pretty compos mentis, and cared very little for ghosts and spectres. About twelve o'clock I was startled by the most horrible crash I had ever heard in my life! It seemed as if a strong man was wrenching the door open with a crow-bar. I rose up in bed and looked around, but could see nothing. I could feel every particular hair on my head stand up like quills on the fretful porcupine. I could fancy somebody had caught hold of my skin at my toes, and was gradually depriving me of my cutaneous covering. My heart fluttered like a frightened bird in a cage! I felt my ice-cold blood casting chills over me, and I realized for the first time the terrible significance of silence! Presently I heard footsteps around my bed, and hard breathings! There was no mistaking—it was as distinct as could be. I gazed around the dim-lit room, but nothing was visible—no ghost, no spectre, no shape, no form whatever! I became convinced that it could not be burglars, and if anything at all, it must be ghosts. A being that could enter the room with doors and windows closed must be super-physical. It could not be flesh and bone. After waiting and watching anxiously for some time, there was another unearthly crash! Every hair again stood erect, and I was re-flayed. My heart started to beat again, and my blood dropped to zero! I expected to see one of the windows or the door fly open, but the expected did not happen; and no ghost or spectre manifested itself. I waited and watched nervously for a long hour, philosophizing

and theorizing as to what could this be. I was convinced it could not be burglars, because it would not remunerate the profession to make such vain efforts at house-breaking once every year. It might be a ghost—but what end could be attained by failing to materialize? Do ghosts act aimlessly? Do they indulge in the game of terrorizing? If this ghost had a mission or a message, why could it not perform the work in a spirited and straightforward manner? Being an utter stranger, would this ghost have the lack of good breeding to insult and assault me? Are spirits ruder than mortals? These thoughts passed through my mind, and I deliberated for a long time. Eventually, in some mysterious way, I dropped to sleep again, and did not wake until about five o'clock by my watch. Then I heard the same crash and the same footsteps, and I discovered the "modus operandi" of the whole thing. It struck me as a happy thought, and I theorized until the thing was completely and thoroughly explained. I was dressed when the old farmer knocked at the door, and when I entered the spacious kitchen the old man and woman eyed me with anxious curiosity.

"Well," said I, "I have heard your ghost—in fact I have spent a night in its company; and I know all about it."

The old people were thunderstruck! When I had explained how the whole thing worked, they seemed highly satisfied, and they both confessed I had removed a great burden off their minds. This was the ghost: The two farm-hands who slept in the room above me produced the unearthly sounds by rolling on an old rackety bedstead, and one of them was a little bit of a somnambulist, and was used to get up and promenade around the room. The sounds were magnified by an old stove-pipe left in the wall, which carried and threw the cavernous sounds down over and around my bed. If I had jumped out of bed at the first crash, and rushed up stairs, as the other man did, it would have served as evidence that the house was haunted, that one of the deceased family had returned, and would have caused considerable consternation, and supplied material for the ghost literature of coming years. I congratulate myself on having been enabled to serve the cause of science, and to assist in destroying superstition. I delivered the property from the annoying charge of being haunted, and, in fact, helped the cause of civilization and general enlightenment.

# EBEN FARDD.

By George Coronwav.

Wales' famous bard! oft in my youthful prime
I read with joy thy grand and matchless rhyme;
Thou radiant star in Cambria's bardic sky,
Thy golden stream of song ran never dry;
It flowed majestic from thy mighty soul,
And deep'ning ever in its onward roll,
It bore me on its mystic tide along
To those sweet, fairy, flow'ry realms of song,
Far, far beyond the gloomy scenes of care,
To peaceful homes forever bright and fair!
Thou scholar bright, deep verseed in mystic lore,
The height and depth of song thou could'st explore;

The heavenly muse was thy obedient slave;
Her spirit and her service to thee gave,
And oft for thee, upon her golden lyre,
Would strike those magic notes that would inspire
Thy soul to pen, perhaps, those stirring strains,
Which make the warriors bold on battle plains;
Perchance, a sparkling song, our soul to cheer,
Or tend'rest lay that would evoke a tear!

Thy mighty genius, thy mysterious power,
Could from imagination's lofty tower,
Its piercing, retrospective vision cast,
And hold its gaze upon the mystic past;
Upon the height didst write that fadeless gem,
Thy masterpiece—"Fall of Jerusalem,"
The fate of that most holy city of old,
Which Christ foresaw, and was by him foretold,
Thou didst so well describe with power rare—
'Tis like a story told by one was there!

Fair knowledge from her every branch of thought,
To thee, abundant, of her gifts she brought,
While Fortune, giddy maid, her wealth reserved
For these—how oft 'tis so—that less deserved;
Too oft is worth by reckless wrong oppressed,
While those unworthy are by her caressed.
What then, must virtue bow at fortune's shrine,
Or greatness kneel at what is not divine?
Nay! God forbid, 'tis truth, and truth alone,
The great revere, and worship at her throne.

Yea, such wert thou! The world with all its gain,
Nor fortune's smile, nor earth her pleasures vain,
Nor pain, nor death could thee entice astray
From duty's path, nor honor's golden way.
Beloved bard, thy mem'ry we adore,
While beat the waves on Cambria's ancient shore,
While Snowdon stands, that prince of Cymru's hills,
Or Severn flows, the pride of Gwalia's rills,
Thy name shall live in sweet and fragrant bloom,
And sacred, aye, shall be thy honored tomb!

# WELSH LITERATURE.

By E. H. Prichard, Principal of Third Intermediate School.

nce their defeat by Edward I., history of the Welsh has been ged into that of Europe, and the y of the setting sun rests upon deeds as a separate and distinct ple. In this country, the Welsh the time of the discoveries and settlements down to the present have not been unimportant rs in making history. We find among the Pilgrims, the Puri- the Cavaliers, and the Hugue-

On the Mayflower were the ain, a Mr. Jones; Stephen Hop- and wife; Thos. Rogers, John n, John Howland, and others. ng the Revolutionary War the rd testifies to their bravery and otism, and shows that fourteen rals, seven colonels, and a vast ber of other officers and pri- of Welsh blood took part in struggle for liberty. Of the 54 ers of the Declaration of Inde- ence, nine were Welshmen. In ate war they were prominent by number, valor and bravery. e are more than two hundred sh settlements in this country. ne field of Celtic language and ture is inviting, but so vast as eclude all but a mere reference in this article. We shall pause to cull some of its flowers and s. The student who has in- tion and leisure, will find it alm abounding in delights. gh some have gravely affirmed that the Welsh language was spoken by the Titans, by Saturn, Jupiter, and other gods of heathen antiquity, and others in their enthusiasm, have maintained that it was the language spoken by Adam and Eve in paradise, still it is undoubtedly true that it is one of the oldest living languages in Europe, and that it possesses a literature reaching back to remoter times than that of any modern tongue except the Irish. Though some changes have taken place, it is essentially the same tongue that Caesar and Agricola heard. It should be regarded with veneration as the solitary link that unite those distant ages with our own time; and though the sounds of its death-knell as a spoken language cannot be long delayed, its literature, peculiar and distinctive, will live through the coming ages, and be accessible to him of inquiring mind. The "Cyfrinach Beirdd Ynys Prydain," an essay on poetical composition, and the art of framing the Welsh metres, was published by Taliesin Williams in the Welsh language in 1829, from an old manuscript. It informs us that there have been three languages: the first, that which Adam spoke in paradise, and which he lost when he ate the apple through the deceit of the devil; the second was that of the prophet Moses, when he passed through the Red Sea, and this tongue is that

used by the prophets 3,000 years; the third language is that of the Cymry, which was that of Enos (son of Setto, son of Adam), the first man born after the expulsion of Adam from paradise. It came to the Cymry through Japhet, the son of Noah, whose descendants brought it from the ends of the world when the confusion of tongues took place among those who built the tower of Babel, which was a town of prodigious size, and displeasing to the Holy Spirit; whence came to pass the corruption and imperfection of all tongues in the world except that of the Welsh. Of the three primeval tongues, the one is used in heaven by God, the saints and the angels; the second in the Holy Scriptures; and the third is the Cymraeg or Welsh, and is used at this day in its genuine form and condition by the Cymry of the island of Britain. All other languages are imperfect, ignoble and half witted, and neither song nor poetry can be properly composed in them, because they were taught by the devil at the tower of Babel. The consequence is that the Awen, or poetical inspiration of the Welsh, is a divine inspiration proceeding from God; the poetry of the Saxon, English and other corrupt tongues is an inspiration of the devil, which was obtained from him at the tower of Babel. The true or divine Awen was possessed by Adam in paradise, but lost at the fall; again possessed by Enos, the son of Seth, after the expulsion from paradise; it was employed by the Hebrew prophets, and was brought by the Cymry to Britain, where it was used by the bards and druids in praising God, and in all good and wise things. In the course of time it was lost through the wickedness of men, who accepted an evil awen, or inspiration of the devil in its place, until the coming of Christ, when it was restored to the apostles, as St. Paul tells us, as the Holy Spirit or divine inspiration, which remains with us to this day.

The monuments of Celtic literature attract the attention of scholars everywhere. So highly imaginative, wild, impetuous, fantastic, and ecstatic is Celtic poetry, that we pause in our reading, and wonderingly exclaim, Can this be the work of a human being? As clouds assume ever-changing and grotesque shapes now that of a fiery steed, then that of a huge beast, now that of a lovely, fascinating woman, then that of the camel with his ugly hump, now an exaggerated bit of landscape, and then the placid surface of a beautiful lake, so do the figures of Celtic poetry vary. In it we find fanciful pictures of birds arrayed in gorgeous plumage, and images of hideous monsters with open mouths, flaming eyes, and horrible fangs. The fates of men and nations, the exploits of heroes, and the ravages of armies are told in wild, weird language, and as tribes disappear in the terrible clash and onslaught of deadly foes, we think of dry stubble and devouring flame. Celtic fervor and imagination are depicted in brilliant and entrancing colors on every page. We become so absorbed in

reading that we forget to mark the distinction between romance and reality. Like the daring fabulist, Geoffrey of Monmouth, we mingle the classic pedantry of the day. We dream again the Welsh dreams of future triumphs over Roman and Saxon, and revive the glorious memories of the Crusades. With Henry II. we visit the tomb of Arthur at Glastonbury, and re-create the legend of "The Table Round." With Walter De Mapes, a Welshman of the border, a student at Paris, and a rare genius, we desire to send Arthur and his knights in quest of the Holy Grail which held the blood of the cross. We long to break the silence of ages, caused by cruel and devastating wars, and join the crowd of inspired singers of the 12th century, and entertain till morning with poetry and the music of the harp. With them our unbridled fancy would roam, and our kindled imagination revel. With Arthur we desire to sail into the unknown world in a ship of glass, and if the descent into hell must be made, we make it with mediaeval reverence, and spend the years of infernal durance in hunting and minstrelsy, and in converse with fair women. In this world of pure phantasy, we behold new marvels and enchantments, penetrate dark forests, whose silence is broken by the hermit's bell, and visit sunny glades, where the light plays upon the hero's armor. We behold this maiden, who was clothed in a robe of flame-colored silk, and about whose neck was a collar of ruddy gold, in which were precious emeralds and rubies, whose head was of brighter gold than the flower of the broom, whose skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and whose hands and fingers were fairer than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amid the spray of the meadow fountain; whose eye and glance were brighter than those of the trained falcon, whose bosom was more snowy than the breast of the white swan, and whose cheek was redder than the reddest roses.

We are loth to leave these fanciful realms so full of adventure, of emotion, of sorrow, of passionate melancholy, of wild joy, of tenderness, and of beauty. In Wm. R. Skene's translations of ancient Welsh manuscripts four remarkable books are spoken of: (1) The Black Book of Carmarthen, written by Myrddin in the reign of Henry II.; (2) The Book of Aneurin written in the latter part of the thirteenth century; (3) The Book of Taliesin, written in the beginning of the fourteenth century; and (4) The Red Book of Hergest, manuscripts at different times by Llywarch Hen. The North was the cradle of the language and literature of Wales, and here dwelt the four bards referred to. The question, Are these books of any historical value, or merely curious specimen of the nonsensical rhapsodies and perverted taste of a later age? is fully discussed in Skene's work, where he compares them with contemporaneous history, and with native documents, and proves that the weight of testimony is in favor of their genuineness. In these old

manuscripts reference is made to the clash and jar of contending races; they contain national and patriotic lays, and songs praising mead, and celebrating the deeds of warriors. In these books but little is said of the real Arthur of history, the ruler of the Britons in the early part of the sixth century, and who was slain by his nephew, Modred in 542. The Arthur of romance is of much later origin, and the creature of an ideal world, where poesy has enthroned him, surrounded by his knights, and to whose imaginary deeds whole libraries of heroic lays and legends have been devoted. Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Scott and Tennyson revived these tales of the "perfect knight and the mirror of chivalry." Who can calculate the influence of the Celts upon modern European literature? It impregnates the system of fairy mythology; we see it in the writings of Chaucer and Spencer, in Shakespeare's "King Lear" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," in the matter and style of those selections that were translated into Latin, in legendary history, in the romantic literature of Europe, in its effect upon chivalry fashioning Christian knights out of rude soldiery; in expanding the imagination, and in materially assisting in creating modern society. Hence the Welshman of to-day need not apologize when he reverently pays homage to his patron saint, who as history informs us, was remarkable for his attainments, religious life and charitable disposition, and need not blush to wear the leek, emblem of fealty and devotion, a custom hoary with the age of fourteen centuries; but, on the contrary, should be glad to honor annually in the Eisteddfod, the heritage of his fathers, and to preserve loyally in his heart of hearts the remembrance of their thoughts, words and deeds.

Cincinnati, O.

## THE STARS ARE ALWAYS SHINING.

By J. Twyson Jones.

Although the silent sky o'erhead
With sombre clouds be overspread,
And all above seems cold and dead,
Let this reflection soften dread.
The stars are always shining.

When tempests howl in angry mood,
And lightnings like a serpent-brood
Seek out disaster as their food,
This thought will ever cheer the good,
The stars are always shining.

When disappointments cast their shade
Upon the plans which we have made,
And we through grievous waters wade,
Yet Faith and Love can never fade.
These stars are always shining.

Whenever in the "Word" you read
Of One who will supply your need,
Or gently by the hand will lead,
Such promises are stars indeed.
Those stars are always shining.

The loving souls who took their flight
And left us dazed in sorrow's night,
Are now bright stars with God's own light,
What visions burst upon our sight!
Those stars are always shining!

Ebensburg, Pa.

# THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

## NOTES ON THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS FOR SEPTEMBER.

By Mrs. Jessie N. Lewis.

Sunday, September 5.

Topic—Our gifts from God; our gifts to God. Rom. 8: 26-39.

Have we ever made a list, mental, if not tangible, of our blessings? It may be surprising to find how many are the gifts from our Heavenly Father. Receiving a gift from a friend, we express our gratitude; surely we owe as much to the divine giver.

How wonderful is King David's description (Ps. 104) of God's gifts to us through nature! Even as great a man as he did not neglect to "bless the Lord." The marvelous inventions out of the mind of man, with all the comforts and successes attending them, are royal gifts from God. Most precious of all is the gift of His "only begotten," by whom we have everlasting life.

It is only a bankrupt heart that does not ask, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" Is our time, our money, our friends, too dear to give to Him? Every day his gifts are showered on us; do we give back to Him daily? There is no better heart tonic than generous giving. What we can render to God is but His own; yet that very acknowledgement is the best gift, if made gladly.

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Sunday, September 12.

Topic—Bible directions for practical life. Eph. 6: 1-9.

(A Memory Meeting.)

The Bible tells us how to eat, to sleep, to dress, to talk, to work. Look it up. It is a correct book of etiquette, it is a correct business manual; it teaches home and civil government.

1 Tim. 2: 8-9 enjoin modesty and economy, not unbecomingness, in dress for women—and in like manner for men. It does not mean a striking plainness that fills the heart of the wearer with pride. The manna given to the Israelites is a type of simple, wholesome food for nourishment. Read the fifth chapter of Ecclesiastes for a remedy for insomnia. Solomon was a teacher of correct speech, (Prov. 15: 1), and his father, David, gave plain instruction as to what kind of words we should use. (Ps. 12.)

Is not the "Golden Rule" left us by Christ himself, the best of etiquette? There is no shrewder business man today than the steward of that "certain rich man" in Luke, 16: 1-12. See these phrases: "And he arose early;" "do it with thy might." An antidote for every worry is "trust in the Lord." Above all, we must never forget that "love never faileth," so that each day may find us loving our work, loving our fellow-men, loving our God.

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Sunday, September 19.

Topic—Losing one's life and finding it. John 12: 1-8; 20-26.

Losing one's life is an enigma that many seem not to understand. There are plenty of Nicodemuses, wise but ignorant. Yet we see this losing manifested in nature year after year, for "except a corn of wheat fall into the

ground and die, it abideth alone." Every farmer, however humble, understands this, for on this law hinge their coming harvests. Strange that men do not know the meaning of the spiritual expression.

This losing is not careless abandonment, but deliberate surrender, free, unreserved, glad, seeking no return. The corn of wheat does not beg to keep back one-half itself, but gives itself wholly into the hands of Mother Nature. So we, if we die in this sense, will bear fruit.

If the losing is strange, the finding again is far more wonderful. The Christian life is full of surprises, but none is so delightful as the joy that fills us when we yield ourselves entirely to the Lord. No expectation equals it. Then it is that bud, blossom and fruitage follow in quick succession until a true saint of God goes home.

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Sunday, September 26.

Topic—Eternity. John, 5: 17-29.

Much of eternity is in the Bible, yet how little we really think of it. We know that we have an eternal God, (Deut. 33: 27). God has given us a gift of eternal life, (Rom. 6: 23), and through Christ there was procured for us eternal redemption, (Heb. 9: 12). The many mansions, (John, 14: 1-3), Christ promised to prepare, make for us an eternal home. (2 Cor. 5: 1). And though hard for many to believe, there is taught in the word, just as surely, an eternal punishment for the disobedient. (Math. 25: 41-46.)

We count a merchant foolish who does not plan for next year, lay aside something for a "rainy day;" take out an insurance policy. Is it not more foolish for us to carry on the business of our life with no thought beyond the day of time, when all eternity stretches ahead?

Our minds hardly grasp the thought; we are so used to fretting and worrying, it is so natural to rush and hurry as if there be no beyond. Yet we really put this all aside, the disappointments, the injustice, for infinite ages are just before us. Our concern should be to prepare.

Mohawk, N. Y.

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## RELIGIOUS THOUGHT ON THE VICTORIAN ERA.

The forces generated in the early portion of the reign, and active in the middle, may be seen working under changed forms and in new combinations toward the end. The most remarkable fact is, as it were, the complete change in the theological outlook. Theology has been lifted out of the old controversies which perplexed her for centuries, and compelled to change the dogmatic formula which were the watchwords of the rival schools. The questions at issue between Calvinism and Arminianism have lost their actuality. The principles on which they were based can hardly be said to live in the religious mind of to-day. He who studies the literature of sixty years ago and compares it with the literature of to-day will feel that during the reign of Queen Victoria we have got nearer the heart of things and thus nearer the souls of each other, and that when the end of the next century is as near as the end of this now is, churches may be fewer, but Christianity will be larger; that men will have recovered more of the spirit of Christ and will, therefore, have realized more of the unity which He desired for His church and have found more of the freedom which He promised to give by means of His truth.—Dr. Fairbarn.

# FIELD OF LETTERS

GLIMPSES OF GOD AND OTHER SERMONS. By the Rev. B. G. Newton, pastor of the Franklin Avenue Congregational Church, Cleveland, O.

These sermons are published at the request of the church and congregation, who hope in this way to pay off the debt on their church building; but apart from that consideration, this newly printed book is a treasury of Christian thought which will certainly give satisfaction to Christian readers. It consists of nine chapters, arranged in the following order: The Request; the Response; the Realization; the Result; the Three Crosses; the Success of Failure; Faith's Foundation; Simeon and the Savior; the Unified Christ, and Uplifted Humanity. The views are comprehensive and the style concise, clear and interesting. Although in the form of prose, many of the remarks are truly poetic. Although this book is used as means to appeal to the public for aid, yet the literary and religious benefits derived from this book of sermons will repay the sum expended on it. We wish the author success in the undertaking.

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The "Drysorfa" for August contains articles on Church Music, by Rev. T. J. Wheldon, B. A.; Reminiscences, by Rev. Benj. Hughes, St. Asaph; Scientific Voyages, by Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A.; Adoption and Justification, by Rev. R. S. Thomas, Abercynon. There is besides, as usual, considerable information regarding church work, religious movements, Sunday schools, assemblies, &c., and foreign missions, Earthquake in Assam, &c.

The "Dysgedydd" has much that is interesting, viz: The God-man, by Rev. D. S. Thomas, Llanrwst; The Teachings of Christ, by Rev. D. G. Morgan, Resolven; Missions, Questions of the Day, Biographical Sketches, News and Notices and other varieties of information.

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"Cymru'r Plant" wears an attractive appearance and its contents are entertaining and instructive, among which we may notice "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew;" "Children of the Mabinogion;" "An eulogy on the Postal Card," &c., &c.

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The "Geninen" contains a good variety of interesting articles and papers. This is an excellent number and compares favorably with the brightest that have appeared. It has articles on "Wales under the Reign of Victoria;" "The Rev. Dr. Herber Evans as Preacher," by the Rev. D. S. Davies; "Mabinogion," by Prof. Anwyl, B. A.; Poetry, its Nature and Purpose," by Dafolog; "A Visit to the Poets of America," by Watcyn Wyn; "Edith Wynne," by Llew Llwyfo; "Relation of the Church to Welsh Literature;" and several minor papers and choice selections from the poets.

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The "Traethodydd" has substantial reading matter. The papers on Matabeleland and the North Pole give entertaining and instructive information about those parts of the globe, and the Newcastle convention gives Dr. Rowland an opportunity to attack the liquor traffic with great vigor. This paper

will give satisfaction to every reader who cares for humanity and has the cause of morality at heart. In "The Mind of the Master," the Rev. J. Roberts is reviewing Dr. Watson's book and is presenting his own views with regard to the personality of Christ and the identity of the kingdom of God and the Church.

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"The only Welsh book," writes a correspondent who delights in bibliography, "printed by Mr. Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools, was a translation of a letter by the Bishop of London against Whitefield and the Wesleyan Methodists. This was translated into Welsh by the Rev. Theophilus Evans, the author of 'Drych y Prif Oesoedd,' and printed in 1740. In the same year Mr. Whitefield's reply to this letter was translated into Welsh, and printed at Pontypool, where a number of Welsh books were printed in the last century."

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The new Welsh hymn book of the Calvinistic Methodists contains 940 hymns. Some English people are under the impression that Welsh hymn books are merely translations from English, so, perhaps, they will be surprised to learn that the book in question has contributions from more than one hundred composers. Still, in spite of this great number, about half of the 940 hymns are the work of one composer. Needless to say, that one is the immortal Williams of Pant-y-Celyn. The English hymn writer whom the compilers of the book have mostly favored is Dr. Isaac Watts. As many as sixteen translations from his hymns appear. ,

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"Training for Citizenship" is a little pamphlet of 64 pages, by Dr. B. A. Hinsdale, published by Werner School Book Co., Chicago. Price 10c. The contents are as follows. (1) Why teach civics in the schools; (2) Party Political Machinery. (3) Some Difficulties in Teaching Civics. It teaches the principle of true patriotism, and how to inspire the love of republicanism in young hearts.

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The following Welsh books are in the press: (1) A Volume of Sermons by the late John Hughes, Carnarvon, edited by the Rev. J. Williams, Brynsiencyn; (2) Extracts from the works of the Rev. Dr. Herber Evans, edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. O. L. Roberts. Price $1.00. (3) Biography and Sermons of the late Rev. Griffith Davies, Cardigan, prepared and compiled by the Rev. Dr. Cynddylan Jones and J. G. Hughes (Moelwyn). (4) A Memoir of Gwalchmai, by the Rev. R. Peris Williams, Syr Lewis Morris, O. M. Edwards, Pedrog, Elfed, Watcyn Wyn, Hwfa Mon, D. Roberts and others.

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Mr. John Hogg, of 13 Paternoster Row, London, has just published a neat shilling book on the "Watering Places of Wales." It is by Mr. T. R. Roberts. The illustrations are quite good. It treats of Builth, Carnarvon, Llandrindod, Llangamarch, Llanwrtyd and Trefriw, &c. It is well written and will prove exceedingly serviceable to pleasure and health seekers.

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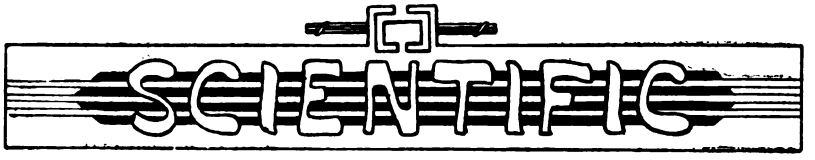
Two books have recently appeared in Mr. L. D. Jones series of "Independent Fathers." The first is an account of Rees of Llanelly, written by the late Dr. E. Herber Evans. The other is a biography of the old patriarch, Lewis Powell of Cardiff—so well known as "Powell Caerdydd"—an old character famous for his eccentricities and dry humor. A very interesting book, written by Rev. J. Bowen-Jones, B. A., of Brecon.




The various modifications of the digestive function incident to the excessive use of acid foods and drinks are already with us, and the acidulous habits of the body mark a stage in civilization. These facts, stated in connection with the estimates made, should satisfy all that the acid appetite fostered and gratified is contrary to physiologic law. It may further be argued, however, that the acids employed are not only unfavorable to proper digestion, but that they directly and indirectly modify the chemic composition of the blood and bodily fluids. It must be remembered that the red blood corpuscles are the servants of the respiratory apparatus, and by this interference with their office there must be a reduction of the efficiency of the functions of respiration. The sympathetic nervous system is influenced by hyperacidity, and causes in turn a general functional derangement of the organs, notably the heart. The intellect is temporarily confused, and in some this confusion reaches out into incoherence of thought and action. The moral influence of these perturbed conditions of heart and mind extend to and pervert the imagination, and in extreme cases leave their permanent impress.

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A house-fly is born fully grown and of mature size, and there are no little flies of the same species, the small ones occasionally observed being different in kind from the large ones. The house fly does not bite or pierce the skin, but gathers its food by a comb or rake, or brush-like tongue, with which it is able to scrape the varnish from covers of books, and it thus tickles the skin of persons upon which it alights to feed upon the perspiration. A fly is a scavenger, and is a vehicle by which contagious diseases are spread. It poisons wounds, and may carry deadly virus from decaying organic matter into food.

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The diurnal alteration of night and day is not without interest in its psychological influence upon the human race. The ebb and flow of energy that it represents is an element of vast importance in our existence. Day is the period of active energizing, night that of repose and recuperation. In the former there is a state of elevation, a natural confidence and a willingness to undertake whatever responsibility may present itself. In the latter there is just as truly a natural depression, a timidity and cowardice in confronting the obstacles in our path.

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Mental worry, says Dr. Herbert Snow, of the Cancer Hospital, is the chief existing cause of cancer. The most serious increase of cancer during the last few years is due to the worries caused by the accelerated rush of modern life. In 1864 the proportion of cancer sufferers was 385 to the million; in 1888 it had risen to 610—the number of deaths in the latter year being 6,284 males and 11,222 females, or 17,506 in all. Until society emerges into some calmer sea, declares Dr. Snow, in "The Nineteenth Century," a progressive increase in the prevalence of cancer may be predicted as a matter of course.

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The London Chronicle calls attention to the death rate in many of the model dwellings in that city. In particular there is found in the houses of the Metropolitan Association for Improving Dwellings of the Working Classes a death rate of only 5.64 to 1,000. The inmates of these houses number 6,430, and are housed in fourteen blocks in different parts of the city. This rate is only half the rate for the whole of London.

# PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Following the example set in 1887, I am [illegible] Wasyn Wyn, for [illegible] and a host of bards have been born around that Parnassus. The Scotch have their Stratford, and the Welsh their Aminadabad.

We had considerable pleasure in [illegible] Dyfed's englyn to the Rev. J. J. Tobi the winner of the Ode prize.

Pwy a wyddai fe dyn y glob a dyn yw
[illegible] yn uwch nag ogwth,
Nes yw'n gloch i bawrdd
[illegible] Tobi

With this world-wide Who can cope
[illegible]
[illegible] Bishops
[illegible] Head of Europe,
[illegible] Pope?

[illegible] to know [illegible] the crowned head and the [illegible] were formerly pupils of [illegible] and popular "Watcyn Wyn [illegible] Why not call him hence [illegible] Watcyn Wise?"

[illegible] Trefaldwyn i bob tu
[illegible] Eisteddfod
[illegible] Ynys Werdd
A mae ei cherdd yn barod;
[illegible] yw hi y Pab cyn hir
[illegible] Wyddelod.

"Why not have the Pope and the Archbishop exchange pulpits?"

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Sir William Vernon Harcourt made a happy hit when he said that the Eisteddfod (Session) is not a quarter session. The Eisteddfod is annual, and it deals not with crimes but with crimes.

"Personally," writes the critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, "I can not enter into the gorsedd ceremonies: they do not appeal to me save faintly as a curious archaeological survival of mournful utility in these later years of the world's life. But then I am not a Welshman."

If you were a Welshman, Mr. Critic, you would not see much utility in them. They are not indulged in for use, but just to amuse.

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Mrs. Anna Walter Thomas, known in eisteddfodic circles as Morfudd Eryri, is a living proof of the comparative ease with which an English-speaking person may master the Welsh language. Up to the time of her marriage she had never heard a word of Welsh. Now she is one of the most proficient Welsh writers and speakers.

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This is the true British way in which Dan Davis challenges the adjudicators of the National Eisteddfod in the London "Daily Telegraph:" "I may say that I have had far more experience of the practical work of choir training than has either Sir Alexander Mackenzie or your special correspondent, and I should not hesitate for a moment to take my choir to compete against any body of singers conducted by either of them, and should cheerfully leave the issue of such a competition to be decided by a jury of choir leaders drawn from the great choral centers in England."

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Mr. Tom Morgan, Llanelly's well-known cornetist, has joined the famous band of the Coldstream Guards as solo cornet.

At the matriculation examination at the London University, Miss Claudia Morgan, a daughter of the Rev J. T. Morgan, Penygarn, and Miss Medora Lloyd, of Machynlleth, passed in the first class. They are disciples of H. H. Meyler, M. A., of the Machynlleth school.

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The oldest Welsh bard now living is said to be Meiriadog, who is well on in his 85th year.

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Sir Lewis Morris is writing a special ode for publication in the biography of the late Rev. Richard Parry (Gwalchmai), which is being prepared for the press by the Rev. R. Perin Williams, of Llandudno.

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It is said that the Rev. D. Adams, B. A., (Hawen), Liverpool, is preparing a volume for the press on the Theology of Paul.

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T. J., Davies, Mus Bac., of Scranton, Pa., has been appointed director of the Conservatory of Music, Galesville, Wisconsin.

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The bass soloist of the surpliced choir of Westminster Abbey is a Dowlais boy, engaged at a stipend of £200, and through the good offices of the organist, Sir J. C. Bridge, by whom he is held in high esteem, he is the recipient of many engagements in the province. Mr. Daniel Price is still a young man with a great future.

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"Mabon" seems to be one of the most perfect Welshmen living. Nature appears to have robbed a good many others in order to make something admirable out of the celebrated ex-miner. He is not only a big man, he is a round man, a square man, a fair man, a jolly man, a good-hearted man, a justice-loving man, a man of many sides, one or more of which interest and please every friend or stranger he meets. He is a poet, a singer, an orator, a society man, and is as much at home in a coal mine as in Windsor Castle. The Queen of England and the Prince of Wales are glad to meet him. Nature and Mabon are highly pleased with each other.

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The chaired bard of 1897, the Rev. John T. Job, Aberdare, has had an interesting career. He first attained National Eisteddfod honors at Brecon in 1889 with a catena of englynion. Since then he has won Cadair Powys, 1893; Cadair Brycheiniog, 1894; and Cadair Ceredigion, 1895. He has once previously contested the National Eisteddfod chair, viz: at Llanelly, and then he was introduced as the author of the second best ode. Among the competitors for the Newport chair this year were Berw, the chaired bard of the London National Eisteddfod of 1887, who came in second; and Elfyn, who, it is said, ranked third.

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A writer in the "Celt" recently said that there are some preachers more anxious to win chairs and crowns at National Eisteddfods than to save the souls of their fellow-men. He did not object at all to winning chairs and crowns when it could be done in a Christian manner. But he would say that preachers and ministers of the gospel had something better to accomplish than spend, or rather waste, their precious time hankering after worldly honors in the form of eisteddfodic prizes.

## NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD NOTES.

The Eisteddfod is annually becoming an event of greater importance and popularity. Several French papers devoted special articles to it. Le Magasin Pittoresque gave a three column article to the Newport festival, while the far-famed Figaro devoted two columns to a similar article headed "Au Pays des Galles." Vive le pays des Galles!

Some people think the "New Poet" has appeared in the person of the Rev. J. T. Job, who won the chair prize at Newport. This assertion is anti-scriptural because after Job comes the Book of Psalms. Before the advent of the New Poet there will be a spiritual awakening, and there will be great commotion among the supporters of the Gorsedd, ceremonial bards and machine made poetasters.

South Wales was fortunate in getting the chair and the crown, the two principal literary honors.

The Methodists and the Independents were conspicuous as winners in the National contests. The Baptists were not on top at all. Some one asked Dr. Edwards, principal of the Baptist College, "Where are the Baptists, say?" "Immersed, as usual," said he.

When the Archdruid, bards and ovates were chairing the successful bard, the Rev. J. T. Job, on the platform, a little man below (an unsuccessful competitor, may be,) said: "This seems to be a put-up Job!"

What did Dyfed mean by saying "That while the Welsh had such men as Lord Tredegar to uphold the ancient institution, the Gorsedd was in no danger of disappearing?" We thought the Gorsedd was self-supporting. The Gorsedd and Cader Idris are immoveable.

All the girls (of the Merthyr choir) wore white blouses and jubilee bonnets, and the men wore black coats and white waistcoats. The sopranos had blue sashes and the altos red ones around their waists. Sir Joseph Bennett, in his remarks on the Merthyr choir's singing, said that it indulged in musical exaggerations, double underscoring, and sang all through either in italics or large caps—was he reflecting on the ladies' jubilee bonnets? According to the adjudicators the Merthyr choir had more muscle than music, and more finery than refinement. Love often turns to jealousy. Mackenzie is, to an extent, jealous of this incomparable Merthyr choir.

Per contra, this Merthyr choir was the audience's favorite. During its singing the people were wild with enthusiasm. Musicians of high standing said this was the finest singing. One gentleman said he wouldn't have missed the performance for a hundred pounds. It certainly was not an occasion for musical hair-splitting and quibbling. To the mass set on enjoying good music instead of fine fault finding, the performance of the Merthyr boys and girls was, undoubtedly, wonderfully inspiring.

There are three orders of bards and—how many disorders? They wore white, blue and green. The "green" bards are very numerous in every age.

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Was it an accident or a co-incidence that the Merthyr choir should have met its "Water"-loo in facing a Ponty"pool" choir?

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Instead of having a new cut of Cynonfardd made, the "Mail" used an old one of Mynyddog.

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The National Eisteddfod looked nice and clean after the Ponty-"pool" and Aber-"sychan" choir had swept the boards.

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Hwfa Mon had a tough job to impersonate a character that has been dead since the advent of Christianity. It was so like carrying a body of death around. It is said that he was ill at ease, and was actually kept from laughing right out by bands of steel around his jaws.

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In the competition for the best design of a national museum and art gallery for Wales, one competitor sent in a national building without the museum and art gallery. He was a true Briton!

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TheArchdruids Dyfed and Eiflonydd rode in a carriage, when they should have been carried in chairs, high chairs, gor-sedds; or drawn by goats in chariots. The gorsedd ceremony was a mere procession of anachronisms. The Gorsedd prayer is old-fashioned enough to die, or to have been dead long ago. The gods who used to enjoy it are dead and buried.

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The Gorsedd prayer is a case where the object of worship is gone and the worshiper and the worship alone remain. The "deep reverence" that is said to have possessed the general public must have been three parts affectation.

Mabon was the heaviest man on the platform. It is said that the Eisteddfod Committee had hired a "prop"-er man to walk under to place a prop under the spot whereon Mabon would sit or stand. The man was kept aware of the exact spot by the convexity of the underside, and placing a prop under the umbilical point.

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Sir William V. Harcourt showed his partial ignorance of the Welsh character when he said there was no government except that of the Archdruid, because it has no opposition. Opposition is the Welshiest element in the Welsh character. That was instanced when D. Morganwg read his "englyn" in opposition and in defiance of the absolute authority of the Archdruid.

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There was something heroic and self-sacrificing in the way the Archdruid stuck to his office, doing all he could to keep up the dignity of his robes, his oak leaves, and his antiquated crown. He was just like a drop of antiquity struggling to retain its independence and identity in a sea of modernity.

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At the gathering of the priests of the oaks, on the second day, there were only twenty robed, with sixty robes unoccupied. This seemed disappointing after so much singing of "Oll yn eu gynau gwynion."

This seems to account for the Archdruid's aspect on the front page of the "Mail."

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It came as a great surprise to many in the audience to learn that the Gorsedd is fast becoming a wealthy corporation. Cadfan announced that the value of the gifts presented to the Gorsedd during the past year exceeded £1,000.

We would not be surprised to see the Gorsedd evolve into a trust or a syndicate!

This old custom of arresting bards and poets as criminals was commendable, and its re-enforcement would bestow considerable benefits on modern times.

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The name "Casnewydd," the Welsh town wherein the National Eisteddfod was held, was an ominous one. This "new abomination" is the view the musical adjudicators took of the Merthyr choir's singing. Its "strength" was phenomenal, but they hate a musical breeze during which they have to load down their musical notes.

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At 2 o'clock Wednesday, the hour fixed for the chief choral contest, the pavilion was filled to its utmost capacity, and on each face in that vast throng was plainly depicted either intense anxiety or pleasurable anticipation. In such a crisis it is very humorous to read an English paper's report that Mabon, to relieve the intense strain, led the audience in the singing of the "Crooked Bar" (Crugybar.)

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Mr. A. Spicer, M. P., in a brief review of the Eisteddfod risked the statement that it has been merged in the English Parliament. The fact is the British Parliament grew out of the Eisteddfod. The Eisteddfod merges to nothing. The throne of England is a poor imitation of the Bardic gorsedd. Her Majesty reigns by permission of the bardic authority of Britain.

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Wales is anxious to be represented on the royal shield and on the national coinage. A leek is one of the Welsh emblems, but Wales has also the dragon, the goat, the harp, and the amidal or bardic sign. Wales must agree what her emblem is to be. We think the best emblem would be a portrait of the Prophet Herkomer crowning the Welsh Archdruid. The thing could be worked up into an allegory, and the mighty sword of artistic manufacture could be introduced. First of all, Wales really must agree on its emblem. The leek is a useful vegetable, but it can not be made much of until it gets into the breath of the people, and then it is almost omnipotent.

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When the victorious bard in the "Crown" contest answered to his name, the Archdruid requested (or commanded) him to remain where he was, while Cadvan and Watcyn Wyn were despatched to arrest him, because rhyming among the ancient Britons was a crime. Then, the bard was surrounded by surpliced druids—but the good order was disturbed by Dafydd Morganwg, who rose and read an "englyn" in defense of the prisoner. This was extremely offensive to the bardic court, because the protesting bard was in modern togs. It was a case of modernity interfering in the affairs of antiquity. Eifionydd howled and the Archdruid scowled, but the little ex-bard defied the powers that "were." That was just Welsh, too!

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A very disagreeable element in the choral contest on Wednesday was the adjudication. The singing was so really wonderful and exquisitely inspiring, that it was, in fact, a Niagara of musical enjoyment. The critic lost the best of it by being compelled to be critical instead of freely indulging in the spiritual intoxication so amply furnished by the several choirs. A musical lady of high culture was so fascinated by the singing, and her admiration went so far beyond control, that she kept exclaiming, "Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it magnificent!" It's all right to talk about perfection; yet this fact is undeniable, that such choral singing could not be, and has never been heard outside of Wild Wales. No wonder its people love to call it "The Land of Song." "Mor o gan yw Cymru i gyd" is truly correct. The ability of its sons and daughters to produce choral music is incomparable. The vast audience was delighted, fascinated, enraptured.

The Welsh question in Wales is five or six hundred years old. In 1417 the privileges of trades and schools were denied to the Welsh further than to give them English instruction, for which purpose English teachers were introduced into Wales. Their language became the common medium of conversation among the natives. No national rights were allowed to any but those only who spoke English and did not know Welsh; consequently, many of the Welsh from that time forth denied their language and resolved to turn Saxons.

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Mr. Tom Stephens, conductor of the Rhondda Glee Society, was an interested listener to the male voice competition at Newport. On the previous night he appeared with his party at the conversazione of the Iron and Steel Institute at the Park Hall, Cardiff, and the magnificent singing of the party greatly delighted the fashionable audience. The Marquis of Bute and Sir W. T. Lewis expressed themselves highly pleased with their efforts and Sir William expressed it in a way that surprised, but certainly pleased, the singers. There were 43 members in the party, and Sir William gave them half a sovereign each in addition to their fee—an immediate advance of 100 per cent.

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The yearly meetings of the Baptist Union were held at Neath and were a great success. Dr. Gomer Lewis was elected President for the coming year, the Rev. Charles Davis, Cardiff, Vice President, and Mr. H. Abraham, Porth, Treasurer. The following statistics were read: In 1837, number of churches, 296; members, 25,000; 1897, churches, 753; members, 101,791; 4,747 were baptized during the year.

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Professor David Rowlands, whom the executive committee of the Brecon Congregational College have appointed to be principal of the institution for the coming season, ending in July, 1898, is well known as the author of a Welsh grammar, and is a native of Anglesey, where he began his ministerial career. Among the bards the principal is known as "Dewi Mon." Before his appointment to the post of professor at Brecon he was for many years minister of the Congregational Church at Llanbrynmair, one of the oldest Nonconformist churches in the Principality.

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"Wales" says that the Calvinistic Methodists are now a publishing company as well as a religious body. It is to be hoped, it continues, that the money gained will not be given to any cause that ought to be supported by voluntary effort. This would be to take away one means of grace. Let the surplus be applied to the publication of scarce religious books. There are dozens that ought to be published. This would be a real boon to the Methodist community and to the outside world.

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It transpires that Miss Rosina Beynon, who continues her studies at the Royal College of Music, has again taken part, as a member of Sir Walter Parratt's Selected College Choir, in a state concert at Buckingham Palace. Many people will be pleased to hear that this young lady from Merthyr is making excellent progress in the musical art.

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Miss Gertrude Drinkwater, medalist, R. A. M., is making a name in musical circles in the Metropolis. During the past academical year she has been singing with great success for the Royal Academy of Music, in the Academy, Imperial Institute, St. James' and Queen's Halls concerts. Recently she made her debut in grand opera at the Academy, taking the prima donna's part in Mozart's opera of "Don Giovanni," and gave a very dramatic rendering, and at the close received the hearty congratulations of her professors and many friends.

Welshmen have another grievance—one this time for which the India office must be held responsible. In the newly published "memorandum on the purchase in Europe of carrot seed for the purpose of famine relief in northern India," among a great number of remarks on garden and other herbs and roots, we come across the following on the leek: "The leek, which the Welsh boast has been their national emblem since 519, would seem in truth to have been first introduced into these islands at least for garden cultivation, from Switzerland in 1652." Perhaps the India office is prepared to state also that the word "ceninen" came from Switzerland as well. One fancies that it sounds a little older than some two hundred and fifty years.

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Writers very often mystify matters by using words that are not intelligible to their readers. Some with the air of classical knowledge will tell us that "hwyl" is an "afflatus;" and a good many readers will ask, "What is an afflatus?" They may as well aver that "hwyl" is a kind of atmospheric disturbance caused by windmills. It is mere rhetorical enthusiasm. It is a nautical metaphor. "Hwyl" is a "sail;" and when the Welsh say that a man is in a good "hwyl," they mean that he is moving along or enjoying himself immensely, navigating gloriously on a sea of good feeling. When a man enters into a discussion of a subject enthusiastically, he is said to be "sailing" into it, which is exactly the Welsh idea of "hwyl." It is somewhat akin to spread-eagleism in politics. The Welsh word "hwyl" is used generally in a good and, par excellence, in a religious sense. There is, however, one peculiar characteristic of this hwyl which is especially Welsh. This is the peculiar cadences of the Welsh preacher when he is on the high sea of inspiration, when in a grand breeze and with all sails spread, he moves majestically to the goal of his sermon.

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Heinrich Heine, in his papers on the "Romantic School," describes the old German poet in the following manner: "In former times German poets despised all conventionalities and the name of 'German poet' or even 'a poetical genius' bore a most unsavory connotation. Formerly, a German poet was a fellow in a threadbare coat, who composed christening or wedding poems at a thaler a piece, consoled himself with more plenteous libations for the loss of society, from which he was debarred, and probably finished the night in a gutter, gloriously drunk, and kissed by Luna's tender beams. Grown old, the poet generally sank deeper in the mire, and however low he sank he was still careless, or rather, his only care was how to get the largest amount of 'schnaps' for the least amount of money." Could not a man fancy he is describing an old-fashioned Welsh poet?

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This is a part of Sir J. Bennett's opinion: As the contest drew to an end it became clear to my mind that the first prize must go to the Abersychan and Pontypool folk. It did, and never was reward better deserved. The conductor, Mr. Protheroe, has trained singers to refinement and delicacy rather than noise, and to finish and distinction coupled with artistic restraint. A better performance I hardly wish to hear, and I can only hope that its lessons will not be lost upon rivals who are pursuing another and not a wiser course. The second prize went to the Anglesea people, who are steadily en route to the front. It can hardly be said, perhaps, that the adjudication was popular. The showy qualities of Merthyr most struck the common fancy, but no connoisseur doubts the best choir won.

The rising young tenor, Mr. Gwilym Richards, R. A. M., of Newport, was the happy recipient from the hands of her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, of the Rutsen Memorial Scholarship, lately, at St. James' Hall, London. Mr. Richards, when a student at the Royal Academy, had a brilliant career, having won in repetition during the four years' studentships the Joseph Maas, the Goldburg, the Evill, and Rutsen scholarships. The latter is awarded for "clearness of enunciation and purity of tone," and, we believe, that for the same student to win four scholarships in vocal art in this period is unprecedented.

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There is one Welsh gentleman—a distinguished member of the Eisteddfod—on the honorary membership of the Feis Ceoil, viz: Mr. Thomas, the Herald Bard of Wales, who attended the Feis Ceoil at Dublin last May. At their last meeting the executive committee of the Feis Ceoil decided to elect Mr. Thomas as an honorary member of the Feis Ceoil, in recognition of the great interest he took in the first Irish musical festival, held on similar lines to the Eisteddfod of Wales—an honor which the Herald Bard of Wales well deserves at the hands of the Feis committee.

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## AN OLD TIME ELECTION.

In Carmarthenshire especially, we are told, elections were fought with unusual spirit. In Carmarthen itself party spirit ran so high that two packs of hounds were kept by the town—those of the red-coat and the blue-coat hunt. The echoes of one particular election fought in that county at the commencement of the century have not yet died out. It is one of the traditions of the poeple and has clung to their memory as the "lecsiwn fawr"—the great election, par excellence. The candidates were Sir William Paxton, who stood in the Whig interest, and Sir James Williams, of Edwinsford, who fought for the Tories. The poll was kept open for a fortnight, and at the close a sheet, nearly as long and wide as his estate, was presented to Paxton, which included payments to innkeepers for 11,070 breakfasts, 36,901 dinners, 684 suppers, and 25,275 gallons of ale, equal to 1,404 18-gallon casks; 11,068 bottles of spirits, 8,879 bottles of porter, 460 of sherry, 509 of cider and 18 guineas' worth of milk punch. The charge for ribbons was £786, and the number of separate charges for horse hire, 4,521, the total of expenses amounting to £15,690 4s. 2d., a sum, of course, exclusive of lawyers' fees and other items. Radicals, who are the direct descendants of the Whigs of those days, should when a Tory next wins a seat, remember the "ffos o'r hon y'u cloddiwyd." Such a state of things could not last forever. In fact, it went on a great deal too long, to the hopeless ruin of many an ancient family.

# CURRENT EVENTS.

## ASSASSINATION OF PREMIER CANOVAS.

The assassination of the Prime Minister of Spain, Senor Canovas del Castillo (at Santa Agueda, August 8) by Michael Angelo Golli, who proclaims himself an Anarchist, leads to much speculation regarding the relations of Spain and Cuba. The immediate motive for the assassination is thought to be revenge for the Spanish Government's punishment of alleged Anarchists and their accomplices in the throwing of bombs at a religious procession in Barcelona last summer when many people were killed. The European and American press consider that the Conservative party in Spain has lost its greatest leader. One view of the event is expressed by the New York "World," to the effect that Anarchy's crimes in Europe are merely individual murders, "and so far as they have any effect at all will merely give the governments an excuse for severer legislation against the Anarchists and for ampler protection for their public men." On the other hand, the New York "Journal," for example, is of the opinion that "if ever assassination promised to change the map of the world it is at this moment." That paper argues that Canovas is primarily responsible for the Cuban policy which impoverishes Spain and enslaves Cuba; he was the main prop of the Bourbon dynasty at home and Weylerism in Cuba: "Assassination is always hateful, almost always a block to the development of liberty. But conditions which the unfortunate Prime Minister of Spain was chiefly instrumental in creating make it not improbable that his death may result in the establishment of two free governments in the place of one monarchy and one military despotism."

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## GREAT STRIKE IN WALES ENDED.

According to the London "Chronicle," the long pending strike in the famous slate quarries of Lord Penrhyn in Wales has finally ended in a victory for the men.

These quarries are the largest in the world, and when in operation produce 360 tons of slate a day. A year ago there were 3,000 men employed. They had organized a union, whose affairs were in the hands of a committe of 71. There were some grievances the committee thought ought to be adjusted, and it sent a delegation of seven to Lord Penrhyn with a memorial. He denied the existence of any grievance, and furthermore refused to recognize the governing committee. He said he did not object to any combination among his men, but was determined to be master of his own business.

After further correspondence and interviews had proven fruitless, the men last September decided to strike in March unless their demands were granted. Thereupon Lord Penrhyn "suspended" the committee of 71. This action at once precipitated a general strike of the workmen. The board of trade sought to bring about a settlement, but Lord Penrhyn would not

tolerate its mediation because if accepted it would constitute "a precedent for outside interference" with the management of his private affairs.

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## DEFECTIVE DIPLOMACY.

It is not singular that the abstract printed of Secretary Sherman's letter to Ambassador Hay on the seal question caused many angry comments in England. The reason for this is that outside of the United States it would be impossible to conceive of a diplomatic communication of the character of this letter. If the head of the French Foreign Office wrote such a letter to the French Ambassador in Germany, intending to have it read to the German Chancellor, or the head of the Russian Foreign service sent such a letter to the Russian Ambassador in London with the intention of having it communicated to Lord Salisbury, the accusation so bluntly stated would be merely the prelude of a declaration of war coming either from one side or the other. Such vituperation is all very well if you are seeking for a fight, but it is all wrong if you propose to arrive, through reasonable arguments, at an amicable understanding.

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## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Association, which met this year at Toronto, Lord Kelvin, the great English scientist, read a paper on the fuel of the world:

It was just possible, Lord Kelvin said, that melted or solid gold might be far down in the earth. There was no reason why copper, iron, or gold should not have slipped down and formed deposits in the center of the earth.

It was his earnest hope that the metrical system would be established soon all over the world. All the British Government had to do was to make all government contracts in the metrical system, and soon that system would be legalized for everything, and would come into general use.

Coming to the coal supply of the world, Lord Kelvin made some interesting statements. He said a commission appointed for the purpose in Great Britain estimated 46,000,000,000 tons as the total quantity readily available in the country. It might therefore be regarded as quite certain that Great Britain would not burn all its own coal with its own air, and that the coal of Great Britain was considerably in excess of the fuel supply of the rest of the world. Two thousand times the amount given was the coal supply of the world. Of course there was much more coal, but part of it was not available.

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There is a possibility that the remaining Fenian prisoners will at last be pardoned. Henry Wilson and Burton are, to all accounts, completely broken in body and mind, and will die soon, whether they are released or not. Harrigan is as insane as Gallagher and Whitehead, and will have to be placed under guardianship. The reason of the deplorable condition of these men is said to be that Great Britain, like Russia, does not make any distinction between political prisoners and common criminals. Indeed, the treatment of the former is rather worse. At Portland the Fenians leave their cells on Sundays only.

"What, then, of Judaism's future? What will be its final phase, after the travail of ages, the crucifixion of the centuries? Surely the solution of the Jewish problem can not be the dissolution of Judaism, the total absorption of the Jew by the nations, his abrupt disappearance from the field. Leaving out of the question all theological prejudices, and facing the problem as students of history, the Jew's persistence

on the stage of human effort, despite ten thousand odds, is not likely to weaken as the ages advance. He has more factors in his favor than ever before. The world has grown. It is ceasing to be a battle ground of the creeds, which are slowly becoming lines, not walls. Ugly hatreds and prejudices still are held, but the borderland of the religions is widening day by day, as their agreements, not differences, are kept in view.

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The misery of India simply exceeds everything of the kind known anywhere. The people are forced to cultivate plants which do not serve as food, and England draws from them $150,000,000, while the average income is only $5 per year per head. According to the official statistics 80,000,000 of the 250,000,000 never have enough to eat. The best proof that our own rapacity is the cause of all this misery is that the native states that preserve a certain amount of independence—their inhabitants number 50,000,000—have no famine. I refer you to Sir James Caird, When he returned from India he, who had opposed me, visited me at my home and acknowledged that we ruin India, that we have exhausted the soil of this richest of countries. I am an Englishman and not an enemy of our colonial expansion. But I protest against the robbery committed by us in India. If ever a rising of the people was justified, the Indians have a right to rebel.—Hindman, in "Justice."

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## ROYAL VISITORS IN IRELAND.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Ireland has been a glorious success, and their reception by the Irish people has been cordial beyond the most sanguine expectations.

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Kingstown from Holyhead. The weather was glorious, and all the ships in the harbor were brilliantly decorated for the occasion. At noon the commissioners of Kingstown township boarded the yacht and presented their royal highnesses with an address expressing the hope that their visit would lead to the establishment of a royal residence in Ireland. The Duke of York replied that he and the Duchess looked forward to becoming better acquainted with the people.

On disembarking the Duke and Duchess of York were accorded an enthusiastic reception, being loudly and continuously cheered by the vast crowd assembled. The royal party took the train for Dublin amid a renewal of the enthusiasm. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved and flung in the air, and the cheering was redoubled as the train drew out of the depot. The ovation was repeated upon the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of York in the city. All the windows and housetops along the route were black with people and the buildings were profusely decorated. There was an imposing military procession, and on all sides were to be seen union jacks entwined with the green flag of old Ireland.

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The adjudication of the chair ode on "Universal Brotherhood," at Newport, for which a prize of £25 and a carved oak chair of the value of £15 caused considerable interest. Eighteen compositions were sent in, and "Hiraeth" was unanimously declared the best. The successful bard turned out to be the Rev. J. T. Job, Calvinistic Methodist, Aberdare.

## Original and Selected Miscellany:

### THEY PARTED.

The favorite argument of the silver orators last year was the price of wheat and the price of silver. Look, said they, how they have declined side by side ever since the crime of 1873! Innumerable charts were drawn to show by diagrams how like the law of gravitation itself these prices had gone hand in hand, and that as silver fell off so did wheat. It was maintained on every stump that silver would buy just as much as it ever would, and that it was gold that had appreciated in value, not silver or wheat that had depreciated. One of the favorite formulas was that an ounce of silver and a bushel of wheat were always and everywhere interchangeable, and that when silver was $1.29 an ounce wheat was $1.29 a bushel, or close thereto, and that when silver had fallen to 80 cents an ounce wheat would only bring 80 cents a bushel. Without exception all the silver orators from Bryan and Altgeld down used this illustration in varying forms to prove to the farmer that if he would vote for free coinage he would vote for better prices for his wheat.

What do they think now, after the lapse of a year? The prices of wheat and silver parted company last fall, and are wider apart to-day than ever.

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### EFFECTS OF FREE DRINKING.

Free drinking of water produces effects upon the kidneys and tissues of the body generally of great importance. There is every reason to believe, from observations, the nature of which it is unnecessary here to state, that the increased excretion of urine which follows the drinking of plenty of water not only clears the body of many poisonous and effete substances, but is itself an index of changes within the body which have for their end the enhanced health and comfort of the individual.

Much harmful material which has often to answer for malaise, want of energy, and various aches and pains, is undoubtedly washed out of the tissues and excreted by the kidneys as the result of free water drinking. This alone is decidedly beneficial, but, in addition, the drinking of much water causes the tissues to be changed, with the result that vitality is increased and strength augmented. So great in this direction are the effects of cold water, that persons leading sedentary lives may often obtain, by drinking plenty of water, much of the feeling of health and exhilaration which results from taking exercise.

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### THE MYSTERY OF HEREDITY.

Out of 222 pupils in the grammar schools of Chicago who attained a certain percentage of efficiency only 25 were boys. This would indicate that girls are about four times as bright as boys. It is hard to understand these things and to straighten up the rules of heredity. It is, we believe, an accepted rule that boys "take after" their mothers and the girls after their fathers. If,

then, the women are the smartest, the boys, "taking after" the mother, should also be smartest. If the men are the smartest, then the girls, "taking after" the father, should be smartest. It is a difficult riddle to unriddle.

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## MENTAL DYSPEPSIA.

When in life we come to a keen realization of the shortness of time, it is discouraging to reflect how many things we have neglected to read and study at the proper age to do it.

"But," says a prominent book reviewer, "most people read altogether too much. We leave ourselves no time to think our own thoughts or work out and develop our own ideas. We are occupied continually with bolting the ideas and thoughts of other people. And 'bolting' I say meaningly, for the quantity of stuff we pour into our minds, as well as the time we spend doing it, leaves us no room or leisure for digesting what we have taken, still less for assimilating or enjoying it. Mental dyspepsia is about the chronic condition of most of these omnivorous readers who can boast of the immense number of books they have read. The man who reads the opinions of other men upon every subject is a numerous individual, but few and far between are the men who have thought these subjects out for themselves and can speak to us of their own conclusions."

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## INORDINATE READING OF NOVELS.

Three things are "easily demonstrable" in connection with the inordinate novel reading of the age, so "The Homiletic Review" editorially remarks. The first is that the intellect is being weakened, the insatiable novel-reader losing the power to grapple with the great truths that underlie the realities of life. The second is that true feeling is deadened, the principle enunciated by Bishop Butler and recalled by Henry Rogers being applicable here, namely, that passive impressions by being repeated grow weaker, and the heart is made worse, not better, by the luxury of sympathy and mere benevolent feeling separated from action. The third thing demonstrable is that inordinate reading of even the best novels must destroy all taste for the other and more solid reading that is essential for every intelligent man or woman, and so, in the end, all taste for real right life.

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## WHICH IS THE LADY.

Shortly after the war ended, says the Washington "Critic," the negroes began to call each other "lady" and "gentleman," but in speaking of the whites they generally said that "man" and that "woman." An instance occurred lately in which Gen. W. T. Sherman played a part. The General was sitting in front of his house one pleasant evening with some of his friends, smoking and talking, when a fellow as black as the ace of spades sidled up, and, addressing the General, said: "Is there a lady here named Johnson?" "No," said the General. "Well," said the darkey, "I think there must be a lady of that name living here, because she is my wife, and she is working for a woman named Sherman."

Dr. C. A. Stephens, of the Boston University Medical School, is reported by "The Medical News" as saying he is "convinced that the progress of brain science will enable mankind to successfully overcome decay and its climax—death. He further states his belief that death at seventy years or thereabouts is due to the fact that generation after generation is born into the world expecting to die at that time, and therefore die. He expresses the opinion that if children were brought up to believe they would live forever, the life limit would gradually be extended in the course of several generations."

## GUMBO PATOIS.

There is much in understanding the peculiarities of the gumbo patois. There is no rule to go by. It is either instinct or hard study that solves the problem. The other day a Creole had a man arrested for stealing a cow. He was put on the witness stand and interrogated about the bovine.

"To whom did the cow belong which this defendant was trying to sell?" asked the lawyer retained by the despoiled.

The face of the despoiled was a blank.

"From whom did the man steal the cow he tried to sell?" reinterrogated the lawyer.

The witness shrugged his shoulders in token of his inability to understand. Then one of the audience spoke to the lawyer.

"Let me ask the witness about the cow," he said. "I can make him understand."

The necessary permission was given, and the man who knew it all took his stand in front of the witness.

"The cow," yelled he, "who she be?"

The witness smiled broadly as he answered in tones most positive:

"She be me."

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A New York clergyman recently declared that Americans were more given to the use of profanity than any other people on earth. Perhaps somebody will introduce here the novel method that is employed to check profanity in Switzerland and Germany. Curse cards, as they are called, are carried about by these people in their pockets and whenever they hear a volley of cuss words they present one to the swearer to sign. Upon this card is a printed pledge to abstain from the habit for a specified time, with a penalty attached for each oath, the amount to be turned over to charity.

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A traveler was in a rural store up in "York State," says the New York Times, when a small boy came in. "Say mister," he said to the storekeeper, while the traveler listened, "ma says you're to please give me an egg's worth of mustard. The hen is on."

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When the late Bishop Wilberforce became rector of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, he was waited on by an old farmer whose one desire in life was to rent the glebe land. "Why?" asked Wilberforce. "Well," said the old fellow, with a look af business shrewdness, "when t'other parson was here he used to farm it hisself, and, there being so little of it, he always got in his hay before anybody else. Then he clapped on the prayer for rain."

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John Sherman says he will never forget his first meeting with a President. He tells about it this way:

It was shortly after Lincoln's inauguration and he attended a public reception, fell into line, and waited an hour or two for a chance to shake hands with the great emancipator. "During this time," says Mr. Sherman, "I was wondering what I should say and what Lincoln would do when we met. At last it came my turn to be presented. Lincoln looked at me a moment, extended his hand, and said: 'You're a pretty tall fellow, aren't you? Stand up here with me, back to back, and let's see which is the taller.'

"In another moment I was standing back to back with the greatest man of his age. Naturally I was quite abashed by this unexpected evidence of democracy.

" 'You're from the West, aren't you?' inquired Lincoln.

" 'My home is in Ohio,' I replied.

" 'I thought so,' said he; 'that's the kind of men they raise out there.' "

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## SPARROWS ARE SHREWD.

The English sparrow is perhaps the shrewdest bird going and rarely ever

gets caught in a scrape. I saw one literally in a tight place, though, and but for the shrewdness of his friends he would doubtless be there now, or worse. A careless colored cook of the house adjoining mine had spilled some raw rice, perhaps a quart or more, in the back yard of the neighbor's premises. In order to hide her carelessness from her mistress and so to save herself the trouble of picking up the rice, the resourceful cook simply turned an empty box over the little pile, thus putting it out of sight and went her way rejoicing.

Presently a bevy of sparrows chanced that way and took possession of my neighbor's back yard. Ere long an adventurous one of the number discovered a convenient knot-hole in the overturned box, poked his inquisitive little head therein and forthwith spread the news of the rice find. Then things were pretty lively thereabout. First one and then another of the birds would pop down through the hole, to bob up a few moments later with his crop full of rice. They were all mighty gay over the matter and most of them made two or three trips inside before they were satisfied.

By and by something seemed to have gone wrong. The birds fluttered and chirped and chattered in an agitated manner, crowding upon and about the box so thickly that it was some time before I could see that one little brown head kept bobbing up frantically through the knot-hole from the underside and getting no farther. Some greedy little fellow had laid in an over supply and so made himself too big for an exit through the hole.

The case really seemed a pitiful one, as nothing but time and the slow process of nature could relieve the poor prisoner of his predicament. At least that is what I thought, and I marveled that so clever a creature as a sparrow should get himself into a hole. Meantime I had forgotten to reckon upon the ingenuity of the birds on the outside of the hole. They lost no time in bringing this qualification in evidence, however, for pretty soon I discovered that they had set to work to dig the little prisoner out. Having selected the most vulnerable spot of the surrounding ground, first one and then another of the birds would scratch and peck away, each one taking his turn and working energetically till by and by a hole was made big enough for even the overloaded fellow on the inside to creep through.—Philadelphia "Times."

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Bishop John P. Newman, in a recent address at South Onondaga, N. Y., in which town he was pastor of his first church fifty years ago, told how he was obliged to walk a nine-mile circuit and speak at four services every Sunday until a member of the congregation took pity on him and raised enough money to buy him a horse. "The horse had short legs," said the Bishop, "and I had long legs; consequently I could by turns either walk or ride without dismounting. The salary for a year's service was $100; and,' said the Bishop, "you owe me $5 of that money yet."

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The conductor of the Pontypool choir (Mr. W. Protheroe) is 26 years of age, and has taken deep interest in music ever since he was a lad. He is an associate of Trinity College, London, and has during recent years been a hard reader of works pertaining to higher music. He succeeded his father (he too being a well-known conductor) in the leadership of the Pontypool and Abersychan Choir some three years ago. The first appearance of the choir under its new conductor was at a local Eisteddfod at Brecon some three years ago, when they came out with premier honors, Builth on that occasion being among the vanquished. At Brynmawr and Treorky and a few other local Eisteddfodau the choir had to be content with second honors, this being attributable mainly to the fact that at those gatherings the choir was not represented in full strength.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

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## THE LATE T. R. MORGAN, ALLIANCE, O.

Thomas Rees Morgan, Sr., the President of the Morgan Engineering Company, of Alliance, O., died September 6, of heart failure. He was 63 years old. Mr. Morgan was passing from his wife's room, she being ill, to the dining room about noon, when he was seized by the fatal illness. His death occurred almost instantly. The Welsh people in the United States heard of his death with sorrow.

THE LATE T. R. MORGAN.

Thomas Rees Morgan, Sr., was a good example of what pluck and industry will do for a man. He was conceded to be one of the ablest mechanical engineers in the country, and there is not a big rolling mill or factory where heavy machinery is required that tools of his manu-

facture are not found. Hundreds of patents have been taken out by him on heavy machines, and it was his delight to construct enormous machines nothing like which had ever been built before. Though engaged in the construction of big machines of special design for years, it is said that a piece of machinery never left his shop that would not perform the work for which it was intended.

He was born in Penydaren, Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, Wales, March 31, 1834. He was sent to school until he was eight years old, and then placed at work in the mines, first as door-boy and subsequently as teamster. At the age of 10 years he was the victim of an accident in the mines which resulted in the loss of his left leg just below the knee. At the age of 11 years he was sent to one of the best schools the vicinity afforded, and at which many eminent scholars and scientists received their training. At a very early age he developed unusual mechanical and inventive talent, and when but 14, at his own earnest solicitation, and in opposition to the desires of his parents, he was permitted to leave school and go to a trade—that of a machinist, where he served five years. Subsequently he was employed in many of the leading iron works of Wales, where he was recognized as a mechanic of rare genius.

Being deeply imbued with a love of liberty, however, he came to this country with his family in 1865, locating at Pittston, Pa., where he was employed for a brief season in the shops of the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg railroad. From there he went to the Cambria iron works, at Johnstown, Pa., thence to Pittsburg, where he served as foreman in the machine shops of the Allegheny Valley railroad; machinist in the Atlas works; superintendent of Smith & Porter's machine shops, and finally as master mechanic in the Atlas shops, where he continued for nearly two years, when he engaged in business for himself, in February, 1868, in the manufacture of steam hammers, with Charles E. Marchand, under the firm name of Marchand & Morgan. They were successful in a small way, and about 1870 moved their works to Alliance. Here they commenced the manufacture of steam hammers in a little shop with perhaps 20 men on the pay roll. From this humble beginning arose the enormous works of the Morgan Engineering Company. Marchand sold out to S. J. Williams, and the style of the firm was changed to Morgan, Williams & Co., Henry Heer also taking an interest. When the Solid Steel Company was organized, with Mr. Morgan as President, Mr. Williams retired from the old firm, and the Morgan Engineering Company was formed, T. R. Morgan, Jr., John R. Morgan and Henry Morgan, sons of the founder of the works, being taken into partnership.

Nearly all of the great traveling cranes in use by the Carnegie Steel Company, and by all of the rolling mills of Pittsburg were designed and built by Morgan. He was the

first man to construct electric cranes, and one of the first and greatest machines of this kind was constructed for the government, and is now in use at the ordnance works in Washington city. It was built to handle the 110-ton guns contemplated by the government, and is considered a wonder in its way. He has since then built nearly all of the heavy machinery for the navy yards and ordnance shops of the government. For the last two years his works have been busy constructing the Morgan-Gordon disappearing gun carriages, and at present the company is under contract for government work amounting to over $1,000,000. He also solved the problem of shaping armor plates for the United States battleships, and built for the Carnegie Steel Company the ponderous armor plate bending machines now in use at Homestead. He also built shears for cutting chilled steel plates on a scale never before attempted. All kinds of heavy hydraulic machinery of special design was also one of his specialties, and no big contract for work of this kind was let in this country that he was not invited to submit plans.

Morgan was a public-spirited man and was identified with all that was good in the city of Alliance. He was one of the most enthusiastic friends and substantial supporters of Mt. Union College, and the new observatory and gymnasium building recently opened in connection with that institution bears his name as founder. He contributed liberally to every worthy charity in his town. Unlike most employers, he took a personal interest in the welfare of his men, frequently calling them together to talk to them on economic subjects and the improvement of their homes. He organized savings associations among the men, and taught them to save up and build homes for themselves.

In politics Mr. Morgan was a stalwart Republican, a firm believer in the principles of the Republican party, a contributor of time and means toward its success and a staunch supporter of its candidates. Since the time that William McKinley began his political career until the present time Mr, Morgan was held in high appreciation as one of the most earnest and influential supporters of the now President. It has remained unwritten, but known as a fact by those well posted in politics that Mr. Morgan could have had a prominent and lucrative place under the administration for the asking, but he was not a place seeker in any sense, and seemed content with the knowledge that he had shared in the success of the party and his friend. Mr. Morgan was prominently mentioned among the candidates for Consul to Cardiff, but no expression from him ever indicated that he sought or cared for the place.

In 1892 Mr. Morgan was the Republican candidate for Congress from his district, but met defeat in the landslide that carried the Democratic party back into power. In 1884 Mr. Morgan was a delegate

from his district with the late C. H. Andrews to the National Convention at Chicago, which placed James G. Blaine in nomination for the presidency, and in the campaign that followed was prominent in the councils and on the stump for the success of the ticket.

## ARMY REMINISCENCES.

By Chaplain Erasmus W. Jones.

Incidents of the late conflict have been scattered abroad like the leaves of autumn. The supply is not exhausted, and the people are not satiated. For years to come the war of the rebellion will furnish rich materials for the pen of the historian, the poet and the novelist.

The struggle had raged for nearly three years before I had any experience in army life. The regiment of which I was chaplain for two years was the 21st United States Colored Troops, and during that time it was stationed at different points in South Carolina, chiefly in the vicinity of Charleston, doing garrison work and picket duties, which are as essential in military life as the more active work of the battle-field. On this account I have no battle records to present; but I have in my mind some scenes which I witnessed at Charleston and its vicinity which will be far more interesting to the readers of the "Cambrian" than any recital of battle scenes.

In this land of my adoption I have enjoyed every "Glorious Fourth" save one, since in August, 1832, I landed on the shore of Columbia. That one exception, ten years ago, found me at "Penmaen Mawr," in North Wales. On that morning my heart burned with American patriotism, and all alone, I climbed up that noted height, took off my hat, looked westward and made a short address to my American friends. But at present I wish to refer to quite another "Fourth" on Morris Island during the war, in 1864.

It opened upon us clear and intensely warm. As officers we felt an additional degree of patriotism on this the day of days, but under the circumstances we could not make much of a display; and owing to the oppressive heat we remained under the shade of our various tents and thought of friends and scenes at home. Soon after 10 o'clock, the sky became clouded, and about 11, the muttering of thunders was heard in the distant northwest. It was evident that a big storm was about to reach the island. At noon we were to have a national salute, and, as was seen, the grand artilleries of the heavens were ready with the Union batteries to celebrate the "Fourth of July" in South

Carolina, and in sight of Charleston. A more sublime union of earth and heaven was never witnessed. The noon gun at Fort Shaw was the signal for the salute. It boomed forth. In less than three seconds a most terrific peal of thunder shook the heavens and earth; and thus it continued for half an hour. Every fort on the island poured forth its loud applause, while the far more sublime and louder voice of Jehovah in the clouds produced in my mind impressions that I shall never forget.

At this time, in addition to the city negroes, there were thousands who had come to Charleston from the surrounding abandoned plantations. Among the friends of the colored people in South Carolina, no name was held in greater reverence than that of General Saxton. On Sabbath afternoon, March 19, 1865, I had an appointment to preach at the Zion Colored Church, in Calhoun street, the largest church in the city. This appointment was most cheerfully given up in order to let General Saxton, who was just from Washington, address the freedmen. Such a gathering at one church I had never witnessed before. It was crowded to its utmost capacity. The General was not eloquent in the common acceptation of the term. Speaking was not his vocation. But he was such a kind, good man, and a warm friend of the colored people, and they knew it. After a few preliminary remarks he cried out at the top of his voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am just from Washington. I had a long talk with the President in regard to you, and Abraham Lincoln told me to tell you for him, that you were free—forever free!" And a grand shout of praise went up to God from thousands of voices. I sat on the pulpit steps and had a clear sight of the whole. I watched their emotions as seen in their countenances. Hundreds of women with their arms uplifted praising God for their emancipation. There were present at this gathering some three thousand souls. It was "joy unspeakable and full of glory." After a while the General was able to proceed with his remarks. He gave them excellent advice and thanked them for their devotion to the old flag. The Doxology was sung and the vast audience was dismissed.

On the 14th of April, 1865—a day I shall never forget—I had the pleasure of attending the great celebration at Fort Sumter, when the same Stars and Stripes that were taken down in 1861, were again unfurled and given to the breeze by the hand of the late General Anderson. At sunrise a national salute was fired by the fleet, and the harbor presented the gayest appearance. From the North there was a very large attendance. We left Charleston on board the steamer Canonicus, about eight hundred of us; and this was only one of the boats engaged. On that morning we had heard of the surrender of General Lee, in Virginia, and this added to the general hilarity. In less than half an hour we reached the famous old structure. Between

12 and 1 General Anderson, accompanied by General Gilmore and others, appeared on the parapet. While the applause was yet in progress, Henry Ward Beecher, the orator of the day, made his appearance. The cheering became louder while the famous man of Brooklyn took his seat on the platform. The remarks by General Anderson were eloquent and pathetic. He was deeply affected, while the whole audience partook of his feelings. Looking up he cried, "I thank God that I live to see this day!"

The old flag was brought back to its old home in a strong mail bag, directed to General Anderson, Fort Sumter. It was unlocked, and no sooner did the people see the veteran bunting than they broke out in one grand shout. It was soon adjusted to the lines, and by the hands of its old commander it was raised once more to wave in triumph over the walls of Sumter. The scene then was entirely beyond description. Compared with the reality, language must be feeble and tame. The vast assembly at once rose to their feet and gave vent to their feelings in rapturous applause. The men waved their hats, and the ladies their handkerchiefs. The fountains of the great deep of the soul were broken up, and tears of joy mingled with songs of triumph. Add to this, the thundering roar of an hundred cannon on land and water for half an hour, and you may have some faint idea of the great celebration in Charleston harbor on the 14th day of April, 1865.

Utica, N. Y.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

By Rhydlan Kyffin.

Our lives are leaves on the tree of life,
A single life is but a leaf;
Each day is but a summer's strife,
Each night is but a summer's grief!

And death is the autumnal fall,
When lives get withered brown and dry;
Death is the fate that visits all—
'Tis but a part of life to die!

Adversities, diseases, blights,
Are but the chilling blasts of fate;
Fate has its days, fate has its nights,
It withers all or soon or late!

Each day, each night, all seasons, see
Those leaves drop off e'en from their birth;
They shrink and curl and silently
They whirl and eddy back to earth!

We bud and flourish, then we fade,
Our life is death—God's death is life;
We make our life and 'tis unmade—
God's peace is but the fruit of strife!

# AMONG WELSH RUINS.—CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

By Rev. M. P. Jones.

Among the many ruined fortresses in Wales which remind the thoughtful observer of Norman rapacity and cruelty, none is more interesting than Caerphilly Castle, in Glamorganshire. Covering, as it does, with its three distinct wards, its seven gate-houses, and thirty portcullises, thirty acres of ground, it deserves consideration not only as the first specimen of concentric style of architecture in Great Britain, but also because of its grandeur even in decay.

I shall never forget the deep impression it made upon me first as I stood viewing its massive walls and towers from an elevation in the village in the declining light of a summer day, and later as I wandered alone through its vast and varied domains. To the east of the castle proper with its great hall, chapel, state apartments and other buildings, is a long curtain wall with its great gate-house, and to the west is a detached work, somewhat less imposing. Between the curtain and the castle mound is what remains of the moat, and back of the western wall is a short stretch of lowland. A small stream running a little south of the castle originally filled the moat and converted the low ground into a lake, there being a dam at the south end of the curtain protected by an outwork which is now detached from the wall. Thus surrounded, a draw-bridge connected the castle with the western outwork, and another linked it with the curtain gate-house.

The castle was founded by one of the De Clares towards the close of Henry III.'s reign, but it was in the next century when Hugh le Despencer came into possession of it that it assumed its present proportions and appeared at its best. The unfortunate Edward II. doubtless thougnt it a marvel of military architecture and an impregnable fortress, when in 1326, pursued by his faithless queen, in league with her paramour, at the head of French and English forces, he found temporary refuge with his favorites, the Spencers. But while he had reason to gratulate himself on his present safety, a circumstance occurred soon after his arrival at the castle which had a tendency to banish his sense of security.

Finding that the king was in the castle, the queen was not slow to invest it with her large army. The siege was carried on in earnest, a hundred teams being employed to convey wood for the immense fires which were kept burning during the hours of darkness to enable the besiegers to batter the walls night as well as day. A battering-ram, suspended to twenty large oaks and operated by hundreds of men, at length made an impression upon the solid masonry, and thirsting for the king's blood, a large force of

fierce men rushed into the outer ward through a breach in the curtain wall. Then, after repeated repulses, they crossed the moat, forced their way into the round tower nearest them, only to receive streams of molten metal poured down upon them by the besieged, and to beat a hasty retreat amidst the agonizing shrieks of the wounded and the derisive shouts of the guards. Urged forward by their superiors, however, and stung to the point of desperation by repeated failures, the soldiers again returned to the attack, and forcing an entrance into the tower as before, they let the molten metal run out of the furnaces in the lowest story, and either ignorantly or designedly they threw water from the moat on the molten mass, causing a tremendous explosion which hurled the tower into the leaning position it has occupied ever since, and resulted in the death of not a few of both besiegers and besieged.

Caerphilly Castle.—Leaning Tower.

To the hunted king, who must have witnessed the explosion from one of the inner towers, the destruction of the round tower was far from re-assuring, and as he watched the precipitate retreat of the surviving assailants he saw that the fortress that had promised him so much at first, was really a trap,

and he made up his mind to take advantage of the darkness now near at hand and leave the castle before the final attack. Accordingly he hastily changed his military attire for a peasant's garb, and bidding his friends adieu, he secretly left the castle and appeared among the assailants as they were constructing the huge fires for the night. No one suspected his identity, for to sustain the character he had assumed, he busied himself with the rest and showed good command of the Welsh language, in which—thanks to his Welsh nurse—he was able to converse freely. Then making good his escape he wandered like a hunted beast over the mountains and through the valleys of Glamorganshire, to be betrayed at length into the hands of his enemies by a monk at Llantrisant.

Meanwhile, Queen Isabelle's forces, little suspecting the king's escape, kept up the siege, and though they were unable to take the castle by storm, they forced the Spencers to surrender, and kept them under close surveillance until they were beheaded not long after at Bristol.

The castle had now seen its best days, and though it continued to be a menace to Welsh liberties till the days of Cromwell, its frowning walls did not harbor as much cruelty as they once did. Great must have been the rejoicing among the people when the work of dismantling it consigned its walls to ruin and its towers to bats. Yet all who have been domiciled in this formidable fortress were not heartless tyrants.

Caerphilly Castle.—Interior view.

Kent, O.

# COLLEGE DEGREES.

By Prof. D. J. Evans, M. A.

In this country there are three grades of degrees given to persons who finish a prescribed course of study. The first is the Bachelor's, the second, the Master's, and the third and highest, the Doctor's. These have different names, indicating the nature of the studies which earned the degree. Thus the B. A. and the M. A. indicate that he who has earned them has finished the course called the Liberal Arts, meaning Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Logic and Philosophy. Lately Science, Literature, History, and other studies have been added.

Another course, containing much science and but little classical work, leads to B. S. and M. S.

The various doctorate degrees are Litt. D., Sc. D., Ph. D., D. D., and LL. D. The two last are always given *pro honore*. The others, as a rule, are not honorary.

Some institutions confer other master's degrees like LL. M., Ph. M., and M. L., while now and then an institution of the first rank will grant some of these as honorary; yet the rule is to require a course of study and a series of examinations, a thesis and residence at college to earn one of them. The A. M. or M. A., as they are the same, is no longer given to an A. B. graduate after three years. It can be earned now in a year by complying with the regulations of the institution of which it is sought.

The study required for the Master's and Doctor's degrees are called graduate studies. This graduate course of study is comparatively recent and is offered only by institutions of large incomes. In other institutions also a like course may be laid down by an eminent professor. But it is not in all the departments. Even when a degree is granted, it is granted for the work done in the fortunate department. The rule is in all leading institutions to require the residence of a candidate for any degree, not honorary. But, of course, there are cases where a degree may be granted on men who have already received lower degrees from the same institution, without residence, or, as it is called, "*In Absentia.*"

The two degrees that are given in all the leading colleges, are the M. A. and Ph. D. The rule is to give the A. M. after one or two years' work in post-graduate studies, and the Ph. D. after two or three years' work.

To a young man, these are very valuable, as they indicate that he has pursued a college course of study under competent instruction for five or six, or even seven years. As a degree, neither has any value. It only indicates the amount of time he has studied in an institution. To

ask for one of these on any ground except as result of work at some university, is to betray ignorance of the meaning of degrees now. Indeed to accept the Ph. D. from certain grades of institutions is a hindrance more than help. In college circles, a man's degree signifies nothing, except as it is known how and by whom it was given. In the majority of our colleges it requires about 2,500 hours of recitation work to earn the A. B. From 700 to 1,200 more for the Ph D. These hours must be certified by some professor. It may be seen therefore that it is of little value to a man to ask for this degree on any other terms.

Colleges must have a large income before they can offer good post-graduate instruction. The professor who gives his time to teaching under-graduate classes has no time to guide a candidate for a degree in post-graduate work. In some institutions where work in science has been allotted to three or four men, a professor may have time to do this. But exclusive scientific work will hardly earn a degree. As a rule, college professors in the classics and mathematics, are crowded with under-graduate class work, and have no leisure to guide post-graduate students. It may be seen, therefore, that these degrees will vary as indices of the work done, except in university work. A good rule to follow would be to seek the Ph. D. only from such colleges or universities as have an annual income of at least a hundred thousand dollars, and then only by a residence of a year or two.

The conflict just now is with regard to the number of degrees. Some claim that a graduate ought to receive the A. B. degree, whatever course he has pursued. The argument adduced is that as degrees indicate only hours' work, rather than proficiency of the candidate, it matters not what studies have occupied his time. It is evident that this will lead to inferior training, as most students will pursue easy studies. Probably the A. B. degree is desired rather than some other, because hitherto it has required more hard work to complete the preparatory and collegiate studies which lead to it. There is no doubt that in college circles there is largely a preference felt for this degree, hence students covet the honor without doing the work.

In conclusion, great changes have taken place with reference to the granting and the meaning of college degrees. D. D. and LL. D., the honorary degrees, are not so freely given as they were ten years ago. Other degrees are made in course, and require more work under the eye of a master; while some of the degrees from German universities have lost their prestige.

Athens, O.

# THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE WELSH.

By Theologus.

A remarkable change has been wrought in the character and condition of the Welsh nation since the time of Jones of Llanddowror, and Charles of Bala. Prior to that the Welsh had lived in a state of semi-barbarism, although Christianity had existed amongst them since the early ages. Age after age had passed, and the Romish and English Churches had kept up the forms and practices of religion amongst the people, but they had not succeeded in educating, civilizing and improving their condition, morally and intellectually. Church performances did not appear to have any influence over their lives for good. They were as ignorant in the 17th century as in the age of the introduction of Christianity. Literature was almost unknown except amongst bards and monks. There was no spiritual awakening, no moral enlightenment, no educational improvement. Age after age was a repetition of darkness and ignorance. There was no progress in religion or knowledge. Throughout the ages it was a veritable reign of stagnation. Any attempt at enlightening the people was considered dangerous and looked on with suspicion, because in those ages light cast fearful shadows over the land, and it seemed more comfortable to remain in darkness. The eye of society could not bear the light, and education was opposed and antagonized as a dangerous innovator or a revolutionary invader. The spirit of stagnation held universal sway, and the church and state considered this as the ultimate condition of things; and they detested and fought against every change or innovation because it created dissatisfaction and unsettledness. But during all these ages the pent-up forces of human nature were preserved and accumulated until in the time of the Reformation they, of necessity, burst through all bounds and very nearly upset the existing order of things.

There is one important fact which this world has tried hard to ignore and slight, and that is that there is in nature a power silently making for higher things; mysteriously working higher and higher in spite of all oppositions on the part of human systems and organizations. These may hold it in check for a certain time; for an age; for ages; but history teaches the great truth that it finally breaks through opposition, and new orders of things come into existence. Wise kings, rulers and statesmen take cognizance of this fact and make changes accordingly to meet the inexorable demands of their times.

With the reformation inaugurated by such good men as Jones of Llanddowror, and Charles of Bala, a new

light shone on the Welsh mind; a new era was introduced, and the age was changed in a remarkable manner. The people were enlightened; this new light reached every soul; the awakening was general and the change was thorough. Every man and woman, young and old, heard the glad tidings. This reformation was thoroughly practical; because schools were instituted and a nation, in consequence, was taught to read. Sunday schools became so general that the people became interested in literature, chiefly Biblical. Religious books were scattered broadcast, preaching was heard everywhere, until the people became better acquainted with the history and doctrines of the Bible than with the affairs of their own land. The spiritual awakening and enlightenment was wonderful, and the change in the customs and habits of Welshmen became marked. Prior to this, Sundays and leisure hours were devoted to drinking, games, lewd songs, immoral plays, pagan customs and practices, calculated to degrade and carnalize. In fact, the mass of the people was spiritually dead and living in ignorance and sin. The popular literature (which was chiefly love songs) was abandoned, and a purified literature was inaugurated by these spiritual leaders. Such men as Rowlands of Llangeitho, actually broke up the soil of Wales. The altars of Christianity in Wales had been covered with thorns and thistles and the rank weeds of ignorance and superstition; and the land was morally and spiritually a wilderness. Religion had been hitherto mere meaningless formalism; it had no object, no aim, no purpose, other than its own continuation; the clergy were immoral, carnal, indifferent; and religious performances were merely mechanical. The man of Llangeitho's preaching was like the triumph of Gabriel, and all the morally dead in Wales, all the ignorant and indifferent, were raised from the grave, as it were, and awoke into a new life. No man ever wrought more powerfully on the heart and souls of men. Men and women, even from within a radius of 100 miles, traveled to be present and to enjoy his blessed ministry. They deemed it the highest honor and the sweetest pleasure to enjoy the blessings this man bestowed. But it is sorrowful to state that however good he was, and how much soever he did for the common people to enlighten and spiritualize them, the English Church slighted and dishonored him, and drove him out of the house of God. But this man was sent of God, and his holy presence and inspired eloquence converted barns and stables into Bethels and Zions.

This religious reformation had such powerful influence over the Welsh mind that its literature became extremely partial, and was almost entirely composed of religious and theological books. General knowledge was ignored as being worthless, purposeless to a people so devoted to their spiritual affairs. Common education, secular training, knowledge of science and art,

pursuits of worldly avocations were deprecated. One of the natural consequences of this view was that Welshmen kept themselves out of the many avenues of this life, and devoted themselves and their talents almost entirely to preaching. But of late years Wales has had another awakening on a secular line, and by means of a wider idea of life is devoting its energies to the general development of its children. Education is becoming general, attention is paid to art, science is taught, men and women are trained to the many offices of life, and the secular is not wholly overshadowed by the light of the spiritual life. There is a close relationship between this life and the life to come, and considerations of the one do not exclude the other. The secular side of the Welsh character has been sorely neglected; but we hope that the present educational movement in Wales will lift the Welsh to an equality with those of other nations. Religious training is insufficient to meet the demands of the age.

## GWILYM GWENT.

By R. Sirhowy Jones.

He leads us on a lovely morn in "Spring,"
And bids us listen to its voices sing,
He lends us ears, and we are lost in bliss,
We ne'er before heard music sweet as this;
Again we go with him on "Summer" days,
And learn the raptures of that season's lays.

The "Bells" that chimed when life was early spring
His music brings us back their old sweet ring;
He notes the song the "Brook" with tuneful glee
Sings on its merry way to seek the sea.
Our ears he opened and our hearts awoke
To understand the language Nature spoke.

As sunbeams gleaming from the golden skies,
So smiles came dancing from his sunny eyes;
His face a perfect transcript of his heart;
His heart a stranger to deceitful art;
Like Nature, whose he was and whom he loved,
His kindness knew no bounds and constant proved.

The universal law of dread decay
Made clay again of what in him was clay,
But freed his spirit, coffin'd here so long,
To roam and revel in immortal song.
Not of the earth, to earth was only lent,
Among immortals lives our Gwilym Gwent.

Ebensburg, Pa.

# NATURE IN ART.

By Rhydlan Kyffin.

The success of art lies in its fidelity to nature. It is the greatest folly in the world to believe that we can discard nature and proceed to perfect art. The intellect, the mind, is a product of nature, and art is the attempt of this product of nature to re-produce or re-create nature; and the closer it clings to nature in its models and means the better it succeeds. All interest is centered in nature, and the abilities and qualifications to succeed in art are the gifts of nature; and it is quite evident that art is impossible except on natural lines and by natural suggestions.

Nature is the beginning and the end of art. Art starts from instinct; instinct is the inspiration which produces the love of art, and it is the spirit's state that mothers and nurtures the ability and the skill that matures into artistic execution. Art is born, not made.

Nature furnishes instinct and skill. Nature has very little to do with the material in art. Two artists of very unequal merits may use the same material; but the superiority of one over the other is not material, it is spiritual. What a difference may exist between two poets having access to the same dictionary! The arrangement of even the same words may cause a wonderful difference in the expression. The material writer is never felicitous; to him language is a mechanism; to the artist-poet it is a body illumined with spirit. The one seems to gain his skill by labor; the other by recollection, by inspiration. The one gets his knowledge through everyday experience; the other through sympathy. Goethe says that the true poet or artist learns more by instinct than by the slow process of knowledge. The true poet or artist interests by his newness, by a happiness of thought and expression which is beyond the apprehension of common ability—the ability gained by labor and experience.

"The highest problem of any art is to produce by semblance the illustration of some higher reality." Now, it is art only that can invent and use means to produce this semblance. The felicity and perfection of art comes from the aptness of these semblances as intellectual means to suggest. It is this ability that interests and pleases us when accompanying the powers of art. Art gives satisfaction; art expresses our inmost thoughts and ideas. We feel, but the artist feels and expresses. Our intellectual life is imperfect, art completes it. This is the glory of art.

Nature furnishes the means of expression. These means are not the materials, but their forms. Nature furnishes the skill, the instructive tact, to select and use these

forms. This is beautifully shown by the story of Siegfried and his sword. His father placed him with Mimer, the renowned smith, to learn his trade. Mimer had been challenged by the great Burgundian Knight to forge a weapon which could pierce his coat of mail. Siegfried, the young prince-apprentice, undertook to forge the sword. He worked for seven days and seven nights, and produced a most wonderful blade. Mimer examined it critically, and to test the edge, held it in a running stream where he cast a fine thread which the water carried toward the blade; the thread no sooner touched than it severed. Mimer pronounced it faultless. Not only the sword was faultless, but the art of the story-teller, the edge, the running water and the thread used is perfection itself.

The illustration used in one of the Welsh Tales (Mabinogion) to idealize a long lapse of time, longevity, antiquity, seems always to us the perfection of art. The eagle of Gwernabwy has lost his consort and entertains the thought of marrying the Owl of Cwmcawlyd, and being anxious to know her age he visits some of the old-timers around. Every one professes ignorance of the Owl's age, and expresses himself in happy ways; but the "semblance" used by the Blackbird seems the neatest and the most suggestive of the idea of longevity. He was seated on a stone not bigger than a man's hand, and yet he remembers the time when that stone had been a load for a hundred oxen, and all the wear and tear on it had been his touching it with the tips of his wings in ascending to flight in the morning, and his sharpening his beak on it at night, and yet that big stone had become small by that extremely and exquisitely expressed slow process of friction, and yet, says the Blackbird, at that remote ancient time the Owl was no younger then. The expression shows great power of imagination and perfection in the use of semblances. It is in the expression of abstruse thought and pure ideals that art proves its skill and tact.

# ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

## Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Fifth Paper.

I propose in this part of my sketch of the St. David's Society to make a few comments on the character and qualities of the Welsh people as they have impressed themselves upon my mind in the course of my intercourse with them during my membership of that Society, a period extending over sixty years.

In the first place, they are apt and quick of perception, make good farmers, skillful mechanics, equal to the best. They are good business men, and have turned out some of the most successful merchants and financiers to be found in commercial and financial callings anywhere. The character and skill of their work, I think, will bear me out in the foregoing statement. Yet, if we inspect the condition of the Welsh people in their own country, an adverse conclusion might be drawn. Why? Trace their history as far back as the Phoenicians, nearly a thousand years before the Christian era, and we find them then having commercial intercourse with that people.

In later years we find them a migratory race, seeking new homes and adapting themselves to the ways and customs of other communities of different qualities and temperament to their own, but making good citizens, faithful and reliable and well liked. And I may add that through such intercourse with other races they acquired a larger and broader knowledge of themselves and of the world, than they could have obtained by living within their immediate circuit. No community, nor any nation, can ever expect to attain a very high degree of material prosperity which keeps itself aloof from the rest of the world; and the Welsh people should be able to know that fact through their own experience and history. Let us take the instance of Francis Lewis, the father of the first President of the St. David's Society. He was, when a boy, fortunate enough to get a first-class education to fit him for commercial life, by which, and being endowed with high commercial capabilities, and also having confidence in himself to do and perform what others had done in the counting room in which he was educated, impelled as he was by his strong will and determination of character, he rapidly amassed a fortune, through his ventures to the American Colonies, some three thousand miles away. Had he remained at home in his native land he would probably have been des-

tined to a different fate, and might never have been known of in history. He, however, ventured to test his abilities and succeeded. He became a merchant and turned his mercantile talents to a useful account, both to himself and his country, rendering valuable services to his government in the French war, and finally became an active co-operator in the cause of the American Colonies in the hour of their peril. When their fate was weighing in the balance and at stake, he, with that quick foresight and precision of character which he had acquired as a merchant, when quick decision in the management of commercial transactions are so essential and indispensable in large and important undertakings, and when once made with a will and determination not to be thwarted or deviated from its purpose when once decided on, threw the entire weight of his wealth and influence in behalf of the Colonial cause.

He was one of the noble patriots who staked their lives, their honor, and their property, by affixing their signatures to the immortal Declaration of American Independence, and which cost him his property, but his life was spared to behold the grand and moral structure erected to perpetuate the memory of its founders. The present generation can hardly be expected to comprehend and appreciate the magnitude and importance of that great event in its full and beneficent light as its influence shall display itself to this and to future generations. How few there are of those now living and enjoying the fruits and benefits of the labors and sacrifices of those philanthropic patriots, can picture in their minds the sufferings they endured to make a better country and government for them and their descendants.

I do not wish to attach too high praise or importance to any one particular person who was especially identified with the Colonial cause; all and every person, of every creed, clime, or country, who took a part in that great event were entitled to share in the glory of its success, but when the services and sacrifices of Francis Lewis are fully read and appreciated in his connection therewith, I think I shall be pardoned for alluding to its high character and value. I do so especially to call the attention of the Welsh readers of this article so that they may behold in his life and character one of the noblest instances of self-sacrince for the benefit of others that can grace the page of history.

What Francis Lewis did to pioneer and pave the way for others to build upon, beautify and complete, his son, Gen. Morgan Lewis, followed in his father's footsteps to carry out the latter's work. I need not enlarge upon the biography of Gen. Morgan Lewis, which has already been set forth and sufficiently dwelt upon, but I will call the attention to that portion of the sketch of his life which refers to the part he took in recommending the establishment of the public schools and providing for their maintenance

out of the public funds when he was Governor. Nothing could have been more in keeping to carry out his father's undertaking than his advocacy of the establishment of public schools for the education of the rising generations, qualifying them for the due and intelligent performance of their public duties as citizens.

Reading naturally leads to meditation and thought, and thought to inquiry and investigation, whereby the mind endeavors to bring itself in harmony and sympathy with that of the author, so as to keep that of the reader in touch with him. An author may express his thoughts or conceptions unhappily or unintelligibly, but if there is enough of thought in it to perceive the purport of his meaning, something has been obtained for the reader to study and ponder upon. I hold it therefore to be a good habit to make a rough review of what has been written in order to arrive at the gist of his thoughts. And I have felt more and more impressed with this idea in studying over the life and character of Francis Lewis. When men become participants in any great public question calling into requisition the full voice of the people at large, it is just that the participants who took an active part therein, whether high or low, should share in the honors of the achievement they attained, whatever the nature of that might be; but it so happens in history that many important items in the records are overlooked or mis-stated, that it is only at a future period of time that such oversights are perceived and corrected and truthfully and fully narrated. Public verdict hereafter will award Francis Lewis his due meed of praise, and place his name among the list of the most distinguished patriots and benefactors of the American Revolution.

New York City.

## A CHARTIST STORY.

By David Owen.

In the "Cambrian" for February I find that some one has been writing of some incidents which happened at Newtown, in Montgomeryshire, Wales in the exciting days of the Chartists, in the years 1830-'40. This period is a marked one in English history. Those were days of great agitation for manhood suffrage and other reforms. The question may be asked by this young generation who are interested in reforms, especially political reforms, "What is meant by Chartism?" Let Thomas Carlyle answer: "Chartism means the bitter discontent grown fierce and mad; the wrong condition, therefore, or the wrong disposition of the working classes of England. It is a new

name for a thing which has had many names, and which will yet have many. The matter of Chartism is weighty, deep rooted, far extending, did not begin yesterday, will by no means end this day or to-morrow." The readers of this sketch will doubtless feel interested in a few remarks from an old man who lived and saw and took much interest in the cause, but too young then to realize the people's grievances. I was then nine years of age, and like many other boys of that age, I knew of almost every thing that was happening in town, and was present at public demonstrations of all kinds. But the reader will bear in mind that these sketches are partly from what I saw and can remember, and what I have heard from older people many years after the troubles we write of happened; so it is possible some errors may creep into this paper.

In those days the reform, the abolition of slavery, the poor law, the municipal and corporation acts, all followed each other in such rapid succession that reform leaders found no difficulty in stirring up the minds of the masses of the manufacturing towns. As Sydney Smith said, the whole earth was in commotion. This gave to men like Arnold and Carlyle food for anxious thought. It was during this period that Chartism began to take root in the land. The document called the "People's Charter" was embodied in the form of a bill in 1838, and comprised the following six points: Universal suffrage, division of the country into equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, annual parliament, no property qualification for members, and payment of members. These principles quickly recommended themselves to the working classes, and they became matter of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the government. Meetings of chartists were forbidden after sunset, or by torchlight; but that did not deter such leaders as Stephens of Bury, and Fergus O'Connor, the repealer. They got up a monster petition to present to Parliament for the purpose of assisting their bill through the two houses. My memory fails me as to the exact length of the monster petition, but if I remember rightly, it was about seven miles long, hauled in wagons along the streets, bound with iron hoops, and was presented to a Reformed House of Commons. At this time Chartists numbered a full million and a half. Political unions in different localities were actively promoting the cause of what was termed the National Convention, and the furtherance of Chartist principles. These days were noted for the great fight led by Sir Robert Peel, Richard Cobden, and others for the repeal of the corn laws. At this time poor laws were introduced. This measure was extremely unpopular among the classes for whose benefit it was intended. The poor houses which were to be built would be but prisons. This system would break up families, would separate husband and wife, and scatter children. We can not here blame the disaffected

laboring classes of the country for welcoming the agitators who appeared among them. The first of these who came to Llanidloes was a fellow-townsman who had returned from Birmingham imbued with Chartist ideas. This man collected a few individuals and distributed some of the publications of the leaders among them, at the same time inviting them to discuss their contents. This proved highly agreeable to the people, as the people's Charter seemed to inspire them with an elevating notion of their own importance. They began to think they had a natural right to representation in the National Parliament. Being thus invited to discuss politics, the people shortly came to consider politics as of secondary importance to their daily labor, and the cause of a New Gospel of Liberty. Many a zealous and religious old man, ignorant of politics, would fall on his knees and fervently thank the Almighty for sending them an ambassador to lighten their darkness. One enthusiast prayed to this effect: "O, God! we thank thee for having sent such a man as Richard Jerman to enlighten us upon this intricate subject." Another one (old Owen, the Llechwedd) prayed: "O! Lord, if it be in accordance with Thy will, let the cause proceed headlong, and I will choose the Finnant farm"—one of the best farms in the neighborhood, marked out by the old Chartist as his future home, when the time of the redistribution of land would arrive. The works of Voltaire and Tom Paine were in great demand. Voltaire preached Liberty and Fraternity, claiming that it should be the watchword of England. "My brethren, these are all truths, and mighty ones; ye are all equal; nature made you so. Equality is your birthright." Southey sang in the same strains in his days of red radicalism. Such precepts and the irreverent and sweeping doctrines of Paine were eagerly read by the young enthusiasts.

Those who were inoculated with the sentiments of Chartism founded a political union in connection with the National Convention of London, in order to enjoy the full benefits which would accrue from the monster petition. They held meetings, and for months they were conducted in a peaceable and orderly manner, paying all expenses by subscriptions among themselves. It was asserted that they held two kinds of meetings, one in public, in which their views were explained in the most careful and guarded manner, and secret gatherings, where the revolutionary purposes and aims of the movement were privately discussed. Delegates were sent from London and other cities as missionaries to promulgate the views of the Chartist leaders, and advocate the principles of the people's charter. Equality was promised if the people would unite and determine to establish freedom by universal suffrage, and vote by ballot.

I remember one, a Mr. Hetherington, of London, a great orator, and, if I am correct, the editor and

proprietor of the "Poor Man's Guardian," speaking in the Town Hall. Charles Ernest Jones was a favorite and a forcible speaker, and accompanied with a man named Gamage. The two last named visited our town several times. It was said that Mr. Hetherington recommended that the people should be drilled in the use of firearms so as to be ready for aggressive work if Parliament should refuse the reforms called for. This declaration for physical force took the local leaders by surprise, as they had thought that moral force alone would be used. History tells us that the Llanidloes Political Union was ranked among the physical force supporters of the National Convention; and it was also rumored that these people were timid, but very religious, and that, if they could only be inspired with the same enthusiasm in politics as they felt in religion, they would be a most valuable acquisition. These men would make any sacrifice to uphold what they considered their just rights.

In accordance with a resolution passed at a general meeting, parties were sent into the country to collect arms from the farmers, and in this they were successful, for in most instances they only pretended to borrow the weapons. This affair was reported to the ex-Mayor, Thomas E. March. Acting upon this information the authorities of the town drew up a despatch and sent it to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, Earl Russell.

Having procured weapons, the Chartists proceeded to make use of them. At this time Thomas Jones, the tin-man, made a tin horn, about six feet long, and on this horn was painted in large letters the word, "Liberty," and a young man, one of the order, was selected trumpeter, and he proved to be the right man in the right place, for when he blew his trumpet it was almost loud enough to wake up the dead from their long sleep in the old churchyard on the banks of the dear, beautiful old Severn. We boys would watch for the sound of the trumpet in the early evening, then we would make for the drilling ground, on the race-course on Pen-yr-allt hill, and soon we would see the young soldiers march up the hill in twos and threes, led by the old militia-man, their drill instructor. Most of those who took part in these military exercises were young men. Several times a week were the peaceful inhabitants disturbed by the martial display of the old militia-man's pupils. These meetings were generally wound up by a stirring address by one of the local leaders.

Matters were now getting to assume a serious aspect. Pikes were secretly manufactured, bombshells and other weapons of destruction. In the midst of these preparations, some of the leaders were sharp enough to get up a shooting match with a prize for the best shot. This afforded each borrower of a gun an excuse for the possession of the weapon, and this stratagem proved of considerable service in the defense of the prisoners at their trial.

The town authorities learned that resistance would be offered to the execution of the law, in arresting those individuals concerned in unlawful procuring of arms, so they applied through the Lord Lieutenant of the county to the Home Secretary for a sufficient force to repel any attempts which the Chartists might make to rescue their friends. Earl Russell (after that Lord John Russell) acquiesced in the demand by sending three London policemen. These men, although brave, were not of the slightest use in quelling any disturbance which was likely to arise. On the contrary, their presence proved a source of great irritation to the Chartists, who directed all animosity against them. The magistrates, however, adopted precautionary measures for strengthening their position by swearing in upwards of two hundred trustworthy men from the town and neighborhood to act as special constables. The work of swearing in began before the arrival of Lord John's forlorn hope. These preparations seemed formidable enough if it were only to arrest two or three agitators, but the event proved otherwise. The reader will here perceive that the Home Secretary had selected Llanidloes as the battle-field to crush Chartism in Wales.

On Monday evening, April the 29th, 1839, the leaders of the Political Union convened a meeting at the corner of the Old Hall. While the meeting was held, a closed carriage passed through the crowd on its way to the Trewythen Arms Hotel. This carriage contained Sergeant Garrett and Constable Banks, of London, Blenkhorn, of Newtown, and Henshaw, of Welshpool. The meeting broke up without any breach of the peace, no one suspecting that their enemies were so close at hand.

Tuesday, the 30th, was a lovely spring morning, one ever to be remembered by those who witnessed its proceedings, perhaps the most momentous in the little town's history.

Sodom, O.

[To be Continued.]

## A SUNSET PICTURE.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

**In the mellow silence of the twilight hush**
**A brilliant artist-angel from on high,**
**With rainbow palette and inspiring brush,**
**A picture drew upon the western sky.**

**A disc of vermeil on a field of blue,**
**With effluence soft it shone afar,**
**When night around her curtains drew**
**And pinned them with a silvery star.**

# DANIEL OWEN AND THE WOMAN FROM THE SOUTH.

By J. Lombard Edwards.

I am writing this paper with the sole purpose of inculcating the time-honored truth that the shoemaker should always stick to his last. It is never safe for a writer or an artist, however able he may be, to venture outside his own experience. Art means perfect knowledge and execution, and both are inseparate. The cultivation of art means the cultivation and the perfect reproduction of knowledge; and once an artist undertakes to illustrate or represent anything whereabout his technical knowledge is defective, he fails ignominiously. Cleverness or ability on other lines will only make his failure more conspicuous. Daniel Owen, the author of "Rhys Lewis," "Enoc Huws," &c., is deservedly famous, and is pre-eminently the best novelist Wales has yet had, and in all his entertaining works he has depicted North Wales characters with marked ability. When writing of old characters he knew in Flintshire and Denbighshire Wales, he was describing what he had known and experienced—they were ideals to him; they were impressed on his mind indelibly; they were parts of his life; but unfortunately in one of his short pieces he overstepped the boundary of his experience, and undertook to paint a character which was beyond his ken, and of whose mind, dialect, modes of thought, &c., he knew very little, absolutely nothing, except by conjecture. Every time she talks she betrays the ignorance of her maker. This brief sketch is to be seen in his "Smoker," the opening chapter of his interesting book, "The Scissors."

It is in the year 1876 or 1877 that he was on his way to Llandrindod, when he happened to meet with this woman from the South on the train. It is unusual, too, to meet a woman from the South on a northern train, and the celebrated novelist would have done far better if he had had the discretion to have met a woman from the North, whom he could have painted much more naturally. But probably he wanted to attempt something new. He and a friend were in a "smoker" when this poor woman came in. As she opened the door, his friend told her this was a smoker, thinking she would prefer to go into some other car.

"We are smoking here," he said; and the woman answered, "Dim pws, yr odw i wedi hen arfer a hyni, ys gwn i." We have never heard a man or woman in any part of South Wales say neither "Dim pws," nor "ys gwn i" in the connection "ys gwn i" is used here.

"You are used to tobacco smoke?" asks the man; and she answers, "Odw mwy nag y gwnai eto ys gwn i prid." No South Wales woman ever talked in that way. In

fact, a woman from the South would not understand it.

"Am I to understand that you have lost your husband?" asks he, "Odw," she answers, "syweth!" That's far from being South Walian. In the paragraph which follows there are dozens of incorrect utterances, which are noticeable to a South Walian. "Cleddes," "hyni rhawg," "cwities," "nemor gyda blwyddyn," "lywer," "ddar," "gweini," "arno e," "del," "a mine'n estron," "Dai wiw mo' son," and many others were manufactured by the author and are never heard in South Wales. Browd (for brawd) may be heard in Carmarthenshire, but never with "mem a thed." South Walians never use "gwath" for "gwaith," "mw" for "mwy," "'thefnos," for "pythewnos;" "rou" for "rhai," "idde" for "iddo," "trengu" for "marw," "poni" for "poeni." We have never heard a South Walian say "mem" for "mam."

It appears that Daniel Owen had not the slightest practical knowledge of South Wales dialect, and the whole of the woman's talk is made up of a mixture of the dialects of Flint and Carmarthen. A man versed in the language of the South could not commit the blunders we find in this brief sketch. Those familiar with it alone can write a dialect. It can not be done by a stranger, and should not be attempted. There are so many little things in the mental and linguistic make-up of South Walians that only years of residence among them can observe and master. They can not be reproduced by strangers, and can not be patched together by mere conjecture. The whole phrase has to be given, and the connections and relations have to be preserved. Every sentence used in the sketch referred to contains elements that are Northern and Southern, and a South Walian acquainted with North Wales Welsh can easily discover what a patchwork it is. It happens that the woman came from Aberdar, but the way she talks shows conclusively that she never resided in Aberdar any length of time. There is not a man or woman in Aberdar, (I doubt whether there is a person in Wales), that would answer the man's question. "Have you a family?" with "Ma imi fem afiach a thlowd." A South Walian would say, "Mae gen i."

In this sketch we find expressions that are altogether strange to the dialect of the South. This for instance: "Rodd e yn llencyn del a chwmws ddigon, a mine'n estron." "Del" is North Walian and "estron" is never used in the South to mean what the writer intends in this place. It is "dyarth." This is another expression which would hardly be intelligible to a South Walian woman "Fe gerddws lywer i'r plas lle rown i'n gweini i moin am dana, ar dywidd a hindda; dodd 'naca' arno."

The following was never uttered by a South Wales woman: "Mi testes e'n dost tuhwnt, a mawr mor front fum wrtho e!" There is nothing approximate to it in South Wales. The following sentence is

composed of South and North Wales words jumbled together, and was never heard in Aberdar. It sounds very awkwardly and is scarcely intelligible: "Ai e ai fi odd fwya ynfid, nis gwn i prun—dodd ddewis arno." We do not know what is meant by it. A South Walian would use "ffola" instead of "ynfid," and, certainly would not use "prun;" that is exclusively North Walian.

It is as much the duty of an artist to select his subject as to write on it. He should know the extent of his experience, and the measure of his skill, and should certainly know that skill, without knowledge, can accomplish nothing. The attempt to reproduce a character which, probably he had never seen, and never heard talk, was a feat which Daniel Owen could never hope to execute; and this unfortunate picture shows the recklessness and the hopelessness of such attempts.

## NATIONAL SONG.

Prize Poem at the Scranton Eisteddfod, May 11, 1897. By John H. Powell. Music by Prof. Parson Price. (Copyright.)

Translation by Ap Daniel.

### O FENDIGEDIG WALIA.

O! fendigedig Walia,
  Paradwys yw i mi,
Ac anfarwoldeb wylia
  Ei chysegredig fri;
Yn nghwmni Cerdd yn gwrando
  Ei meib a'i merched glan,
Edmygedd wnaeth ei hurddo
  Yn "Gymru Gwlad y Gan."

Gelyniaeth fu'n ei sathru,
  A Rhagfarn ar ei sedd,
Broffwydai mynai gladdu
  Ein hen-iaith yn y bedd;
Hebryngwyd, do, i'w beddau,
  Ganrifoedd gan y byd,
Ond byw yw'n hen ddefodau,
  A byw yw'n hiaith o hyd.

### O BLESSED LAND OF GWALIA.

O' blessed land of Gwalia,
  A Paradise to me,
And guarded well is Cambria
  By Immortality!
The Muse and Admiration,
  Pleased with her choral throng,
With joyful acclamation
  Have crowned her "Land of Song."

Foes trod her down in fury,
  And Scorn assurance gave
That straightway it would bury
  Our Language in the grave;
Long ages have been carried
  Down to their silent tomb,
But, lo! our language tarried,
  Our hallowed rites still bloom.

Mewn bri mae'r hen Eisteddfod
Fu'n rhodio yn ddi-fraw,
Yn angladd llawer cyfnod
A aeth i'r byd a ddaw;
Cawn ar eu santaidd lwybrau
Amryliw flodau heirdd,
Ac olion nefol gamrau
Ei chysegredig feirdd.

Mae'r hen fynyddau'n cofio
Gwroniaid dewrion lu,
Ar faes y gwaed yn brwydro
Dros urddas "Cymru Fu;"
Dan faner hedd a chariad,
O! boed i "Gymru Sydd,"
Drosglwyddo ei chymeriad
Yn lan i "Gymru Fydd."

Fy ngwlad! wyt anwyl imi,
O boed it' fythol fyw,
Yn wlad y "cyrddau gweddi,"
Yn wlad yn moli Duw;
Yn wlad yr hen "Gymanfa,"
A'r hwyliog "hen amen,"
Yn wlad yr hoffa'r Wynfa
Roi'i bendith ar dy ben.

Cydgan:

O wlad yr hen "Gymanfa,"
O wlad yr hen "Amen;"
O! fendigedig "Walia,"
Boed bendith ar dy ben!

Still thrives our old "Eisteddvod,"
That walked with fearless tread,
To lay full many a period
With Time's un-numbered dead!
Along its sacred highways
We gather flowers sweet,
While on its heavenly byways
Are prints of bardic feet!

Our ancient mounts remember
The heroes, brave and bold,
Who fought, times out of number,
To save the "Wales of Old!"
Beneath Love's peaceful banner,
O may the "Wales we see,"
Her name, untarnished, render
Unto the "Wales To Be!"

My Land of holy teaching!
O mayst thou ever live.
A land of prayer and preaching,
A land God's praise to give,
A land of th'old "Gymanva,"
And th'old, old grand "Amen;"
A land that "Great Jehova"
May freely "bless again."

Chorus:

O land of th'old "Gymanva,"
And th'old old grand Amen;"
O blessed land of Gwalia,
God be thy guide again.

New York City.

# THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

## NOTES ON THE CHRISTAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS FOR OCTOBER.

By Mrs. Jessie N. Lewis.

Sunday, October 3.

Topic—How to make God's will our will, and the result. Phil. 2 : 1-13.

I. What is the will of God? We find its record in the Bible. We must study is as carefully as we would the royal proclamation informing us of the will of an earthly sovereign. But we need an interpreter to this proclamation, for it is written in a tongue foreign to our native speech. We find such an one in the Holy Spirit, who "helpeth our infirmities." (Rom. 8 : 26.)

II. How make God's will our will? By doing His will. Letting the same mind be in us as was also in Christ Jesus. We wonder if our wills are given to the Lord; if we are fully consecrated, etc. Turn to Phil. 2 : 2-8. Cut our lines by that pattern day in and day out, and we need not spend precious moments calculating the exact measure of divine grace we think we possess. Our time will be more than occupied fitting together the various pieces of our pattern.

III. The result? It is given farther on in this chapter. "Blameless and harmless, the sons of God, shining as lights in the world." Isn't that an end to be striven for?

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Sunday, October 10.

Topic—Enduring hardships for Christ's sake. Heb. 12 : 1-13. (A missionary topic.)

Plato said, "Good things are hard."

We are not the only ones who have to endure "as good soldiers." What hard endurance must have been required of the Hebrews to carry out the command for their tale of bricks with no straw from which to make them. Look at the hardships thrust upon Job, that servant of the Lord—and often it seems as if God's children have the most and hardest things to bear.

There are hardships not sent from God—hardships brought upon us by our own folly and disobedience. The younger generations are understanding better the inexorable laws of the natural world. Would that we kept in mind more clearly those of the spiritual world. Many a hardship we see come by the sin of others, so surely are we all our brothers' keepers.

There is a way of enduring hardship that will never receive a blessing—the fault-finding, complaining way. Keeping a minute record of hard things in our lives and reporting the same to everyone, is not enduring hardship. Remember that Christ suffered before us, and each hardship proves a blessing.

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Sunday, October 17.

Topic—"Whatever He would like to have me do." Ex. 19 : 1-8.

(A meeting to consider all branches of society work suggested; to be led by the President.)

Said Thomas Carlyle, "Were your duties never so small, I advise you, set yourself with double and treble energy and punctuality to do them, hour after hour, day after day."

No advice could be more proper to a society. The work of a committee or sub-committee may appear so small. It

depends on just how each does the part assigned. If we could only realize how much our small link means to the strength and usefulness of the whole chain. It is discouraging, speaking mildly, to the President to find this or that department neglected, and to have it said to him, "Oh, my work doesn't matter; it's unimportant." It may be we are asked to lead a meeting, write up the minutes, visit some sick member or pass refreshments at some social gathering. It all counts, and it is cowardly not to be willing to do our best.

Suppose we do not always like the work assigned us. We must learn that to let our own wishes rule our lives is to fail of realizing our one great wish, happiness.

A bright spot in the routine is the thought that we are doing in Christ's stead. We are His committee, His hands and feet, His voice and eyes. His commands can be carried out always.

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Sunday, October 24.

Topic—Confessing Christ before men: why and how? John, 12 : 35-43; Rom. 10 : 8-11.

(A meeting for especial thought of the associate members and the unconverted.)

Why? One of Christ's first promises was to those who confessed him before men. (Matt. 10 : 32.) Surely He wants it. Is not that sufficient reason, if we truly love Him?

Men think it patriotic to confess faith in a political party. Could not this same code of statesmanship do in the kingdom of heaven?

It is not possible to live a truly sincere Christian life in secret, letting no one know the main spring of our daily life. And if it were, who would want to lose valuable influence over his fellow-men by taking such a false, deceitful position?

2. How? Paul gives plain directions in Rom. 10 : 10. We may believe and believe, but that is only half the battle. To show our colors modestly but loyally, means much. Yet no confession should go beyond experience. Many things aid the lips in confessing Christ. A doleful tone and funereal countenance will counteract the most religious testimony. To be happy and to make others happy is a sure seal to words, and every good deed receives Christ's stamp after we have openly confessed him.

Can we do this in our own strength? Not easily. Help is promised in Mark, 13.

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Sunday, October 31.

Topic—Trust Christ—for what? 2 Tim. 1 : 1-12.

1. Trust Christ—Because he has never proved us false, nor has He ever failed the millions of all nations who have loved Him. Trust Christ—because there is no one else in earth or heaven.

Trust Christ—Because trusting Him brings peace and strength and happiness different from anything else.

Unrest or worry is a sure sign of weakness, weakness that comes because we do not trust Christ. Sometimes we distrust our fellow-men as to their word, or ability to keep their word. We have no reason ever to distrust Christ's word or power. Paul's Christ is ours. 2 Tim. 1 : 12.

2. For what? For present saving grace. For His willingness to untangle the snarls in our lives. For a sufficient moral courage in life's battles. For life and all, present and to come.

Mohawk, N. Y.

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## GREEN CHRISTIANS.

There is a time when every Christian is in the green stage. Christ says: "First the blade.' Corn, in the blade stage, is necessarily green. There is nothing wrong in this. The young convert is the Christian blade. He is very green. No blame attaches to him for this state. But if he continue in the

blade state when he ought to be in the earing period, then he deserves reproof. To be a green Christian, out of season, is a shame and a reproach. But what is the proper duration of the green season? That depends considerably on individual capacity and opportunity. No fairly intelligent and well-circumstanced Christian ought to be green for years after his conversion. A healthy Christian will quickly come to the fruit bearing stage. It is better to be green and healthy than to be dry and dead; but perpetual immaturity is not according to the divine plan. God has many ways of maturing us; let us actively co-operate with Him.

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## THE NEED OF SIMPLICITY IN PULPIT SPEECH.

A most lively, vigorous, suggestive and helpful concio ad clerum is Dr. W. L. Watkinson's paper on "Impressionist Preaching" in the current number of the "Methodist Review." In discussing the common pulpit error "of preaching as if we were addressing scholars and theologians," he wittily and forcefully says:

"As a rule formal theology in the pulpit is a mistake; and yet how many sermons are merely theological statement and discussion? A brother in one of my circuits exhorted the people to 'trust in Christ with a simple, fiducial faith.' The blessed results of such an appeal I did not learn. Now, a physician ought to know everything about physiology. The secrets of the dissecting room ought constantly to guide him in his observations and prescriptions; but there is no necessity that he should take a skeleton with him on his visits to his patients. I am afraid that we often drop into this osteology in the pulpit, and it is a very great mistake. A preacher with affectations of scholarship warned one of our congregations that 'a spirit of German transcendental ratiocination was creeping into the church,' and as a menagerie of wild beasts happened at the time to be in the town the congregation took alarm, and a panic ensued. The highest art is that which conceals art; and the highest art of the pulpit is that which knows most, and says the least about what it knows. Just think, when we enter the pulpit we are face to face with men and women whose life is intensely concrete and practical. They live in the world of trade and toil, in the domestic circle with all its solicitudes; they carry many burdens and fight many battles; they have comparatively little leisure for thought and reading; they know hardly anything about theories of nature and life; they know everything about difficulty, temptation, suffering, failure, and fatigue. Listeners like these require a simple, sincere, sympathetic style of address. If we are to speak to them with advantage, the theologian, the philosopher, the scientist, must be lost in the man."—Christian Advocate.

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In the last century a stone-mason belonging to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland was tried and, I believe, excommunicated for helping to build an Episcopal church. The charge against him was based upon precepts in the Old Testament prohibiting the erection of altars to pagan deities in the high places of Israel. It is not more than a hundred years since, in this country, Alexander Campbell, the founder of the denomination popularly called, from his name, "Campbellites," having been caught in a furious storm in Pennsylvania, was refused shelter by a devout Presbyterian woman because he was a Baptist. Her conscience compelled her to resist the hospitable inclinations of her womanly heart; for did not St. John say, "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed?"

# FIELD OF LETTERS

THE VISIONS OF THE SLEEPING BARD, being Ellis Wynne's "Gweledigaethau y Bardd Cwsc," translated from the Welsh by Robert Gwyneddon Davies: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London. The Welsh National Press Co., Carnarvon.

The title "Bardd Cwsc" is as well known among the Welsh as "Paradise Lost" among the English, but the book was more widely read in former years than now. It is one of the first books we ever saw, and its horrid descriptions of various forms of punishment have left lasting impressions on our mind. In former years, too, people used to believe the greatest part of it, and we well remember how an old neighbor used to read and treasure its contents as if they were God's truths. Although those intellectual conditions that made people superstitious have largely passed away, we may yet enjoy "Bardd Cwsc," its entertaining matter, its quaintness, its descriptive power, its extravagances, horrors, and first-rate exaggerations, The author was an excellent Welsh writer, and "Bardd Cwsc" is universally admitted to be a classic.

In the Preface, the translator tells us the way he came to undertake the work of turning it into English. At the national Eisteddfod of 1893, a prize was offered by Mr. Lascelles Carr, of the "Western Mail," Cardiff, for the best translation of Ellis Wynne's "Vision of Hell." The adjudicators awarded the prize to Mr. Davies, and this initiatory success induced him to proceed with and complete the work, which he now presents to the reading public in book form. It is printed on antique paper, bound in appropriate cloth, takes the eye and will certainly give thorough satisfaction. On the front page is Glasynys, the birthplace of the celebrated author, and is followed by Genealogical Tables, an Introduction, Summary of Contents, Remarks on the Text, etc.

The book from the first has been regarded as a masterpiece, but opinions concerning it have varied according to the religious humors of its readers. Some regarded it as a religious book, fit to be classed alongside the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, &c. Others seem to have regarded it as a book of horrors—a veritable devil-raising book—a book which had a tendency to make sinners familiar with hell-fire rather than afraid of it. However, to people of the present enlightened age, the interest centers in the moral and intellectual condition of an age that could produce such literature, and we are amused by the extravagances, as well as the story-telling ability of the author. It is a spiritual nightmare and a literary extravaganza which furnish considerable amusement and instruction.

The work of translating has been on the whole, well done; although the translator might have adhered more closely to the style and simplicity of the original. Such rendering as "make the little (to) loom large" for "gweled pethau bychain yn fawr," and "how certain it is that death should come, and yet how uncertain its coming," for "a sicred yw i bawb farw, ac ansicred yr amser" may be improved and simplified; but to an English reader, who has not seen the original, this transla-

tion can not fail to be enjoyable. Every student of Welsh literature should get a copy of this quaint book.

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J. M. Thomas, Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me., sends us the following on "Glimpses of God," By Rev. B. G. Newton, Cleveland, O.: "Welshmen in particular will rejoice in the fact that the Rev. B. Gwernydd Newton of the Franklin Avenue Congregational Church, Cleveland, O., has issued a volume of sermons under the interesting title, " Glimpses of God." The style of the sermons is highly evangelical. Starting from the premise that knowledge of God is possible, he proceeds with remarkable spiritual insight to describe the essentially devotional nature of the soul. The intensity of its yearning for the divine, and the imperative need of a supernaturnal revelation of God to man. He begins with inspired humanity in person and work of Moses, and ends with uplifted humanity in the light of the Cross. Each discourse is marked throughout by great robustness of thought and force of originality. There is something in the strength and rarity of the imagery, in the easy grace of diction, which reminds one strongly of a similar trait in the poet-preacher. Each sentence is replete with life, feeling and power.

Among the characteristic features of the book may be mentioned that of alliteration; a quality which lends a certain grandeur to rhetorical expression, and facilitates retention for the reader. Indeed, in this respect it might rank well as a text-book. The volume is published at the express desire of Franklin Avenue Church and congregation."

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"Young Wales" for August is certainly one of the best numbers we have yet seen. We do not hesitate to say that every Welsh reader should procure a copy of this number, because it contains more information regarding the growth and development of Wales during the last sixty years than can be obtained in any other publication of its size. Published in book form it would be very acceptable. The contents are as follows: Sixty Years of Educational Progress in Wales: By Principal T. F. Roberts, M. A. The Laws and Enactments of the Queen's Reign in reference to Wales: By D. Ll. Thomas. Sixty Years of Welsh Politics: By Llewelyn Williams. The Victorian Era. What has it done for Wales? By the Right Hon. Sir Geo. Osborne Morgan, Bart, M. P. The last paper he wrote before his death. Welsh Literature of the Victorian Period: By Charles Ashton. The Victorian Era: Its Message to Wales: By the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M. A., and Prof. Anwyl. Great Welsh Poets of the Victorian Era: By the Rev. Elvet Lewis. The Temperance Movement during the Queen's Reign: By William George. The Welsh Pulpit during the Victorian era: By the Rev. J. Puleston Jones, M. A. Commercial Progress in Wales. A Sixty Years' View: By Major Jones (Editor of the "Shipping World"). The Journalism of Wales during the Victorian Era: By David Davies (Editor "South Wales Post.") The Rise of the Police Force in the Welsh Counties, 1837-1897: By Howell Evans, Chief Constable of the Cardiganshire Constabulary.

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The "Drysorfa" for September, has the usual number of articles on religious subjects, with a variety of reports and short papers on different matters pertaining to church and Sunday-school. The Rev. Evan Jones, Llandinam, by J. Jones, Esq., Llanfyllin. The Indwelling of the Holy Ghost, by the Rev. E. W. Evans, M. A., Abergele; Religion and Science, by the Rev. Jos. Roberts, D. D., New York; The Sunday-school, by the Rev. J. Owen, B. A.; The novel, "Pegi Gib," by Mrs. J. M. Saun-

ders; New Hymns, &c., News and Notes, Missionary Intelligence, &c.

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The "Dysgedydd" for September compares well with previous numbers, and contains interesting articles on various religious and social matters. Paul and Christ, Christ's Church and Creed's Church, A Voyage to Australia, The Support of Religion, Sunday-school Lesson, Missionary News, Biographic, &c., &c., are among the contents.

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"Trysorfa y Plant" looks as bright as ever, and continues the best literary treasury for the young, and is undoubtedly one of the purest publications for children published in any language.

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The contents of "Wales" for September are as follow: A Plea for our Celtic Place-Names, Aunt Gwen, The Welshman's New Home, Welsh Popular Superstitions, and five chapters of Owen Rhoscomyl's novel, "The House of the Twisted Sapling."

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Our readers will be interested to learn of recent contributions to the domain of literature in Wales. "Gwilym a Bennie Bach" is the title of a charming book, written by Mr. Llewelyn Williams, and published by Messrs. Hughes & Son, of Wrexham. It shows to great advantage the author's great skill in portraying Welsh life and character. Every page sparkles with brilliancy of expression, and the light and shade of incident and detail are most admirably arranged. We confidently anticipate that "Gwilym and Bennie Bach" will take its place among the very best in the new school of Welsh fiction."

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The "Traethodydd" for September is largely religious and theological. We believe it would be more serviceable and interesting if more space were devoted to general subjects. The contents are as follows: A Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Jones of Denbigh, by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A. The Poet on the Crossway, by the Rev. Rhys J. Huws. The Personal Unity of the Godman, by the Rev. R. S. Thomas. The Voice of the Sea, by T. A. Levi, B. A. The Theory of Evolution and its Difficulties, by the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A. Principal Reynolds of Cheshunt, by the Rev. William Evans, M. A. The Person and the Work of the Holy Spirit, by the Rev. Lewis Williams. Literary Notes, &c.

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"Heddyw" for September is attractive with its short interesting papers and its pleasing illustrations. Among its illustrations are the Old Graveyards of Pwllheli and Llandysylio, the Old School of Neuadd Lwyd, and Tan y Castell, Jones of Talsarn's Home, the Talgarth Church, and the Church of Llan y Mawddwy. This number is light and bright.

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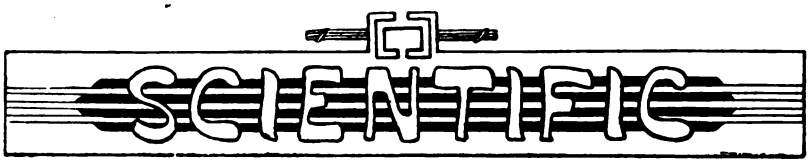
"The Welsh Pupil Teacher" is a monthly journal of inter-communication for the pupil teacher of the Principality. The July and August number possesses remarkable interest inasmuch as it contains an article on "Color in Man," by Dr. Duckworth, B. A., Llanelly. Also the prize essays and the successful competitors are given and Llanelly takes the best share of the plums as usual. The prize essay for the first year pupil on the "Advantages of a Good Education" was written by Miss Katie Legge, of Llanelly. In the third year competition for paraphrasing, Mr. Ernest T. Andrews takes a prize and in the second year competition for the essay on the "Value of Time," the chief place has been won by Mr. W. Summers, Llanelly.




The statue of Charles Darwin erected in his native town of Shrewsbury has been placed in front of the school which he attended for nine years. It was recently unveiled, and was the gift of the Shropshire Horticultural Society and cost 1,000 guineas.

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If the old formula of 100 pounds of bullets for every man slain in battle is of any good, there ought to be money in mining some of the fields in the Island of Cuba. About 300 pounds of bullets for every man wounded would represent the quality of the markmanship down there. "Yellow Jack" is a much better rifleman than any cavalryman who eats his tortillas under Gomez. Fever has slain the Spaniards by the tens of thousands.

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Diseases have their local habitations, says the "London Saturday Review." Some, like tropical animals and plants, live only in the tropics some, like consumption, are gradually spreading over the whole earth; others, like leprosy and small-pox are gradually becoming limited in their distribution, and may actually be tending toward extinction. Again, there are regions to which diseases have never reached. On the summits of high mountains and in the circumpolar snowfields, the earth and air and water are as barren of the microbes of disease as they are of animal life.

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French economists are consoling themselves for the gradual depopulation of their country, pointing out that many of the American States, including the whole of New England, are still worse off, says the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat." The birth rate in France has fallen from 33 per 1,000 at the beginning of the century to 22 per 1,000, and is less than the death rate, so that, if the present conditions continue, in about 200 years the French race will have become extinct. In many of the United States, however, matters are even more serious. The birth rate in Nevada is 16.30 ,per 1,000, so that even if no more people should emigrate from that State, its population would die out completely in less than 100 years. Maine comes next with a birth rate of 17.99 per 1,000, which gives its race about a century longer to exist. New Hampshire is third, with 18.4 per 1,000. Vermont is fourth, with 18.5, and strange to say, California, which comes next, has a birth rate of 19.4 per 1,000, or nearly 12 per cent. less than that of France.

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The editor of "Natural Science" is quite out of patience with the female sex for its continued devotion to the use of feathers as a mode of decoration. We quote below his editorial remarks on the subject, which read very much like an indictment of the whole sex. He says: "All moralists have assured us that 'when lovely woman stoops to folly,' she stoops very low indeed. And so when women attempt to emulate the glories of a Choctaw chief or a South Sea Islander, it is not considerations of art or humanity or self-respect that will stop them. Consequently it is not likely that the insensate votaries of fashion who disfigure their heads with baskets of artificial flowers (irrespective of the season), virulently dyed scraps of ribbon, strips of steel, and unnaturally clipped or colored bird

feathers, will pay any attention to a paragraph in a scientific journal. But we are willing to leave the irresponsible half of creation all their chiffons (which means 'rags' or 'womens's dress' as you please), their coal-tar dyes, and their scrap iron, if only they will leave us our birds. The rate at which some of the rarest and most beautiful birds on our planet are being destroyed to gratify this extraordinary taste can hardly be realized. On the 13th of April last nearly half a million birds were sold at an auction in London.

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A physician in extensive practice was lately asked: "What proportion, should you say, of those people who send a servant flying to your office with 'Come right away!' or make the telephone jingle with, 'Come as quick as you can!' are suffering chiefly from fear and imagination?" Stroking his beard, the learned medicine replied: "Well, I might safely put it at two-thirds. When I arrive the mere announcement that it is nothing serious allays the fear. While I am writing the prescription and chatting pleasantly on some other topic, the last stage of convalescence has been nearly reached, and when I say in an assuring tone, "Take this and you will be all right in the morning,' the case is settled.—Boston Globe.

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That the water of the sea contains gold, among other metals, is perhaps well known. According to Tout Savoir, quoted by the Revue Scientifique, which gives a summary of the data that have been obtained in regard to this subject, Sondstadt, in 1872, reached the conclusion (confirmed more recently by Munster) that the "briny deep" contains about one grain of this metal to the ton of water. One grain is not much, but this figure has its value when we take into consideration the immense extent of the oceans, which, as a whole, would at this estimate, contain a total of 10,250,000,000 tons of gold. This latter is found in the state of iodide, and the iodide that enters into the combination would amount to something like 4,428,800,000,000 tons.

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"Most children," says a writer in The Hospital, "are liars and thieves by nature. The theft is easily explained; they have no notion of property in the social sense. They are born individualists. They see a thing, they desire it, they take it; and it has to be explained to them—by words, not by blows—that the producer has certain rights in his product, and that if each took exactly what pleased him without reference to the rights and feelings of others, society, even the society of the nursery, would be reduced to a state of warfare, and he—the child—being the weakest, might come off the worst in the fray. Thus early may the moral of economics be explained."

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Zionism has been called into existence by the steady growth and the encroachments of Antisemitism in its various forms—official Antisemitism in Russia, popular Antisemitism in Germany and Austria. I do not mention the United States, because I have no information from there other than that contained in certain Jewish American publications, according to which the American Jew dearly loves his adopted country and is dearly beloved in return by his American fellow-citizens, all of which, if true, is eminently satisfactory. Being a German myself, I can only speak for my own country. There, I have no hesitation in saying, the Jew is not only not beloved, but he is positively hated and feared, and this aversion extends to all people having the faintest trace of Jewish blood in their veins.—Dr. Nordau.

## JAPANESE CIVILIZATION.

As illustrating his claim that the Japanese are a more civilized people than the Americans, a gentleman at a recent Boston dinner table cited Prof. Morse's statement that if, in a Japanese city, one picks up a stone to throw at a dog the dog does not run, because he has never had a stone thrown at him, and does not know what the action means. Manifestly, if such a state of universal gentleness and kindness prevails in Japan that not even a stone is thrown at a dog by a boy, there must be a very high and thorough civilization permeating all classes of the population. This argument may not be accepted as complete by the sociologists, who would doubtless maintain that it requires something else than gentleness and humanity to make civilization. But certainly the fact is to be taken as an excellent item of evidence in making out a case of high civilization for the Japanese. And it is a significant fact that it was reserved for our own European-American civilization to introduce the completest refinement of cruelty to animals.—Listener, in Boston Transcript.

## ERRORS IN LIVING.

To the lay mind nothing seems to auger so strongly in favor of robust health as a hearty appetite. Furthermore, there would seem to be a strong conviction in the public mind, sanctified by tradition from time almost immemorial that the more a man eats the better he is. The quantity of food that many people naturally eat is very large as compared with their actual physiological requirements. Add to this the many tempting forms in which food is presented to the palate by our modern culinary arts, the sharpening of the appetite by the anteprandial cocktail, the stimulus afforded the appetite by a bottle of good wine, and the result is often the consumption of an amount of food that simply overwhelms the assimilative organs. Such indulgence, if unrestricted and habitual, taxes both the assimilative and the excretory organs to their highest capacity, especially when coupled with sedentary life, and, moreover, it lends an additional impetus to the evils springing from the use of improper quality of food.

## AN INVENTOR.

London obituaries of Sir Isaac Holden quote this extract from his testimony before a Parliamentary committee:

"I began as an inventor on a very small scale. For what I know, I was the first inventor of luciter matches, but it was the result of a happy thought. In the morning I used to get up at 4 o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. I gave lectures in chemistry at the time at a very large academy. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light, but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put under the explosive mixture sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture, and showed it. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterward lucifer matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer match, and it was one of those inventions that some people think ought not to be protected by a patent."

# PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Sir George Osborne Morgan had a pretty wit. In his last speech he declared that Mr. Gladstone sought recreation in cutting down trees, and Mr. Balfour in falling off his bicycle.

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Dr. Griffith John, of the London Missionary Society, has secured the ground for a mission house in Hunan—the first to be granted to any Protestant missionary society in the Chinese province.

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A parsimonious Welsh preacher of the old school was asked to deliver a gratuitous sermon on behalf of a neighboring cause. "Well," he said to the deacon, "Thee dost know what the Word says, 'No money, no loaf,' and as I do get my daily bread by preaching, I must tell thee 'No pay, no pulpit.'"

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Colonel Fitzsimmons holds that a champion should not fight oftener than once a year; and the Archdruid of Wales says that the National Eisteddfod should be held once every three years. Great minds run on the same lines.

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A Carnarvon Tory, the other day, objected to the appointment of a Mr. J. P. Gregory to the borough bench. When asked for his reason, he replied, "What is the use of making a J. P. out of a man who is already a J. P.?" In fact it would be official extravagance. No man should wear a title which repeats the initials of his name! A title should be a necessity, not a superfluity.

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E. H. Thomas, who won the prize of $200 for the best oil painting at the National Eisteddfod, is a native of Pembrokeshire, Wales.

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A Welsh bard with a decided penchant for punning when he beheld Hwfa Mon, the archdruid, rigged in all the glory of ancient druidism, exclaimed, "Ain't he rigged-diculous!"

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The Revs. Thomas Roberts, Bethesda, and J. Morgan Jones, of Cardiff, will represent the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales at the General Welsh Assembly, held at Columbus, O., 1898.

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It is an old adage that nothing succeeds like success; yet it appears that Llew Llwyddo, the veteran Welsh bard, didn't succeed very well in the National Eisteddfod at Newport. He has decided to publish his "Arthur" in order to show that adjudicators are fallible.

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Rev. T. C. Edwards, of Kingston, is highly complimented in Welsh papers for the skill and complacency with which he conducted the several sessions of the National Eisteddfod at Newport.

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The Welsh bard Berw (Boiling), was second or third on the Ode contest, and after he had heard the adjudication the steam gauge jumped up 10 degrees.

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"Planting Trees and Other Sermons" is the title of a new book which the Rev. Elfet Lewis intends publishing.

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When reading his adjudication at Newport, Sir A. C. MacKenzie incident-

ally referred to D. Jenkins' musical compositions as follows: "Not only was I pleased by the excellent singing, but also by the piece of music which I have not heard before, and which is by a native composer—a piece that contains a series of beautiful musical pictures." The piece he was referring to is "The Mariners," out of the "Psalm of Life," by D. Jenkins.

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Eos Dar, with harp accompaniment, sang the following stanza, and others, with great unction and with frequent applause, at the National Eisteddfod:

Give the Englishman his beef
With bull-dogs and horse-races;
Give the Frenchman unbelief
With etiquette and laces;
Give the Welshman, for relief,
A thousand singing faces!

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Harris Cwrt-y-Cadno, the celebrated Welsh conjurer, was notorious for his ability to restore stolen goods; but it seems that Mabon follows him closely. During one of the sessions of the National Eisteddfod Dr. Rogers missed his brown felt hat, and for the life of him could not find it. A friend advised him to consult Mabon and lay the matter before him. When they came up to him, they found the doctor's hat on Mabon's head; but it was conspicuously too small for him. He had mistaken it for his own.

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The Rev. J. Spinther James, of Llandudno, writes us stating that a short paragraph appeared among the "Welsh News and Notes" in a previous number, which was incorrect and misleading. The "Cambrian" then was passing through a crisis by reason of the death of Mr. Ben Lewis. The word "Jones" in the note should be "James." There was nothing mortifying in the statement referring to Mr. James' dscovery. We print a part of Mr. James' communication in another column.

## SIR G. OSBORNE MORGAN.

Welshmen everywhere will learn with unfeigned regret of the death of Sir George Osborne Morgan, Bart, M. P., for East Denbighshire, which took place August 25, at Moreton Hall, Denbighshire, where he and Lady Morgan had been staying since the prorogation of Parliament. His death came as a surprise to the public, for it was understood that now for some years he had enjoyed very good health. Sir George was the son of a Carnarvonshire clergyman, and was born in 1827. Educated at Shrewsbury School, he proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, where he greatly distinguished himself, taking first-class in classics. During his academic career he took the Newdigate Prize for English, the Chancellor's Prize for English essay, the Craven Scholarship, the Eldon Law Scholarship, and the Stoll Civil Law Fellowship. Adopting the law as a profession, his career proved eminently successful, and his forensic skill and ability were acknowledged generally by members of the bar. In politics he was a Liberal, and in 1868, he was elected member for Denbighshire, when he became Judge Advocate General, under the Gladstone administration. In 1880 he was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and in 1886 was made Under Secretary for the Colonies—with a view, it is supposed, to propitiate Prince Bismarck, for Lady Morgan is of German nationality. Sir George's name vividly recalls the prolonged and heated controversy which preceded the settlement of the burials question. During the 1886-1892 Parliament he returned to the charge against the Welsh Church, and said, on one occasion, that it was so much occupied in fighting Dissent that there was danger of its forgetting to preach Christianity. When called to book for this he retorted that he would have been nearer the mark if he had said "practice" instead of "preach."

As leader of the Welsh party he stimulated the Gladstone-Rosebery Government to bring in the abortive Welsh Disestablishment Bill of 1895. He nominally led the Welsh Radical party, but he did not succeed in keeping Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. T. E. Ellis, Mr. S. T. Evans, Mr. D. A. Thomas, and other prominent members of the Welsh Radical party in hand, though by his initials he was the "G. O. M." of Wales—its education, culture and status. He was one of the vice presidents of the Hon. Society of Cymrodorion, of the National Eisteddfod Association, and of the London Welsh Charitable Aid Society. He was the author of several legal books and political pamphlets, and last year published a translation of Virgil's Eclogues, which was well received by the English press.

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## ARCHDEACON GRIFFITHS.

The Venerable Archdeacon Griffiths died at an early hour on Wednesday morning, September 1, at his residence, Aelybryn, Neath, at the advanced age of 77 years. The sad news was received with regret, not by Churchmen only, but all sections in the principality; for the venerable gentleman had taken an active part, for half a century, in all truly Welsh national movements—religious, social and educational.

He was a staunch Churchman and a steadfast patriot of the purest and highest type. For 40 years he lent his powerful aid to the movement in favor of Welsh higher education. He gave his valuable services with unstinted devotion to the many efforts that have been made from time to time in behalf of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, and later to the University College of Cardiff also. The Archdeacon was a keen and intelligent eisteddfodwr; he was recognized as one of the best patrons of that ancient institution. For many years his venerable form lent a charm and solemnity withal to the ritual of the Gorsedd. Archdeacon Griffiths was born in 1819, at Park-y-neuadd, Aberaeron.

When at the tender age of 5 years, John Griffiths was placed under the care of a private tutor at Tyglyn, and had for his school-fellows the Gwynnes of Monachty, and the Alwoods of Penygareg, Aberaeron. He was sent when 13 years old to the Cardigan Grammar School, where he remained four years, when he marticulated at St. David's College, at Lampeter, where the young student had a distinguished career, obtaining a scholarship and a first class in classics. St. David's had not then the power since conferred upon it of granting degrees, and John Griffiths was therefore unable to avail himself of those facilities to graduate, which, in subsequent days, were placed in easy reach of the alumni of St. David's College. At the end of his college career, being then too young for ordination—he was offered and accepted the head mastership of the Cardigan Grammar School, where two years previously he had been a pupil. He held this appointment for four years, and during his tenure of office succeeded in raising the school from a very low condition to a state of remarkable efficiency.

In 1843 he was ordained to the curacy of Aberystruth. He was subsequently curate of Nantyglo rector of Llansannor, and, from 1855 to the time of his death, rector of Neath. In 1861 he was offered the livings of Llanbadarn Fawr and Aberystwyth, which preferments he declined. In 1877 he received several preferments and ecclesiastical honors. The deceased prelate will be long remembered as one who honestly recognized the worth and importance of the labors of Noncomformists.

This is what the Archdruid of Wales thinks of judging Welsh choral singing by Saxon rules: "I hold that there is as distinctive a Welsh school of choral singing as there is of Welsh poetry, and that to judge the merits of Welsh choirs by a purely English standard is as absurd as to measure the merits of the 'Awdlau' and the Welsh alliterative poetry in the 'Mesurau Cynganeddol' by the rules of blank verse." Or we may add measuring gold with a silver standard!

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The National Eisteddfod at Cardiff in 1899, is going to be a gathering of all the Celts! With the Shamrocks and Thistles, Onions and Leeks, we'll have a regular field and garden party!

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The "Barry Herald" says that next to Klondike, Barry is the best place for speculators, judging from the number of applicants for licenses at the brewster sessions, all seeking gold in "quarts."

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We have previously heard of Welsh Brightons, Biarritzes, Spas, Trouvilles, Rivierras, and now we read once more of the Welsh Naples, a title which little Tenby arrogates to itself. Rhondda Valley is, exclusively, ours!

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"Is the God of the Creation the God of the Bible?" is the engrossing topic of a large section of the Rhondda folk just now. Here is another query for the Rhondda folk: "Is the Rhondda Valley Christian or Pagan?"

Within one month the Rev. Dr. Lewis. of Swansea, has baptized four ladies whose united ages amount to 315 years —74, 75, 82, and 84. The last one, Mrs. Richards, is proud of her 30 years' experience, or rather service, in an army hospital in India.

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The "Tarian" recently contained a leaderette commenting upon the fatal prize-fight at Tonypandy, and states that, as a nation, we condemn the bull fighting contests in Spain, but we allow such a thing as prize fighting to exist amongst our fellow-countrymen. In fact, fool-fighting is worse than bull-fighting.

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In connection with the Penrhyn strike it is an eloquent fact that during the 11 months ending September, 1896, there were 24 police cases arising in Bethesda; for the 11 months ending the 24th of August, 1897, there were only 19 cases from the same district. The police, in fact, are enthusiastic in praise of the men's conduct. Since the Penrhyn strikers behaved so well, let us have another strike soon with weekly payments.

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The churches of Wales are very much like the people of Wales. There are thousands of Welsh satisfied with a name between them; say Davies or Jones. There are 32 St. David churches in Wales! How many St. Mary's? In the new hymnal published by the C. M. we find several tunes with the same name. The Welsh are natural repeat-

ers. They just enjoy repeating an old tune!

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Preaching at Park Congregational Church, Lanelly, S. W., recently, the Rev. Elvet Lewis referred to the statement made by Cardinal Vaughan that "every Protestant was his own Pope." Every Protestant, he admitted, was his own Pope, and the teaching of Christ, he maintained, called for none other. Personal popishness is no improvement of the ecclesiastical. The great purpose of the grace of God is to eradicate the "master" and institute the spirit of justice and mercy. Let us have less "popishness" and more "fatherliness."

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Circumstantial evidence is not always satisfactory. In the "Cardiff Times'" report of the National Eisteddfod it quoted a line of Dyfed's eulogy on the Rev. J. T. Job as being greater than his bishop (gwyd yn uwch na'i esgob) which would naturally lead people to believe that Job was a clergyman of the Church of England. This belief would be somewhat strengthened by the report that the parish church bell was rung when the news of Job's victory reached Llandybie. The fact is the line was misquoted, and the bell was rung in a spirit of patriotism. Here is a grand stroke by the "Christian Commonwealth" which will entangle things more than ever! "The choir prize at the Newport National Eisteddfod was won by the Rev. J. T. Job, pastor of Nazareth (C. M.) Aberdare, the subject of the ode being "Universal Brotherhood." Eighteen bands competed."

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Our friend Morien in the "Mail" complains of a certain Rev. D. M. Davies, Rhosesmor, who has had the effrontery to use his nom-de-mer, "Morien." Just to prove there is only one Morien let the "Mail" send to the Rev. for stuff for their paper. The proof of the pudding is in the eating!

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Dean Howell was about the only one at Newport, who delivered an address in the vernacular. His speech though, seemed to have been pretty thick, since the paper says it was a "lump of eloquence!"

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When Dean Howell, in his address, at Newport, quoted, with thrilling effect, that fine old hymn, "Gwel uwchlaw cymylau amser," and asked the vast audience "Who wrote those lines, my friends?" While "Islwyn" was volleyed from the back seats, a gent, decked in a profusion of cuffs and other trappings, in the "reserved seats," was heard to soliloquize "Williams, Pantycelyn."

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An Eglwyswrw Welshman—not a journalist—now on a visit to Cardiff has two main ambitions in life. He is a married gentleman and is anxious that his children should be taught two great accomplishments—a practical knowledge of Welsh and a practical knowledge of boxing. Why not send him up the Rhondda Valley?

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It is certainly impossible to please everybody, and it is no use trying. One Welsh paper thinks it strange that the National Eisteddfod Committee should send all the way to America to get a conductor to talk English. We wish to state that Americans don't talk "Hinglish"—we talk "United States."

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The inconveniences, the unpleasantnesses and the incongruities of the National Eisteddfod were many. The auditorium was Welsh, and the platform English. Tongues were foreign and the ears native. They talked English, sang Italian and listened in Welsh!

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We will never get over materialism in religion. We care very little about

the real spiritual results of Christianity --the facts that interest us are material facts and figures. One denomination does all it can to beat the others in figures, and, probably, a deal of these are fictitious. A church is satisfied as long as it is numerous. Some churches spend considerable time in counting heads.

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A writer in the " Llan" has made a most astounding discovery. It maintains that the Eisteddfod, in passing a resolution in favor of Welsh representation on the Royal Standard, &c., has deviated from its non-political path!

Those who know Welsh know that Eisteddfod is standard itself.

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"But I agree with a Welsh contemporary that the Eisteddfod should be entirely Welsh in competitors and judges, so that the national character be not lost, or if foreign judges are imported they should at least be of Celtic origin, so that they may understand Celtic ideals." This "Autocrat" in the "Musical Standard."

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It is now understood that the treasury is prepared to give favorable consideration to Canon Silvan Evans' claim for assistance in bringing to completion his monumental Welsh dictionary. It is not yet certain whether the assistance will take the form of a civil list pension or of a grant for the express purpose of securing the continued publication of the dictionary. It is pleasing, however, to know from communications that have been made by the treasury that something substantial will almost certainly be done.

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We Cambro-Americans, do not wish to boast that we are the salt of the earth, but we cannot help thinking that we are despitefully used by Old Country Welsh. Although we have some of the best Welsh hymn-writers among us, yet Welsh hymologists would rather fill up their hymn books with common trash than select some of our American nonpareil. They slight our musicians as well as our poets. They send their products hither in little ship loads as if they considered us mere pagans in a religious sense. Wales would be a good mission field for Cambro-American talent. It has been proved conclusively that Welsh and English adjudicators do not give satisfaction at the national Eisteddfod of Wales, and as the state of things at the last Eisteddfod held at Newport was as bad, if not worse, than at previous ones, why not take the proper steps and import the real article from the States. Welsh Literati, bards and musicians deliberately ignore American talent; but once they will use it, they will always use it. The mere trial of it for once would show the difference of Wales after and before taking! If the first dose doesn't cure, we will return the money!

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The Rev. J. Spinther James in his communication says that there was "no claim or pretense made to any discovery" in the correspondence which appeared in "Seren Gomer." He proceeds to say: "All scholars now agree that 'betid' came to the Welsh from the Greek 'baptizo,' but through the Latin, and the question is, through which of the Latin words—batiare, basiare or baptis—it came. The fact that 'bedydd' in the instance quoted above is translated into 'bettis' suggested to me that 'betws' might have come from 'betisare.'" The instance he refers to is where the word "Llysbedydd" is translated into "Bettisfield" in the correspondence. Now, since Mr. James himself says that all scholars agree that the word comes from the Greek "baptizo" through the Latin form batisare or baptis, &c., he must mean after all that "betws" comes from "baptizo."

And does not, where he says that the word "bettis" suggested to him that "betws" might have come from 'betisare' show that he thought he had made a little discovery? Maybe he did not intend to, but his words seem to suggest so much. We gladly accept the reverend gentleman's word for it.

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The Archdruid Hwfa Mon, with reason, complains that the old trunk the National Eisteddfod, the Welsh Yggdrasil, the tree of national life, is growing too fast, is becoming overweighted with branches, and will soon become unmanageable. English adjudication is a troublesome branch, and now they intend having prizes for essays written in Welsh, English, French, German, or Irish. We are afraid the tree will get too high for the goat, which furnishes milk for the Welsh awen. It seems the platform also is getting higher than the gorsedd.

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RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO EBENEZER BOWEN, ESQ.

[Written Expressly on his Departure for Wales.]

By Sallie A. Lewis.

This goodly band surrounding you
Has gathered here with wishes true,
To pay that homage of respect
You did not ask for, nor expect.

With song and mirth in roundelay,
The passing hour now speeds away;
We would not hush the merry voice,
But ask the heart to still rejoice.

This kind expression of delight,
So soothing to the sense and sight,
Is laden with a sweetness rare,
That friendship always loves to share.

We are not here to say good-bye,
Nor mingle tear-drops with the sigh;
With fair intentions here we meet,
And with our brightest wishes greet.

Old Gwalia's rocks and mantles green
Will wake the harp of pleasures seen,
And feelings strange will throb and flow,
Where you have stood long years ago.

Renewing friendships that were lost,
Finding wrecks by the wayside tossed;
Wreath and laurel in fortune's bloom,
Beauty and promise in the tomb.

Yet the sky still holds the sun beam,
Dancing spirits of boyhood's dream,
And the sky lark sings love's story,
Still enchanting morning's glory.

You go in honor to your land,
Bearing the fruits of your own hand;
Enjoy the feast that travel weds,
Bring home the wine for future spreads;

So we can banquet at your side,
And revel in your triumphs wide;
Until then, we bid you God speed,
Keep God within, and God will lead.

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From the Jubilee issue of the Western Mail, of Cardiff, an issue, which by the brilliancy of its contents, adds to the already high reputation of its staff for journalistic achievements and smartness, we learn that the population of Wales, at the time of the Queen's accession to the throne in 1837, was 905,000; whereas it is now estimated to be 1,776,405. The figures show that the population has nearly doubled during the period—a token of gratifying progress.

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East Denbigh Radicals have a curious way with them. Lately at Wrexham County Court the Radical candidate appeared for a couple of clients, and was opposed on both occasions by his own election agent! They got out of the difficulty very nicely. Each got a verdict once and both were satisfied.

# CURRENT EVENTS.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION AT ROME, N. Y.

The fourth annual convention of the Welsh United Societies of Christian Endeavor of the State of New York was held in the North Washington C. M. Church, Rome, Monday, Sept. 6th, The attendance was very large, particularly in the afternoon and evening. The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion with banners, mottoes and beautiful flowers. At the morning session W. B. Pugh, of Utica, presided; reports were given and officers elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Mr. John S. Williams, Rome, N. Y.; Vice President, J. Willard Griffith, Remsen; Treasurer, Thomas Hughes, Rome; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary A. Roberts, Floyd; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Robert R. Jones, New York Mills. At 1:30 the afternoon sessions opened with a song service. In the absence of the Rev. W. J. Richards, Waterville, Mr. T. Solomon Griffiths, of Utica, was called upon to lead the meeting, which he did in his own pleasing manner. Rev. B. D. Davies, Oriskany, read Scripture and Rev. D. E. Pritchard, Rome, offered prayer. After singing Mr. Abram Jones delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the Rome Society and churches. The response was by the leader in well chosen words and was followed by singing. John J. Roberts, of Rome, delivered an able address on the subject, "Christian Endeavorer, What Is it?" After singing, a series of addresses were delivered on "The Endeavorer," followed by other addresses, recitations, singing, &c. A very instructive and interesting address was next listened to from Rev. R. G. Jones D. D., Utica, upon "The Endeavorer's Reading." After singing, short addresses, followed by Rev. W. H Williams, of New York, and Rev. Lloyd Roberts, Chicago. After appropriate remarks from the leader a very interesting session was closed with benediction by Rev. J. H. Jones, of Rome, N. Y.

The evening session opened with song service of 15 minutes. A Scripture lesson was read by H. Owens, of Nelson, followed by a prayer by H. Evans, of Utica. Several interesting addresses were delivered followed by the Rev. M. M. Hughes and the Rev. J. H. Parry. The meeting closed with a benediction.

One of the most pleasing features of the convention was the singing led by Robert Jones, of Utica, and Thomas Hughes, of Rome. Many old and familiar hymns were sung, the audience joining most heartily both in Welsh and English. Miss Lizzie Jones, of Remsen, with M. C. Jones, of Rome, were the organists throughout the day. All the delegates and visitors were nicely entertained in the Sunday school room by the Roman ladies.

## A DIFFICULTY.

The grand jury of Ripley county, Ind., which was charged with the duty of investigating the recent lynching of five men at Versailles, adjourned without finding any inaictments, although

some of the members of the mob are known. Governor Mount has, therefore, taken the matter into his own hands. He will send to Versailles the attorney general of the State, who will confer with Judge New for the purpose of having another grand jury convene at once. When it is convened the attorney general will take charge of the investigation in person. He should be able to secure sufficient evidence to indict, unless the jury and witnesses prefer to go to jail for contempt. Once the cowardly murderers are indicted, a way may be found to change the venue to some other county where a trial jury can be obtained that will mete out full justice to them. In persisting in his efforts to hunt down the lynchers Governor Mount will be sustained by public sentiment that is still powerful for law and order and civilization, despite the epidemic of mob violence that appears to be sweeping over the country.

## WHOLESALE LYNCHING.

Incensed by numerous depredations, repeated burglaries and daylight robberies, the people of Ripley county, Ind., took the law into their own hands and meted out to the perpetrators a punishment greater than provided by the law. Five men, who have long been a terror to the citizens of this county, were lynched, and when the citizens of Versailles, the county seat, arose on the morning of September 15, they found the bodies of five men dangling from as many limbs of an elm tree in the center of the public square. Their feet were but a few inches from the ground, while their hands and feet had been securely tied with strong ropes.

Versailles is a town of 800 people. It is one of the oldest in the State and although it is five miles from a railroad station and has no telegraphic communication, it is still the county seat.

For four or five years the farmers of the county have been the victims of a lawless gang who lived an outlaw existence, robbing indiscriminately and sometimes committing graver crimes. Farmers would come in town with a bunch of cattle or load of farming products and next morning they would be found robbed and beaten by the roadside. Old German farmers have been visited, and both men and women have been tortured to make them give up their savings. Aged German women have been forced to stand up on a red hot stove in an effort to compel them to disclose the hiding place of some treasure in the house. These depredations have continued unceasingly. Arrests have been made, but the guilty parties have covered up their lawlessness, and it was seldom that conviction followed.

## THE FATE OF ANDREE.

It is already more than a month since the Andree expedition set out in its balloon northward. More than a month! and no news, although there were carrier pigeons on board. The pessimists begin to be disturbed. It was hoped, not without reason, that some message would be received at the end of a few days. . . . The airship had been in the air scarcely 24 hours when the return of a carrier pigeon was announced. This pigeon came, however, only from northern Norway. A little later a whaler returned to port with the story that a large object had been seen on the surface of the sea like the debris of a balloon. Many other such reports have been received. Nevertheless, it would be well to reflect a little before announcing that we have seen the last of the men composing the North Pole expedition.

## Original and Selected Miscellany.

### JEWS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Transvaal is one of the few countries with pretensions to consideration as civilized powers that debar Jews from all participation in the legislative and municipal government. Morever, they are disqualified from filling any public office to which a salary is attached, while their schools are the only ones which receive no subsidy from the state. It is largely due to this that the efforts of the Boer secretary of state, Dr. Leyds, to secure support at Paris and Berlin against the British government have met with such signal failure, the immensely powerful influence of the Rothschilds and of the other great Jewish financiers who control the money markets of Europe being exercised against the Transvaal. It is asserted alike in London as in Paris that one of the chief objects of the hurried return of Dr. Leyds to the Transvaal is to secure legislation removing all the disabilities under which the Jews now labor in the Boer republic.—New York Tribune.

### ALASKA A LAND OF WONDERS.

It is wonderful what they are finding in Alaska nowadays. Not satisfied with discovering gold in the most astonishing quantities, they are locating such things as oil lakes, coal beds, and we know not what else. At least a recent San Francisco dispatch informs us that a Mr. R. C. Johnson of Los Gatos, California, has returned from Alaska, after having discovered a lake of petroleum, near Prince William Sound, east of Cook Inlet, and has organized a company to take possession of the new find.

As the story goes, Mr. Johnson and his partner went prospecting for gold, and in a small creek near the sound, they struck pay dirt, but the oil in the water greatly interfered with their success, and they finally started out to trace the oil to its source. The result was that they discovered a "real lake of petroleum, 300 feet long, 50 feet wide and fed by more than fifty springs."

This was enough for Mr. Johnson. He returned to civilization, hunted up capitalists, started in to organize a company, and the dispatch says that it is the latter's "intention to take out 500 barrels of petroleum next month as a starter, and by next spring have a line of tank steamers in operation to convey oil to Seattle, where the refinery is to be built."

Surely Alaska is a land of gold, oil and wonders, concerning which the half has never been told.

### RAISING A CROWD.

It is laughable to see how little it takes to raise a crowd or start a story in a city street.

"Never you mind me," said a bent-over old man, when asked what had happened to him.

"How did he get hurt?" asked a man out of breath.

"Did the horses step on him?" queried a colored man with spectacles on.

"Where did the dog bite him? Did they shoot the dog? Was it a big dog? Has he got a wife? Did they live to-

gether?" rattled a woman made up a good deal like Widow Bedott.

"Come and see the man in a fit," squeaked out a bootblack, as he called the rest of the brigade.

"Look out, he's going to shoot!" yelled a big man with red whiskers; and the crowd blew away like the dust when the old man slid his hand into his pocket as if for a shooting iron.

Then he straightened himself up and started off on his own individual business, muttering something about "What the mischief is it to them if he wanted to sit down and take a peg out of his shoe."

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While Mark Twain was in Dresden he expressed a wish to meet Dr. Paul Lindau. The result was a dinner given by an American resident there which brought the two distinguished authors together. When conversation became general Dr. Lindau gave his views on America. He had been there for a few weeks and knew it all. In particular he condemned the climate of Florida, which he pronounced Flor-eeda. Mr. Clements thereupon spoke up: "I was there some years ago and spent some time at Key West. While at Key West a schooner put in one day with several of the crew dead from yellow fever. Well, there was great excitement in the town, and elaborate preparations were made for the funeral. A minister was secured to officiate, and when all was ready he opened his prayer book and read the marriage service. There was no funeral service in the Key West prayer books. They never have occasion to use it."

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Lady Ellenborough, a renowned beauty, on one occasion accompanied the judge on the circuit, on the distinct understanding that she should not incumber the carriage with bandboxes—his abhorence. During the first days' journey Lord Ellenborough, stretching out his legs, chanced to strike his foot against something under the seat. It was a bandbox. Down went the window and out it flew. The coachman, thinking the box had fallen out, at once pulled up; but his master furiously roared out the order to "drive on." On reaching the next assize town Lord Ellenborough proceeded to equip himself for the bench. "Now," said he, "where is my wig?" "My lord," replied the attendant, "It was in that bandbox."

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Mr. Gladstone, dining with the witty Irish priest, Father Healy, said: "I have recently come from Rome, where I saw the offer of a plenary indulgence for fifty francs. Now what authority has your church to forgive my sins for fifty francs?" Father Healey, with twinkling eyes, replied, "I think any church that will forgive your sins, Mr. Gladstone, for fifty francs, is letting you off very cheaply."

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A little Georgia school girl was asked for a composition on "The Confederate Veteran." A few days thereafter she handed in the following: "The confederate veteran is one that fought and bled and died for his country. He is sometimes on one leg and sometimes on two. The state gives him enough pension to keep him in tobacco. Then the state builds him a home and sells the home before he can get in it. My pa says he is a veteran. He was wounded by having one leg sawed off in a confederate sawmill while making coffins to bury soldiers in. The state don't help my pa much, and my pa says damn the state."

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A strip of flannel or a soft napkin, folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in a few minutes.

## SHE IS EVERYTHING.

My love reminds me of all things
On earth as in the sky;
A very paradise she brings
When she is drawing nigh;
When she departs, then it is eve;
When gone, then it is night;
'Tis only morning, I believe,
When she shows forth her light!

'Tis springtime when she comes apace,
And summer when she stays;
'Tis she, and not the sun, whose face
Controls my nights and days
She's April, May, June and July,
And August when she's pleased;
But then it's winter time—O! my—
If haply she be teased!

J. L. E.

Lord Kelvin, in an address upon the earth as an abode fitted for life, has summed up the evidence into what must be accepted as the latest dictum of science regarding this obscure point. The old idea was of a solid earth nearly 20,000,000,000 years old, but modern science makes an immense reduction in this estimate. He was able to say with confidence that the earth solidified between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 years ago. The latest estimate of the time required for the formation of all strata since the beginning of the Cambrian rocks is 17,000,000 years. Lord Kelvin declares that the earth could not have been habitable more than 30,000,000 years.

When birds are migrating the males usually precede the females. The robins, for instance, which are seen early in the year, are almost invariably males, which apparently traveled on before their mates. The female birds follow, perhaps because they are not such powerful flyers, and also, perhaps, because they like to take their time and gossip with one another. In the fall the male birds leave first—the old ones—while the females travel along together with their young, solicitous for their welfare, and still training them after the fashion of mother birds.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

A woman's grief is very short. If she loses her husband she pines only for a second.

It is with narrow souled people as with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out."

The Giddy Young Thing—What is that proverb about there being no marrying in heaven?

The Chronic Bachelor—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Mrs. Gayburd (whose husband is ill from drink)—Well, doctor, tell me the worst.

Dr. Deem—Well, madam, he will recover.

Young Husband—Didn't I tell you not to bring your mother with you?

Young Wife—That's what she wants to see you about. She read the dispatch.

"When I lost my wife, every family in town offered me another, but when I lost my horse no one offered to make him good."

A father had been lecturing to his son upon the evils of staying out late at night, and getting up late in the morning. "You will never amount to anything," he continued, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember that the early bird catches the worm." "How about the worm, father?" said the to get up so early?" "My son," replied his father solemnly, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all. He was on his way home." The young man had nothing more to say.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

A National Monthly Magazine.

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## THE LATE DR. ROBERTS OF WREXHAM.

We are glad to have this opportunity of presenting to our readers a portrait and a sketch of the life of a typical Welsh minister. In Dr. Roberts the Welsh have lost another national character in whom were united the preacher, the orator, the prophet, the poet and the man; not a product of schools, but a child of nature—not a Paul, but a beloved John. He was one of that interesting class of preachers common in Wales, who owe their ability to a natural instinct, and whose success in life is due to their natural talents and self-culture rather than to educational advantages. This very disadvantage, this defect in education, gives them one qualification which the educated lack, viz:

THE LATE DR. ROBERTS.

a power to touch the multitude by reason of their natural and popular way of thinking and expressing their thoughts. The leading preachers of Wales hitherto have been children of nature and grace. All their art has been the art of nature and grace. They never fail to interest and engage the attention of audiences of simple-minded, natural-hearted, unsophisticated men and women. They also please the mass by the poetical way in which they wrap up the beautiful lessons of grace, and the truths of revelation in packages of natural metaphors and parables.

The subject of our sketch was born in Bangor, N. W., in 1817. His father was a Calvinistic Methodist preacher, and on his mother's side he was related to a line of popular preachers which were greatly honored in their days, viz: John Jones, Talysarn; David Jones, Treborth; and Cadwaladr Owen, Dolwyddelen. His mother was an excellent woman, and Wales owes her a debt of gratitude for the rare gift of such an honorable and beloved man. Although his parents were Calvinistic, once he became stirred with the desire of preaching, he deliberately broke through the restraints placed on young aspirants by that body, and joined the Congregationalists, who are called Independents in Wales by reason of their spirit of religious freedom. An attempt was also made to have him enter a college to better prepare himself for future work, but his great zeal could not brook the idea of being incarcerated for years in an institution of learning. Nature was his college and the word of God was his tutor. Under this tuition he very soon became a proficient scriptural scholar and a popular public teacher. He was ordained in 1839, and became pastor of two churches in Anglesea. In 1842, he moved to Manchester, and returned to Anglesea in 1845. January, 1850, he became pastor of a church at Carnarvon. By this time he was a successful minister and a preacher of rare ability, and was acknowledged as a leader in Israel. The cause in that place was greatly benefited by his labors, and he built a large and prosperous church. After faithfully and efficiently serving the community at Carnarvon for 21 years, he moved to take charge of the church on Queen's street, Wrexham, in 1871, where he remained until his death, which took place September 5, 1897.

As a thinker and speaker Dr. Roberts was singular and unique. He copied no predecessor, he followed no leader. He was the natural outgrowth of himself under the graceful influence of the Sun of Righteousness. He was peculiarly original. He was by instinct a gentleman, by nature good, and public speaking and private exhortation was his peculiar gift. Anyone who had heard him preach might well say, "I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto me and rest.'" In nature, in temperament, in sociable-

ness, in sweetness of message, he was a good representative of his Master. His "Letter from Heaven," published in 1890, dedicated to her Majesty, the Queen, by special permission, suggests the thought that if letters passed between heaven and earth, we are sure that Dr. Roberts would have received many congratulating him on his beautiful representation and presentation of the King and his Kingdom. When he spoke we would imagine his Lord would be well pleased with the gracefulness of his teaching and the sweetness of his preaching. He was so wholly the Lord's that he had wished for years that he would die (or go to Him) on His own day, Sunday! And so it was ordained, he departed this life on Sunday. In his death Wales realized that she had lost a good and faithful servant, and on the occasion of his funeral it was shown how greatly favored and honored he was by his fellow-countrymen, because there was never before seen such a large concourse of people in the town of Wrexham. He left a fair name and an inspiring memory. His charm was not merely oratorical, but intellectual and spiritual, and his printed sermons are among the best in the language.

## A FANCY SKETCH BASED ON THE THIRD CHAPTER IN THE BOOK OF DANIEL.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones.

Belrazi, the king's confidential friend and adviser, after a protracted interview with his sovereign, retired, and the great Chaldean monarch was left alone in his magnificent chamber, and thus he soliloquized: "My suspicions were well founded! My nobles have their doubts in regard to the soundness of my faith in the gods of the empire; and have I not given them reasons? This must go no farther. If I still have some lingering fears of the God of the Hebrews, it must not be made manifest. But what measure shall I adopt to satisfy the minds of my subjects? Shall I deny the insinuation in a proclamation? Never! Something more in harmony with royal dignity must be found. An image? Yea! That will answer the purpose, O King. I will order to be built a great golden image of Bell and appoint a day for its dedication, and they will no longer doubt my fidelity to the gods of Chaldea."

The next morning at the appointed hour Belrazi stood again in the presence of the king, to whom the monarch freely revealed his purpose; and in due time, the grand proclamation was trumpeted throughout the length and breadth of the vast domain.

"Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, to all his Princes, Governors,

Captains, Judges, Treasurers, Counselors, Sheriffs, and all rulers of his provinces: Ye are hereby commanded to appear on the twenty-third day of the eighth month, at the fourth hour of the day, on the plain of Dura, within the province of Babylon, to witness the dedication of the great image of Bell, which I have set up. Ye are moreover hereby commanded at the given signal to fall down and worship the golden image. Those who shall refuse to bow and worship, shall in that same hour be taken and thrown into a burning fiery furnace.

"Given under my hand and seal, at the great city of Babylon, on this the fourth day of the sixth month.

Nebuchadnezzar."

The proclamation was received by the three Hebrews with profound astonishment. But no paleness gathered on those cheeks, no trembling seized those limbs. Their eyes sparkled with holy courage. Hananiah (Shadrach) was the first to speak.

"Brothers, a cloud has darkened our skies. As worshipers of the true God, we can not yield obedience to an unholy law. In this case nothing short of manly disobedience can be pleasing to the God of our fathers."

Mishael (Meshach) then said: "The law of Jehovah is supreme, and that law we shall obey, let the consequence be what it may."

Azariah (Abednego) followed: "I bow in worship to no god save the God of Israel! Better death than a base betrayal of our sacred trust."

They bowed in adoration before their God, and their minds were as calm as a summer evening.

In a fine mansion in the heart of the city sat a family, consisting of a father, mother and two sons.

"Ah! they are ensnared at last," said Scribbo, with an air of triumph. "They will surely cling to their Hebrew delusion, and the fiery furnace will be their just doom."

"There is one thing to be regretted," said Shagoth. "Belteshazzar (Daniel) the great Rob Mag, is now in Egypt and is not expected to return for several months. He also ought to bear them company, and meet the same fate."

"But, my sons," said the mother, "will not these Hebrews elude notice among so many?"

"Fear not, mother," answered Scribbo, "Shagoth and myself will be on our watch, and when they disobey we shall at once accuse them before the king."

The great day arrived. The city was busy at an early hour. The soldiers were out by thousands. The word of command was given, and amid the blasts of trumpets, the host moved forward. They soon reached a spacious square in front of the royal palace. The massive gates were thrown open, and the king in a magnificent chariot, drawn by fiery steeds and surrounded by an imposing guard appeared while with one voice the throng cried, "O King, live forever!"

The procession was now on its

way for the plain of Dura, and before long the golden image struck their excited vision. On reaching the place, the king was led to a resplendent elevation near the golden image. He bowed to the vast assemblage, and another shout arose from five hundred thousand voices.

Scribbo and Shagoth were on the keen alert for our three Hebrews; but in the great pressure they lost sight of the objects of their hatred. They hurried in their unholy search. At last they found them near the place where the king sat.

Soon heralds passed through all parts of the ground, crying at the top of their voices:

"To you it is commanded, O people, nations and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar, the King, hath set up. And whoso falleth not down and worshipeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning, fiery furnace."

The grand signal was given and the great mass fell prostrate before the glittering idol. What a scene! Shall the great Jehovah of the universe suffer this occasion to pass by without making a display of his almighty power?

Yonder, behold those moral champions! Only three amid half a million! There they stand, with forms erect and folded arms, while a smile of contempt plays lightly on their lips.

An officer came and bowed before the monarch, saying, "Two men, O King, desire to see thee on business which they declare to be of the greatest importance.

"Let them be admitted," was the ready reply.

With anything but ease of manners Scribbo and Shagoth walked into the royal presence.

"And what have ye to communicate?" inquired his majesty, eyeing them as if not quite pleased with their appearance.

"O King," was the answer, "there are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; these men have not regarded thee; they serve not thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

"What!" said the king, "Is this the return they make for their high promotion? By all the gods, I will bend their stubborn wills, or they will suffer my vengeance! Let them be brought into my presence!"

They soon appeared. An innocent smile rested on each countenance, and in spite of his arrogance and anger, the king's heart was touched.

"Is this true, O Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego? I perceive by your countenances that ye are justly accused. I will give you another trial; but beware that ye do not farther provoke my displeasure. If ye are ready now to fall down and worship this image, well. If not, at this same hour ye shall be thrown into

yonder fiery furnace; and who is that god that shall deliver you out of my hand?"

Hananiah in a firm tone answered: "O King, it requireth no careful deliberation in this matter. We can not serve thy gods nor worship the image which thou hast set up. To us thy fiery furnace has no terrors. That God who divided the Red Sea, and parted the Jordan before his people Israel, if he sees best, is able to deliver us. Be it known to the king that we can not obey any law that requireth us to violate the law of our God."

"Seize the ungrateful miscreants!" cried the king in a rage. "Let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than usual! Bind them in my presence, and take them to their doom; and let their God, if he is able, prove himself superior to the gods of Chaldea!"

The innocent victims were bound, moved hence, and dragged up the massive steps leading to the upper edge of the burning furnace, and laid down side by side, ready for the last horrid act. In this the two malicious brothers had volunteered their service.

"Why this delay—why not throw the rebels in?" cried Shagoth.

"As ye appear to take far more pleasure in this than we do, we are very willing to bestow the honor of throwing them in on yourselves," said a soldier. "So proceed with your delightful performance."

"With all pleasure!" answered Shagoth, while with fiendish eagerness he and Scribbo turned to perform the foul deed. In haste they threw in Azariah, next Mishael and as Hananiah dropped from their foul touch, the ascending flames became doubly enraged; at the same moment the wind shifted, and as sudden as a flash of lightning the furious blaze poured its terrific vengeance on the guilty heads of the malicious executioners. For a moment they wildly whirled in the midst of God's avenging element, but there was no way of escape, and their blackened, lifeless bodies fell on the edge of the furnace where a minute before laid the quiet forms of the sons of Judah.

The king had not accompanied the Hebrews to the fatal spot, which was near by, but still remained in a surly mood on his elevated seat. He was far from being satisfied, and inwardly he regretted his severity to the best of his officers. Past scenes rushed on his memory. He thought of the wonderful degree of learning they showed on the day of their examination; and had not Ashpenas assured them that they would not be required to do anything contrary to their religious convictions? and for their firm decision of character he had thrown them into the fiery furnace!

He unwillingly turned his eyes toward the horrid structure, and from the elevation, he could measurably see its interior. He suddenly sprang to his feet, lifted his hands on high, and cried out in a frightened tone—

"O, ye gods, what do I behold! What do I behold, O, ye gods?" Then turning to his nobles, who sat with him, he exclaimed: "Do I fancy, or is it real? Turn your eyes on yonder flames! In their midst what do ye behold? Speak!"

The nobles tremblingly replied: "We see men walking unhurt in the midst of the fire, O King!"

"It is even so!" cried the monarch, in deep agitation. "It is not a delusion! But did not we cast in three men bound, but I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire; and the form of the fourth is like a son of the gods Arise, let us hasten thither!"

All eyes were fastened on the king. With a hurried pace he ascends the outer steps of the furnace. He stops. Now the thousands expect a royal speech. But why turns he not his face toward the multitude? He lifts his hand on high; he speaks. Hark! "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, ye servants of the Most High God, come forth and come hither!"

There were but few present that heard those words who did not inwardly pronounce the king insane. Stillness prevailed. Every eye was fixed on the form of the trembling king. Every ear watching for some additional proof of his insanity. Presently, lifted by miraculous power, the three Hebrews appeared, and after making their obeisance to their sovereign, they smiled on the wondering throng. The king then turning to the vast assembly, cried in a loud voice:

"Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, who hath sent His angel and delivered His servants that trusted in Him, and have yielded their bodies that they might not serve nor worship any god except their own God. Therefore I make a decree that every people, nation and language, which speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dung hill; because there is no other god that can deliver after this sort. And now, by the command of the king, let that image be taken down and carried into the temple of Belus, and there in a secluded part let it remain."

The assembly was now disbanded by royal authority. The masses began to move homeward in deep astonishment. The golden image had lost its charm, and the miraculous deliverance of the three Hebrews was the all-absorbing theme. The priests of Belus were utterly confounded, and in haste they made their way to the city. The numerous Hebrew captives were treated with much more kindness, thousands of Chaldeans lost all confidence in their gods, and learned to pay their homage at the shrine of the King of kings.

Utica, N. Y.

## FAITH AND DOUBT.

By J. Twyson Jones.

A man of faith is happier far
  Than he who lives in doubt,
For faith is like the morning star,
  Whose light goes never out;
It cheers him in the darkest night,
  And smiles upon his way,
It keeps his disposition bright
  And heralds in the day.

A man of faith is stronger much
  Than one of unbelief;
The springs of action feel its touch
  However deep its grief;
Doubt paralyzes every nerve,
  And makes one's spirit pine;
But faith from duty will not swerve,
  To act is its design.

A man of faith is happier far,
  For he has found a rest,
And nothing can disturb or mar
  The music in his breast;
But he who doubts but discords hears,
  Which grate upon his soul,
And harrowed is by dismal fears,
  Which nothing can control.

Blindfolded are the eyes of doubt,
  Uncertain is its tread,
And as each day it gads about,
  'Tis with a trembling dread;
But faith both sees and walks along
  The paths our fathers trod,
And this is why its step is strong—
  It grasps the hand of God.

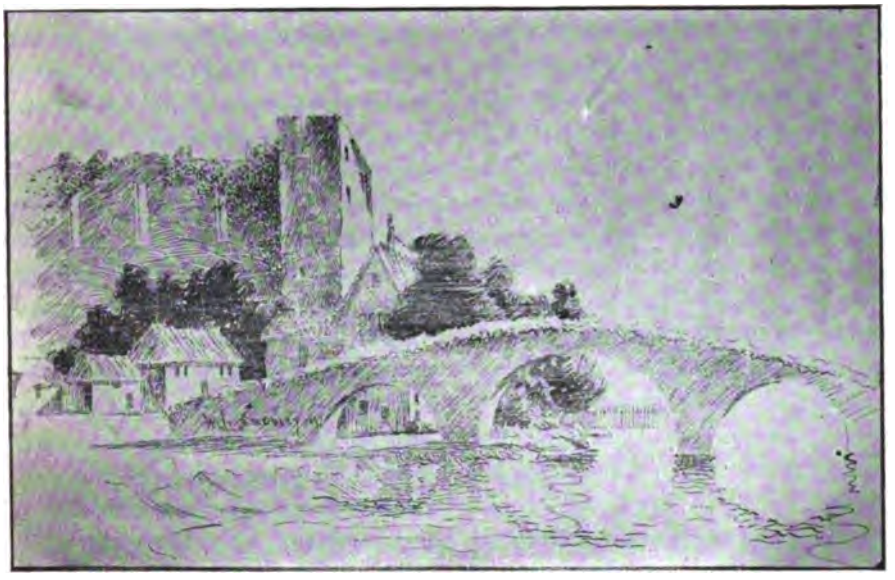
## AMONG WELSH RUINS.—BRECON CASTLE.

By Rev. M. P. Jones.

Far less imposing, though not less interesting than some others, are the ruins of Brecon Castle, which for several centuries was the seat of cruelty and oppression. These ruins, consisting of fragments of the once defiant walls and one lone tower, stand on the Honddu, near its confluence with the Usk, partly in the garden of the Castle Hotel and partly on a mound in the garden of a private house across the way. Though divested of its grandeur, this ruined fortress nestles as of old in its cradle of hills in the ancient town of Brecon, almost in the center of the county, surrounded by numerous valleys and streams, historical spots, interesting relics, and lofty peaks as rich in legendary lore as they are free from atmospherical impurities. The scanty remains are not older than the time of Edward III., but the castle of which they were once a part, was built in the eleventh century on a site that was even then historic, having for ages been the rallying place of the natives.

It was in the year A. D. 1090, that Bernard de Newmarch, half-brother of William the Conqueror, emulating the example of Fitz Hamon, who already had appropriated large portions of Glamorganshire, left England with a royal grant of as much

land as he could wrest from the Welsh, and fixed his greedy eyes on the possessions of the brave princes of Brecon. Alarmed, as they often had been before, yet never so unable to cope with the foe, the Welsh rallied from hill and dale to the aid of their respective lords, and with Bleddyn at their head, they met the Norman invader near the old Roman camp of Bannium with a fury which, while it did them credit, failed to result in victory. Completely routed by a foe upon whose armor their well directed blows fell in ringing helplessness, and for whose gleaming weapons their unprotected bodies furnished easy marks, they fled to the mountains, leaving Bleddyn a corpse upon the field and Bernard de Newmarch a victor. They were not pursued. With his rival dead at his feet and his lands now his own, the rapacious Norman could afford to bury with honor the princely remains in Strata Florida—the Westminster of Wales. To silence an accusing conscience also he vowed that he would build a Benedictine priory in Brecon as soon as circumstances would permit, and he was as good as his word.



BRECON CASTLE.

Such generosity as his, however, was as little thought of by the outraged inhabitants as his superficial penitence was acceptable to God. To their unsophisticated minds conqueror meant murderer and robber, and unable to protest, they saw him destroy the fortified town in which British valor and prudence had so

often sought safety since the departure of the Romans, and erect from the ruins the castle of Brecon, thus making the materials massed by the hands of the earlier invaders contribute to the strength and pomp of the later. He or his immediate successor also surrounded with a strong wall the town which sprang up under the shelter of the castle, and which continued to be a constant menace to the peace and prosperity of the Welsh in the neighboring districts, until the inhabitants of the town destroyed both the castle and the wall at the time of the civil war to avoid a siege. Having come to stay, Bernard also sought to establish himself in the affections of the vanquished people by granting a large tract of land and limited freedom to the son of the fallen Bleddyn, and by marrying Nest, the granddaughter of the fierce and indomitable Gruffydd ap Llewelyn, the scourge of the Saxons in the Welsh marches.

Among the successors of Bernard de Newmarch none has left a less enviable history than William de Breos. With insatiable greed he cast his covetous eyes upon the fair possessions of Sitsyllt, Prince of Gwentland, and with diabolical hatred of the man who had more than once successfully checkmated his cunning moves, he conceived a scheme, which for brazen audacity and consummate villainy has never been surpassed in the annals of crime. And with him to conceive a thing was to give body and soul to carry it out. As an initiatory step he made a truce with Sitsyllt and in due time sent him and his son, together with a number of the lesser chiefs, an invitation to a feast to be held in Brecon Castle. How long the prince hesitated before accepting the invitation we can not tell, but it would have been well for him and his nobles had the shade of Taliesin or the ghost of Merlin favored him with a timely warning. In the absence of friendly admonition he not only accepted the invitation, but in due time appeared with his retinue in the large baronial hall, from which neither he nor any of his vassals were ever to emerge alive. Never had De Breos been in better spirits, and never did a chieftain receive a more princely welcome than Sitsyllt on this occasion. Seated in the stately hall before a board laden with such luxuries as were never seen on the less pretentious tables of the Welsh princes, he and his lords gave their suspicions to the wind, if they had any, and under the influence of appetizing dishes and the flowing bowl they began to be merry. It was such a merry company as sat around the Saxon board at the time of the treachery of the long knives, if that treachery was anything but a myth. But unlike that feast, here the assassins did not sit one beside each guest, but were hid in one of the towers awaiting a signal from De Breos. And now the time for the signal had come, and the treacherous Norman threw off the mask of friendliness. With an

insolence that for a moment took away each Welshman's breath, he demanded that his guests swear never again to arm themselves with sword, bow, spear, or any other weapon. Had a thunderbolt from heaven descended upon the astonished and indignant chiefs their consternation could hardly have been greater. In silence they looked into each other's eyes and read there the answer that must always spring from hearts so true and brave as theirs. It was the answer that the perfidious De Breos expected, and in a moment the festive hall was turned into a bloody arena. In vain did the unarmed Welshmen try to defend themselves in that veritable death-trap. The villains who rushed upon them were too numerous and too well protected with armor not to succeed in their murderous design. Nor was the last deadly thrust sooner given than the assassins sallied forth in the direction of Sitsyllt's castle, and after forcing an entrance, they seized Gwladys, the unfortunate prince's wife, slew her son before her eyes, and dragged her into captivity while the flames reduced her home into ruins.

After this most shameful instance of perfidy and savage cruelty one would naturally suppose that the Welsh would never again place any confidence in the infamous De Breos. But some time after this Treharn Vychan, another native chief, fell a victim to his treachery. Coming to Brecon with the assurance of safety to have an interview with the base Norman on a matter of importance, he was seized by bloodhounds, and presently tied to a horse's tail, was dragged through the streets to a scaffold where, after he was beheaded, he was suspended by his feet. Do we wonder that this outrage, added to the other, fanned anew the flame of revolt? Even a worm will squirm when trodden upon, and the Welsh were no worms. In vain did they strive to avenge the death of their chieftains, however, and to throw off the yoke of oppression. With defeat added to insult, and humiliation to indignity, the survivors returned home crushed but not subdued, overpowered but not disgraced. And they lived to see the day when the perfidious lord of Brecon Castle, having aroused the suspicion of the unprincipled King John, had to seek safety in Normandy, where, deprived of his family and his estates, he led the life of a mendicant, and but for the courtesy of the monks would have filled a pauper's grave.

Whether any of the enormities perpetrated by him in the days of his prosperity were instigated by his wife is a matter of speculation. It is certain that she gained an unenviable reputation among the Welsh as the cognomen Moll Walbec, (the fury of the enclosure), would indicate. To this day it is believed by the superstitious that she was a witch, adding to the feat of riding in the air on a broomstick the wondrous performance of building Hay Castle in one night,

the material for which she carried in her apron. So bent was she, indeed, upon the completion of her extraordinary task that a little pebble weighing a few hundred pounds, which had dropped into her shoe, caused her to feel no discomfort. But when she discovered it she gave it a fling that landed it in Llowes churchyard, where even the sceptical can see it and be convinced, though by this time it has grown to be several times its original size. But proficient as the dreaded Maud was thought to be in witchcraft, she was unable to contend with England's unscrupulous king. Having in answer to John's demand for the custody of her children as hostages expressed herself to the effect that he who had kept Arthur, his own brother's son, so ill should not have her sons to keep, she was seized, and together with her son William and his wife, was conveyed into a dungeon in Windsor Castle, where in spite of the costly presents she caused to be sent to the king and his queen, she and hers were starved to death. Her recreant husband also would have met the same fate had he not made good his escape.

In subsequent ages the lordship of Brecknock passed through the crown into different families, the Dukes of Buckingham being among them. Duke Henry of this illustrious line, closely related to the youthful Edward V. though he was, for some reason espoused the cause of Richard of Gloucester, only to desert it again when that monster was raised to the throne. At the time of this unaccountable revolt he had charge of all the castles belonging to the crown in Wales, and was Lord Chief Justice of South Wales. Morton, Bishop of Ely, also, who had been committed a prisoner into his castle some time before, was only too glad to aid him in overthrowing the king he had helped to enthrone. But the rebellion was suppressed in its inception, and the wily bishop, by his flight into Flanders, left tenantless the tower which to this day bears his name. The doomed Buckingham also made a bold dash for liberty at the head of raw recruits, but he was deserted in the midst of misfortunes and betrayed into the hands of his enemy, who made all speed to execute him. His son was equally unfortunate, for being marked by the jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey during the reign of Henry VIII., he lost his head on Tower Hill.

The Lordship of Brecknock again reverted to the crown, and the castle having seen its best days, stood in unchallenged defiance until the people of Brecon anticipating the vengeance of Cromwell, the relentless castle destroyer, reduced it to ruins.

KENT, O.

# MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

By Andantino.

In the following brief remarks I wish to inquire into the nature of music—into the elements which account for its emotional effects. Music is undoubtedly the finest of the arts, the most universal in its influence, the most charming and inspiring. Poets have testified in the most beautiful terms to its wonderful powers. An old myth states that a certain city was built by the power of music, the stones moving into their respective places under the influence and guidance of musical notes; and Orpheus passed through the portals of death unharmed by reason of the charms of his song. There are few that would deny the powers of music, its wonderfully intoxicating influence over ordinary mortals. There are certain prejudices which conspire to slight the utility of the musical art and the morality of its votaries. Some regard music as the very essence of puerility. It is merely emotional and non-intellectual. It is an impulse, a spell, an ecstasy, a waste of sensation for no practical purpose. Its emotional intoxication is as immoral as common drunkenness. The charge is brought against it that it produces emotion for no visible good. It does not enlighten, purify, civilize; it seems rather to effeminate, relax and weaken the springs of self-control. The majority of musicians have been remarkable for lack of intellectual ability, for eccentricity and immorality. They are markedly impractical and puerile; and it is stated as a patent truth that some of the most exquisite music has been produced by men who were indisputably dunces, if not simpletons. Some writers have even argued that music is more akin to imbecility or lunacy than any other art (even poetry); and the finest and the most charming melodies have come out of the softened brains of almost demented beings. Some excellent musicians have been known to be utterly destitute of common morality and veracity. Some who have written sweet melodies have led bitter lives; some who composed like angels have lived like demons; some whose arias and duos have charms to soothe the savage breast, have been real cranks and torments. Wagner seems to have been an exception, because his music was a reproduction of his life, both devoid of melody and harmony. His life, as well as his music, was discord and egotism. The leading "motif" of his life and music was to please himself at the expense of others—to torment his contemporaries with conflicting movements and discordant sounds. But we can hardly attribute all these disagreeablenesses to the sweet nature of music. Are we to believe that the sweetness of music produces bitterness in life? Are we to be-

lieve that its melody and harmony cause malice and discord? Are we to believe that the art which symbolizes the joys and felicities of the rescued demoralizes; and that the spell that, as Shelley says,

**Lifts up the listening spirit**
**Godlike oe'r the clear billows of sweet sound,**

debauches the soul and blurs its native worth?

Now the fact is, we ascribe to music what should be attributed to other causes. The mission of music is not to make people good and moral. It has no more to do with improving one's morals than writing or reading. If a good musician is a bad man, it is because he has cultivated music and neglected morals. There is nothing moral or intellectual in music; it is purely emotional. It expresses feeling. It teaches no truth. It inculcates no law. It never rebukes. It never condemns. It does not recognize the forms of things. It appeals to life—the root of life. It seems to stir the fountain of being. It seems to strike beneath and beyond other arts. It interests life itself beyond and beneath thoughts, ideas and sensations. It creates a forgetfulness which obliterates the superficial interests of life. It seems to separate the soul from its surroundings, its conflicts and troubles. It seems to humor life, and under its charming and bewitching influence the soul is led triumphantly back to the paradise of innocence which flourished prior to the great disobedience. Music seems to be the most beautiful symbol of God's pardoning grace, for grace obliterates sin, music obliviates it.

**Eteint le souvenir des peines de la vie**
**En ranimant celui de la felicite.**

But we must hold in mind that music is only a symbol—an expression. Grace is real, music is ideal. It seems to be the shadow of grace—the echo of felicity. Music is an effect, not a cause. Grace is permanent, music evanescent. Music leads in heaven because effort is done—work is accomplished. Faith, hope, and charity are the workers—music is the thanksgiving. Music is ethereal, immaculate, divine, and is planted in the heart of man as a foretaste of felicity and as a reminiscence of innocence.

The foibles of the musician are natural, not musical, and they are indirectly encouraged by lack of moral discipline. He feeds on music, which was never meant for food. He should feed on general culture, which would counteract the effeminacy and relaxity produced by excessive indulgence in the luxuries of the finest of arts. Yet robustness of intellect seems inimical to the genius of music, and it appears that moral weakness is the condition of musical refinement. Every ability has its disability, and every grace its disgrace. Every musician should cultivate all the graces of life.

Music per se is not all of music. The stars in their orbit give out melodies and harmonies too exquisite for man to apprehend. There is music in winds and breezes; there

is music in the flowing of rivers and the waltzing of brooks; there is music in the procession of days and seasons; there is music in the consonances and dissonances of life; in fact, the creation, the universe, is one grand opera which the Great Spirit has composed. The immoral musician is material, mechanical, natural, and is certainly deficient in spiritual harmony and counterpoint.

## A CHARTIST STORY.

By David Owen.

### II.

The news had leaked out that there had arrived from London and other towns a force of police to arrest the Chartist leaders. At an early hour, as two men were on their way to the Bryndu farm to plant potatoes for Mr. David Davies, Glan Clywedog, woolen manufacturer, and while passing the hotel before named, a squad of policemen and constables rushed out and arrested the men. These constables had been brought into town during the night. Farmers and their hired hands for miles around town had been armed with clubs eighteen inches long, with a large knob on one end. Thomas Jones, the butcher, living opposite the hotel, saw the arrest. A few minutes later the trumpeter with his tin horn, was on the street, and we little boys were kept on the run following him. After each flourish of his musical instrument we would announce a meeting to be held immediately at the Long Bridge. By the time we had reached the place of meeting several hundred men had come together. One of the leaders got on the wall of the bridge, and in a few words told what had happened; then paused for a moment. Then said he: "What are we going to do? Will we allow our fellows to be given up to the minions of the law?" While he was speaking other messengers arrived, shouting and saying that three of our fellows had been arrested. Then came the unanimous shout, "To the rescue!" Following came the command—"Fall in, in solid column! Forward! March!" When the column had reached the hotel, led by the trumpeter, several women had brought apron-fulls of stones and set them in heaps ready for use. During these exciting minutes the Mayor had sent the town crier to call the special constables to meet immediately at the hotel, but when the column arrived, the front door was barred from the inside, and the heavy iron gate leading to the rear was locked and chained. At this

time one of the women came forward shouting, "I, as one, will fight until I am knee deep in blood before these cockneys shall take our men out of town." This instigated the men. A demand was made, but no response. Another demand, and a third demand, but no response. Then a rush was made, and the door was battered in and the prisoners were found, bound hands and feet, in one of the rooms. Richard Humphrey, the blacksmith, was on hand with hammer and chisel, and being an expert at his trade, the prisoners were soon set free. The special town constables seeing the state of affairs, they gave way, trusting to their legs for safety. The first one brought out was the ex-Mayor, Mr. E. T. Marsh, and on finding that he was in the hands of the Chartists, suddenly pretended to sympathize with them by crying out, "Chartist forever," and with his cane he broke the first pane of glass, thereby initiating the work of destruction. The women followed his example by throwing stones at every window. This trick of the ex-Mayor enabled him to pass through the crowd in safety. I have heard it said that he did not go into his house, but ordered his horse saddled and went with all possible speed in order to inform the Lord Lieutenant of the county of the outbreak at Llanidloes. It was he that gave the people of Newtown the first information of the insurrection, while on his way to Montgomery to the Lord Lieutenant. The next one brought out was the Mayor, David Evans, Esq., an eminent old surgeon by profession. While led to the door of the hotel a happy idea occurred to him. He appealed to their better nature by calling to their memories how he had served their families for years, and lifting up his hands said: "These hands have worked for your fathers and mothers and you for many years, and will you abuse me?" He had touched the right string; their hearts were softened, and a great shout rent the air, with a rousing three cheers for the Doctor. He was led by a committee of four through the crowd and home without injury. Blenkhorn was found and dragged from under a bed; his pistol and club were wrested from him and he was savagely abused, as a report had gone out of a boast which he had made that he would do the Welsh weavers. His bleeding features moved the hearts of the most compassionate, and at great risk they saved his life. At this time, another party in the rear of the hotel had found fifty special constables, farmers and their hired hands, who were brought in during the night from Llangurig, the adjoining parish. They were placed in one long line in the yard and were relieved of their clubs. Then with one united shout from the crowd, and with a terrible blast from the tin horn, as if Gabriel was trying to wake up the dead, they were told to march. Never was more activity put in a race for life, over walls they

skipped, over hedges, tramping newly-made gardens—never a look backwards. It was surely a race for life! But there was one of these who was stubborn; he would not run. His name was Davis; for this show of valor a young man named James Morris, thrust a spear into his side. It was thought for many weeks that he would die, but he eventually got well. Two of the London police were shamefully beaten. They were found in William Swancot's hay mow. A policeman named Davis, from Welshpool, also showed fight, but, poor fellow! he was a mere ball in the hands of the crowd. After administering some punishment they let him go, all admitting that he was a brave man. During this affray, a half-pay officer of the Forty-second Regiment made himself conspicuous by rushing into the thickest of the crowd with a view of arresting one of the leaders, but soon found his mistake when he was knocked down. He managed to escape after receiving considerable injury. Another, if my memory is correct, named John Lewis, who kept store at the corner of the short bridge, a special town constable, had managed to get out of the hotel, and was on his way home on the river side when he was seen. The crowd soon overtook him, when entering the street at the Baptist Church in sight of his home, and the clubs taken from the constables were showered on him. I imagine this moment seeing his wife rushing bare-headed into the crowd, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, begging them to save her husband's life. O! the streams of blood that flowed from his wounds! I had never seen the like before, nor have I since. For weeks he was expected to die, but he recovered. While a part was thus engaged, others were busily destroying everything they could lay their hands on at the hotel. Every thing was thrown out of the windows; the cellar was emptied of its contents, wines, spirits and ales. Barrels were rolled into the streets and destroyed, and this seemed to give the crowd especial pleasure. Yet, however singular it may appear, drunkenness and robbery did not form a part of the work of these men. None of the valuables of the house were carried away; even the landlord's gold watch was smashed and left on the bed-post where it hung. Destruction alone seemed to relieve the intense feeling of hatred against the police and the house that sheltered them.

About mid-day the town was entirely in the hands of the Chartists. The Mayor had skipped, whither no one knew. Groups assembled in the streets on every corner discussing the events of the morning. The greatest anxiety was centered in the ill-treatment which poor Blenkhorn had suffered at their hands. Would he die? was the serious question. Fortunate for some of them, after many weeks of pain and suffering, he recovered, but he had cause to never forget Llanidloes and its weavers, and, especially, April 30,

1839. While these discussions were on, the Aberystwyth mail arrived, and it was immediately surrounded by a large crowd. The poor coachman was greatly alarmed, for he expected to be robbed, if not murdered. The mob, however, contented itself with exacting a promise from him that he would not convey the policemen that were hiding somewhere in the town. Many of the timid townspeople passed a night of suspense and apprehension, for they knew that the town was in the possession of the Chartists, as there was not a shadow of authority left.

Before night the Chartist leaders became solicitous about preserving order, and were anxious to gain the confidence of their fellow-townsmen and allay the fears of the more timid. They appointed as many as were thought needed to act as watchmen, their duty being to patrol the streets at night, for the purpose of maintaining order. The arrangement concerning the watchmen had scarcely been made before one of these self-constituted leaders had an opportunity to display his zeal for the cause. He was detected in the act of collecting money for the support of the cause. He was not authorized to do this; accordingly he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be ducked in the river Severn. The sentence was faithfully carried out. I imagine, while writing, seeing this miserable man, extended at full length on his back, tied to a ladder, and carried through the streets on the shoulders of his comrades, who took delight in making an example of one who had arrogated to himself unwarranted powers. When they brought him to the river they took him from their shoulders, tied a long rope to the top rung, then pushed him into the river, the crowd pulling at the rope up stream, until all were satisfied that he was well punished. The punishment was measured according to his prominence in the order, being considered chief. This had a beneficial effect on all others that were inclined to violate the laws.

The town remained in the hands of the Chartists from Tuesday noon until Saturday afternoon. The ex-Mayor, who had escaped on Tuesday, reported what he had seen to Lord Clive, the Lord Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire. His first orders were to the Montgomeryshire Yeomanry Cavalry to hold themselves in readiness for active service, and he withal sent an account of the disturbance to the Home Secretary, Lord John Russell. The Secretary immediately sent orders to troops at Brecon, Chester and Ireland to be prepared for marching orders. The cavalry of the county were in command of the Hon. C. Wynne, M. P., and those of South Shropshire in command of Lord Clive, numbering 200 men. Exaggerated accounts were circulated through the country that the Chartists were armed with muskets, and other dangerous weapons, and that they were well drilled and determined to fight.

This caused the cavalry to proceed warily. As they passed through Newtown they were assailed with a volley of stones from the populace, who followed them far out of town. The cavalry had to wheel round and charge, brandishing their pistols. It was fun to see the mob scampering away with an agility that did credit to their prudence; but we heard of one Irishman in the crowd, we called him John the Dyer, an expert at his trade, who could not run, being so unfortunate as to wear a wooden leg. He sat on a heap of stones on the roadside, pouring some of the most blasphemous expletives into the ears of the cavalry as they passed, until he had lost all control of his passion. In his rage he unstrapped the wooden leg and threw it at the cavalry.

I can now remember, as if it were yesterday, of myself and a few more boys of near my age, being in the Berthlwyd woods, where we could see the cavalry coming up the road. When opposite the old farm-house on the turn of the road, there was a halt for near an hour. Then we could see a man on horseback coming from town, which turned out to be ex-Mayor T. E. Marsh. When he had come to the turn in the road one of the cavalry went to meet him, and in a few seconds we could hear the ringing words, "Forward! March!" and the whole column immediately moved for town. Then we boys made off across the fields.

## THE GIANT'S PICNIC.

By Max Norman.

When we are not in the humor to study hard; when after we have been wearied with the routine of business or worn with continued application of thought; or when suddenly overcome, as it were, with an inevitable fit of lassitude or laziness, a spell of mischievous disgust of work; how pleasant it is to go for a day to a picnic, and take part in the recreation and allow ourselves to relax into its chaos of fun and nonsense! Where is the man that has not during his lifetime disgraced or rather raised himself in the eyes of his friends and neighbors by participating in the idiotic roles of picnic games; has not given undeniable proofs of his humanity by taking part in a three-legged race or indulging in a game of promiscuous kissing? However objectionable and even horrid such antics may appear in the eyes of sanctimonious religiosity, or in the sight of the prejudices of those deficient in animal humors, to a being in quick sympathy with the sensitive kingdom not yet initiated, or rather vitiated into the kingdom above (not

of love, but of perverseness), there is no harm in occasional fits of fun.

With that short introduction I proceed to give a report of a mythological picnic which is chronicled in a book of myths composed by our forefathers of Sweden and Norway. We may, with propriety, sketch off some of the characters who figure in this little story. This may prepare and help our readers to understand and appreciate the unusual events and happenings which are herein described. One of the chief characters is the god Thor, the son of Odin and Frigga, the father and mother of the northern divinities. Wednesday and Friday are their time-honored fast days, and Thursday or Thor's day was called in honor of our hero. When a mere kid, he played with loads of bear-skins, as if they were rubber balls. He never used a dagger, a sword, or a spear, but carried a short-handled hammer—Miolnir the mighty—which he oft wielded with striking effect. He could smash a boulder as if it were a peanut. The northern people reverenced this hammer as much as we now do the cross. Boundary stakes were driven, and marriages were solemnized (welded) vicariously, with it in such a manner that none dared to interfere with the sanctity of the one, or the indissolubility of the other.

The next is Loki, who, some say, was a brother of Thor. He was of divine origin, and lived in the circle of divinity, but by a spirit of trickery and an unwarranted desire for promotion he overstepped the bounds of discretion, which the gods interpreted as insubordination, and was consequently degraded until he became an outcast, and was continually under divine surveillance, and every evil or mischief done was attributed (conveniently) to him. There should be in every society a person at whose door every evil or crime may be laid. Such an arrangement delivers others from the possible annoyance of being suspected of wrong doing. Although Loki was an undesirable member of the divine community, in straits and crises, and in cases of extreme necessity and distress he was very often in demand. All the other gods had certain qualities of strength and beauty, but Loki seemed to have the mental ability and magical power to achieve certain difficult tasks. He was often employed by the gods in real times of need. Thor, with his sledge hammer, could indent a mountain, but Loki could render him harmless and hopeless by stealing his hammer.

Skrymir, the king of the giants, seems to be the union of might and mind; not only he was strong, physically, but he was also clever, intellectually. He was a realization of the old Latin adage—Sana mens in corpore sano. He tied his wallet in such a way that not even Loki could undo it. Skrymir seems to be a fit representative of modern trusts and syndicates, who put the interests of the country in their incorporated wallets which the laboring classes can not untie. Just to give

an idea how big this giant was, when he was asleep Thor tapped him a few times with his mighty hammer, which made the giant believe was only the falling of leaves or pieces of dry bark.

In the olden times gods and giants were hardly ever at peace, the giants being always the aggressors. There seemed an ancient grudge between them, and a cause of war was never wanting. These giants lived in the North, and, occasionally, they felt like annoying the gods. They would blow cold winds and blighting blasts which nipped the buds, spoiled the newly-planted corn, destroyed the peach crop and created general unpleasantness spring, summer and fall. In the winter they seemed to have things their own way. It was often positively aggravating, and the work of pure malice. Thor one day thought he would go to Jotunheim (the home of the giants) and compel them to observe the laws of civilized communities. He took Loki with him. At nightfall they came to a hut on the confines of the giant-world, where they resolved to spend the night and resume their journey in the morning.

Proceeding in the morning they took the peasant's son, Thialfi, with them, and after walking all day they found themselves in a cold and barren country. Perceiving through the mist the dull outline of a great house, they went in with the purpose of resting for the night. Being tired of their long journey, they were soon asleep, but during the night they were aroused by a strange noise, a disturbance like that of an earthquake which shook the tins and pewters on the shelves. Alarmed by this they arose and retired to a wing of the house where they found a comfortable quarter. In the morning they found the earthquake was the snoring of the giant, and that the apartment they had slept in was a thumb of his mitten. This giant acted as their guide until they reached Jotun-heim. They little thought that the great giant king was their companion and guide. Just to show the insignificance of the gods, the story says that when they approached the king's grounds they stepped in between the bars of the gate. Their companion and guide had in the meantime gone around the other way and appeared to the divine invaders as the veritable Skrymir. He played his part so well that they did not in the least suspect him. He on his part pretended great surprise at the small size of the gods, and contemptuously commenced to ask what kind of work such pigmies could perform! "If I were you, such little mites," he said, "I wouldn't mention doing or achieving anything. But I suppose, yours is no exception to the rule of little things' way of talking big! Lest you complain that you had no opportunity of airing your conceits, these grounds of mine are at your services, and we can supply you with all the feats you desire."

Game 1.—Loki said that he was prepared for an eating match, and

boasted he would eat for a wager with any one. So the giant brought a big trough full of meat and pitted his cook against him. When Loki had eaten his half and picked the bones clean, he discovered that the cook had eaten up his half, bones, trough and all. The giant told Loki with an annoying smile, that he could not do much in the eating line.

Game 2.—Thor confident that he could do better than his companion, said he could drain the biggest vessel they had. A big horn was straightway brought out which the giant declared good drinkers could empty at one draught, and even ordinary drinkers at three draughts. Thor drank until he very near burst, and yet the liquid was near the edge. Thor blushed and was deeply hurt.

Game 3.—Then Thialfi, the peasant youth, whom Thor had brought with him, offered to run a race. Although he was considered remarkably swift, in fact, a record-breaker, a fellow named Hugi, left him away behind! Thialfi blushed like a girl; and Thor and Loki passed despondding glances.

Game 4.—Then Thor challenged anybody to weight-lifting; but when he was asked to raise the giant's cat, with all his struggling and straining, he could only lift up one paw from the ground, although he had given his magic belt an extra tightening. Thor abandoned the task almost out of breath.

Game 5.—Then followed a wrestling match between Thor and the giant's old nurse, and although she was of great age, the struggle ended in her favor and Thor had to admit that she was his superior. With great reluctancy Thor and his companions acknowledged themselves fairly beaten. Then followed a great banquet when all bad feeling and disappointed hopes were washed down with iced hydromel. After all the good things they had eaten and quaffed, Thor and his companions were hardly pleased with the defeats they had suffered, and could not possibly understand how all the games had turned out so disastrously against them. There remained within them a lingering spirit of curiosity, a spirit of "try again," although the easy way in which the giant's household had disposed of their challenges and pretenses seemed to have had a wholesome effect on them. Thor yet was dissatisfied with the day's work, and Loki, with all his preternatural acuteness and shrewdness, had not suspected how the whole thing had been played so successfully on the part of the giant.

It is peculiarly interesting to experience sometimes how one little hint or suggestion will cast light on an otherwise inexplicable mystery. An event may be such an unutterable mystery that every one will dare boast that it is past all attempts at solving, and yet a soft wink or a bare hint will shed sufficient light to interpret the whole phenomena; and as soon as the light is shed we are surprised at our dullness and stupidity.

The next morning the giant led the gods to the confines of his bare dominions where he revealed to them the means he had been compelled to adopt in order to protect himself and his kingdom. He had been forced to use magic. Then he proceeded to tell whom he had pitted against them. The cook who devoured the meat, bones and trough was Logi, (fire god), and the sprinter, who had won in the foot race with Thealfi, was Hugi, (thought), than whom no swifter runner exists. The drinking horn was secretly connected with the ocean, so that Thor could not drain it. The cat was worldliness, which no effort can dislodge; and the old nurse was old age, which is the champion wrestler of the world. This trick of the giant so incensed Thor that he raised his mighty hammer with the fell purpose of pulverizing the royal residence of Skrymir, whose walls were ice blocks, and whose pillars were icicles; but the place became so enveloped in mist that Thor did not know whither to direct his blows. So he had to return home without accomplishing his purpose of "doing" the giants.

**The mighty Thor soon found the fact**
**That thought is mightier than act;**
**That force alone can hardly dare**
**With mental powers to compare;**
**And wordly strength can never hope**
**With evil geniuses to cope:**
**The evil powers are alone**
**By higher powers overthrown.**

Sodom, O.

[To be Continued.]

## SOLITUDE.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

**I find within the spreading woods**
**A solitude of solitudes;**
**The silence deep is scarcely stirred**
**By breath of wind or note of bird.**

**Yet how much more alone are they**
**Who plod along Life's toiling way,**
**Who never meet in their career**
**A kindly word a loving tear!**

# THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

## NOTES ON THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS FOR NOVEMBER.

By Mrs. Jessie N. Lewis.

Sunday, November 7.

Topic—Influence: why to get it, how to get it, how to use it. Deut. 20 : 1-9; Matt. 5 : 13-16.

We recognize the fact that every one has an influence. Like the gems of Aladdin's lamp and ring, it is a slave ready to do the will of its possessor, though few of us realize how perfectly it performs its work. Our unconscious influence carries to others our very self, an exact thermometer of our real temperature. A noble nature wishes to make every part count for as much as possible in the world, and thus a good influence seems a thing to be sought after. To be strong, helpful, uplifting by means of this servant of ours, is a great blessing for all with whom we are associated. Many a Christian hides behind this kind of an excuse, "I have no influence." What a terrible accusation for one's self! To have no good means to have some bad. By exercise, by watchfulness and by prayer can we gain and increase our good influence.

How use it? Christ said, "Ye are the salt—ye are the light of the world." You can not disguise the taste of salt; a bright light, a city set on an hill, can not be hid. So with our influence, it must and it will make itself felt. Take care to have it what it ought to be. Every introduction brings with it a responsibility. A new soul is brought in contact with ours, to be bettered or marred, possibly for eternity. So in the most trivial daily duty we may use this power of touch with humanity. Let us live so near Christ that His reflection will be in our faces whether we speak or be silent.

Sunday, November 14.

Topic—The blessedness of serving God. Deut. 28 : 1-20, 45-47. (A meeting to be held by the pastor, or, if your church has none, by some elderly Christian.)

What a long list of blessings God has promised to those who keep His commandments! How many of them have been realized in our own life? It is an inspiration to hear older Christians tell of this blessedness of service. A father or mother in Israel always has this experience. To become heir to these blessings there must be no half-hearted, lukewarm service like that of the Laodiceans. (Rev. 3 : 14-16). Some people always have an eye to the rewards, estimating how much they will be able to gain if they do a certain thing. That is not the whole-hearted service desired of the Lord. No honest, loving service for Him goes unrewarded, but a loving obedience can not be that of selfishness. Loving, loyal and constant service is blessed. As the fires never went out on the altar of burnt offering, so should we as Christians be continually serving and praising the Lord.

Sunday, November 21.

Topic—Gratitude: To whom? for what? how shown? Luke 17 : 11-19. (A Thanksgiving topic.)

I. To whom? To our fellow-men. We owe gratitude for favors done us every

day of our life, sometimes to friends, sometimes to strangers. A smile and a "thank you" for the most commonplace favor is nothing more than a debt of gratitude we owe to our fellowmen. Above all, gratitude to God, our father, our protector, our savior.

II. For what? For friends and all their many kindnesses to us. For the beautiful world and God's pure air about us. For bright business prospects. For position, influence, wealth. For our Bible with all its comforts and warnings. For the Holy Spirit who walks with us daily. Oh, our blessings are without number, for which our gratitude is due.

III. How shown? Gratitude for a gift should not be a scale to weigh its value, but like a mirror, it should reflect back the love that prompted the giver. A German legend runs thus: A rich young man had been very ill, but was restored to health. His heart was filled with gratitude and he exclaimed, "Oh, thou all-sufficient Creator! could man recompense thee, how willingly would I give thee all my possessions!" A companion heard him and answered, "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me." He took him to a hut where there was sickness, want, misery, "See here an altar for the sacrifice; see here the Lord's brethren." The youth assisted them bountifully and the poor people called him an angel of God. Then his companion smiled and said: "Thus turn always thy grateful countenance, first to heaven, and then to earth."

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Sunday, November 28.

Topic—How can we consecrate ourselves to the temperance and similar reforms? Luke 1 : 5-17.
(International Temperance Sunday.)

I. Temperance, whether in relation to strong drink, to strong speech, or to any other excess is a "moderate use of that which is good, and a total abstinence from that which is bad." If all followed this rule, much of this world's misery would be banished. But many do not practice it, so that reforms are needful. We can not make men good by legislation, but by law many things may be removed that lead men astray. This is the true work of reform, to give the weaker brother a chance to make a man of himself.

As every reform has begun by one man daring to believe in himself and his convictions of truth, so it is carried on by men and women associated together with the same common loyalty to right. Herein is consecration for us. Our endeavor will mean that we dare believe in ourselves and in our own enlightened convictions of right, and abide in this faith. We will be found then, on positive ground on all moral questions, thinking deeply and acting wisely in harmony with the light that we have.

Mohawk, N. Y.

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## SINGING HYMNS WITHOUT THE UNDERSTANDING.

Most of our singing in church if we are to believe Waldo S. Pratt, is mechanical and without realization of the meaning of the words we utter. He says, "The Evangelist," August 19: "Hymn singing often languishes because of sheer mental indolence among the people touching what they are about, especially over the contents of the hymns themselves. Turn upon your nearest neighbor in the pews and ask him as a hymn closes what its general theme was, or what its strongest lines, or what about it seemed most vital to his personal experience, and the chances are many to one that his reply will be a half-dazed, 'Why, really, I didn't notice.' A moment before his lips had been framing words and sentences which stood for thoughts, perhaps thoughts of the rarest richness and depth, and yet his mind and heart were not in what he seemed to be saying. This state of affairs is so common that

it is even imagined by many people to be inevitable. If it were inevitable, there would be good reason to drop hymn-singing out of our services entirely as a fraud and a sham."

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## FAG-END RELIGION.

Religion is getting to be much more of a fag-end affair than it was formerly. Formerly it was the most engrossing object of men's thought and feeling. Hardly did all other things together take up so much of their time and their attention, consume so much of their energy. It is quite otherwise in our own time. However it may be with some, it is true of the majority that religion is their last consideration, not their first. And the change is not entirely for the worse, because, for one thing, it is more real than apparent. There are men and women who have "no religion to speak of," who have a great deal to work with and live by; and there are those who are volubly religious, whose religion is not a formative principle of conduct, a power that makes for righteousness. Religion is going more and more into moral structure; less and less into ceremony and creed; and this is as it ought to be, while still the public service of religion is not a business which can be profoundly and widely neglected or minimized without serious loss and harm.

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## THE BISHOPS AND THE POOR.

The encyclical letter that has been issued by the conference of bishops held at Liverpool, contains some words on the duties of Churchmen towards the poor. It states that some are poor because they are physically unable to maintain themselves, and that this weakness has different causes, but that it is most often due to old age. And the duty of Churchmen towards these is to be hearty and glad to communicate, and also to give of their time, their trouble, and their careful thought to the discovery of the best mode of helping individual cases of need. This is good as far as it goes, and no further. But is this the task that the Master has left the bishops? As we have already said, it is well as far as it goes; but surely it is high time that Christian people, and most especially those beacons of "light and leading" in the matter, were taught that their duty towards the poor is far more comprehensive than this. Instead of spending their time, their trouble and careful thoughts on the best mode of relieving individual cases, one should think that a more important task of the Master's work is to discover and employ the best modes of not helping individual cases only, but of uplifting sober and industrious people as a whole from the conditions of dependence on the charity of their neighbors. The truth to admit what is said to the bishops should be said to other leading Christians also. For is it not here that all sections of Christians have had ample proof, and in many cases completely failed.—W. Mabon, M. P.

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## CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS.

What, preach politics? No, preach the Gospel, which includes politics, as it does every other department of human activity. Of course, the pulpit should not touch party politics. Since all parties are represented in the average congregation, party names and policies may well be left to sleep one day in seven. But the grand moralities of the second table of the law must be preached in no uncertain tone. Is not the pulpit their peculiar voice? The school instructs the people; journalism gives them the news; business provides them with a livelihood; the theater amuses them; politics administers their public affairs.

# FIELD OF LETTERS

George Rees, of Aberystwyth, has issued under the title of "Gwersi Mewn Llysieueg," an exceedingly attractive volume on the study of botany. Written in the choicest and purest of Welsh, it is at the same time marked by a thorough accuracy in scientific knowledge. Schoolmasters and others who are interested in the study of botany will find it to be not only the best thing of its kind ever issued in Wales, but also the best arranged and most admirable of text-books.

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"Young Wales" for October continues to furnish the readers with excellent matter, and three pence could not be more wisely spent than in buying this entertaining monthly. It is one of the best magazines ever issued in Wales. The contents for the month are varied and interesting. Industries of Wales during the Queen's Reign, by J. E. Thomas, C. E. The Classics of Welsh Literature, by Prof. Anwyl. The Women of Wales' Circle, edited by Mrs. S. M. Saunders. Woman or Man? which is Woman to be? by K. Lentzner, Ph. D. The Old Order Changeth, by Plorator. A Welsh Colony, by our Special Commissioner. A Welsh College Tale, by Grace ap Rhys; with poems and illustrations.

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"Wales" is another three-penny monthly which is certainly deserving of wide circulation. In style and appearance this is also very satisfactory. The following articles, &c., are among the contents of the October number: The Welsh Student's Letter, by E. Griffith, J. P., Dolgellau. Rain after Heat (a poem); by Miss Sioned Pryce. A Reminiscence of the Vale of Clwyd, by Maude E. Jones. Land of My Song, by George Howell-Baker. Literary Gossip—Criticism in Wales. Professor Tittwo in Wales, by Ika. The House of the Twisted Sapling, by Owen Rhoscomyl.

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"Heddyw" is a good Welsh companion to the two already mentioned, "Young Wales" and "Wales." Those who like excellent poetry will find an abundance in the October number. Among the contents are "Songs of Today," "Wales under the Reign of Victoria," "Huw Parry's Papers," "Welsh Proverbs," and a chapter of the Welsh story by Owen Rhoscomyl.

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"Llenor" for October contains frontispiece—Dewi Wyn o Eifion, with two long articles on his life and works; Mozart; and several minor poetical pieces, with a long poem on the subject, "God Will Provide." The articles on Dewi Wyn are valuable, and they contain much interesting information regarding the life and times of one of the best Welsh poets that Wales ever produced.

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The "Llenor" for January will be entirely about Glasynys. It will be a fully illustrated number, and will contain many poems that have not been published before. Though one of the most popular of our poets, there has been no collection of Glasynys' works. As in life, so in reputation Glasynys has been most unfortunate. During his lifetime he was distrusted by the

Non-conformists, on whom he had turned his back; his keen devotion to Welsh literature was one reason, at least, why he was not preferred in his new sphere. The "Llenor" will, undoubtedly, do for him what it has already done for Robert Owen and Gwilym Marles—it will call attention again to lovely lyrics that are in danger of being forgotten.

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The Glasynys number will be followed by full numbers on Goronwy Owen, Robert Jones, Alun, Lewis Morris, Morgan Lloyd, Glan y Gors, and others. By publishing well printed and prettily illustrated handy volumes of these authors it is thought that they will be much more generally read than they are now.

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Of the odes sent in competition for the Newport chair, two have already been published. Berw's ode has appeared in the "Haul," and Elfyn's has been published in a six-penny booklet and sold by the author, Llan Ffestiniog.

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"Dysgedydd" wears its usual appearance, and contains a good variety of papers on religious subjects, with church, missionary and Sunday school intelligence. It opens with a paper by the Rev. D. Griffith on the late Dr. Roberts, Wrexham, one of the foremost preachers and ministers of Wales. In a paper on "Our Denomination," the Rev. T. Roberts, of Mold, is saying some excellent things in favor of Congregationalism. In an article entitled "The European Alliance," Prof Anwyl, of Aberystwyth, gives a brief sketch of the state of religion in Europe.

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The "Eurgrawn" for October, has a number of very instructive papers and articles on religious subjects. Among others are "A Sketch of the Lives of a Mother and Daughter," by the Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach). "The Pulpit and Socialism," "Ann Griffiths," "The Late Rev. W. Evans (Monwyson)," with other minor papers and mission intelligence, &c., &c.

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"Cymru'r Plant" is a pretty monthly for the use and instruction of children. It is full of a variety of reading matter that can not fail to interest the young.

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Ministers and theological students at large will be gratified to learn that Professor Anwyl has issued in pamphlet form the very weighty and able address on "Comparative Religion," which he recently delivered to students of the Theological College at Carmarthen. It may be procured from the publisher, Mr. J. E. Southwell, of Newport, Mon., S. W.

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According to the London "Kelt," the author of the novel recently published, entitled "A Welsh Singer," is Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe, of Newcastle-Emlyn. The story, the scenes of which are mostly laid in Wales, more particularly concerns itself with the career of a girl who is a success in the musical world. The story will be published in America by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York. The English story-teller of Wales is slowly but surely developing.

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Several Welsh ministers are at present engaged in preparing volumes for the press. The Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., is writing the biography of the late Rev. Edward Morgan, of Dyffryn. The Rev. John Williams, (Prince's Road), Liverpool, is arranging for publication a volume of the sermons of the late Rev. Dr. John Hughes; the Rev. O. L. Roberts has in the press a selection of the "Dysgedydd Notes" of the late Rev. Dr. Herber Evans, and the Rev. David Adams, B. A., has just completed his work on "St. Paul's Theology," which is now published under the title "Paul yn Ngoleuni yr Iesu," ("Paul in the Light of Jesus.")

Professor Edward Anwyl, M. A., of the Aberystwyth University College, has just completed for the press the "Accidence of his Welsh Grammar," which is to be brought out in the "Parallel Grammar Series," published by Messrs. Swan Sonenschein.

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T. Y. Crowell of New York and Boston, has issued in a handsome manner "The Epic of Hades," by Sir Lewis Morris. This is not merely an essay in Neo-Hellenic verse, but while Morris takes up old Greek myths and makes them live again, he infuses into those stories a deeper spirit—the spirit which is the same in all time; the tragedy of life, the self-punishing quality of crime, the deathlessness of true love. The work, though pagan in its subject, is profoundly moral and religious. It is written in blank verse by a master-poet and has taken its place as one of the great works of our century.

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There are published in the Welsh vernacular at the present time two quarterlies, two bi-monthlies, 28 monthlies, and 25 weeklies, making a total of 57 publications. This for the information of journalistic visitors.

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The two books lately published, "The Christian" and "The Jubilee Book of Cricket," might well, says a punster, change authors; for who should know more of batting than 'All Caine?

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Mr. Keri Evans' stirring lines, "God Save the People" ("Duw Gadwo'r Bobol," have been set to music by David Jenkins, Mus. Bac., the result being a very effective chorus, which, dedicated to the quarrymen of Bethesda, is likely to become very popular.

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It is but a short step from the ranks of journalism to that of serious authorship, and the step has now been taken by the genial "Anthropos," whose book on "Gwroniaid y Ffydd" ("Heroes of the Faith"), recently published by the Welsh National Press Co., Limited, is now commanding a wide and ready sale. In this valuable little hand-book, which is artistically got up and profusely illustrated, "Anthropos" discourses racily and agreeably with the "youth of Wales" upon the "history of the heroes who fought even unto death to purchase our liberties and to safeguard our privileges," and we can conceive no better method than that adopted by the author to familiarize our young with the great principles for which the heroes fought, and so help them to prepare for the day, which is not far, "when strong forces will be brought to bear" upon the religious life of Wales "to break upon the stillness, and to prove the strength of our faith."

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Tolstoi's new work on the teachings of Christianity is in course of being translated into English. It may be described as an effort to codify the faith and practice taught by Jesus Christ while on earth. This study has occupied a great deal of Tolstoi's time during recent years. Even now he is not wholly satisfied with the book, and he may make changes in it before it is published.

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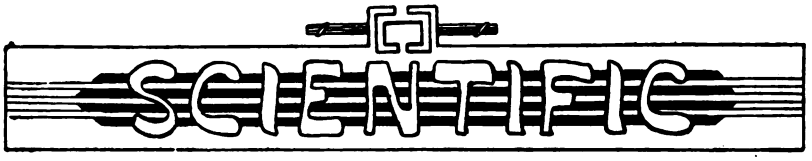
The chief character of the book, the "Christian," is John Storm, a man with a passionately earnest nature and doing a great work for Jesus Christ. And yet, such is the travesty of the real Christian life, that this man falls in love with a frivolous and giddy, but good-natured society woman, who finds the pleasure of her life in getting the applause of other people, who is a music hall artiste, and as on the stage is a fashion in many of the songs, throws her kisses to the assembled multitude. She lives the life of airy frivolity, and yet the typical Christian of the novel falls in love with her.




The lightest substance known is said to be the pith of the sunflower, with a specific gravity of 0.028, whilst elder pith—hitherto regarded as the lightest substance—has a specific gravity of 0.09, reindeer's hair 0.1, and cork 0.24. For life-saving appliances at sea, cork with a buoyancy of 1 to 5, or reindeer's hair with one of 1 to 10, has been used, whilst the pith of the sunflower has a buoyancy of 1 to 35.

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Since our natural teeth are all the time coming out, assisted by the dentist or otherwise, if the teeth we have to use as substitutes would grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones, mankind would be blessed in an unexpected way. Yet this is just what a Russian dentist claims he can bring about. The teeth he uses are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal, as the case may be. At the root of the tooth holes are made, and also in the jaw. The tooth is then placed in the cavity, and in a short time a soft, granulated growth finds its way from the jaw into the holds of the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position. The Russian says that it makes no difference whether the cavity in which the tooth is placed, is one from which a natural tooth has recently been drawn or whether it has been healed for months or even years. The Russians ought not to have a monopoly of this good thing.

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Professor Bilslik says that water may be sterilized in five minutes by adding to it bromin, and that bromin may be then neutralized by adding ammonia, says "Popular Science News." The river water of Berlin has been tested 200 times. After being treated with bromin and ammonia all germs of disease were destroyed, including those of cholera and typhoid. A gallon of water, it is said, may be sterilized as follows: First add to it three drops of the following solution: water 100 parts, bromin 20 parts, potassium bromid 20 parts, and tnen after five minutes add three drops of a nine per cent. solution of ammonia. This process is recommended as a rapid, cheap, and effective way to sterilize drinking water for armies, on board of ship, in unhealthy localities and for medical and surgical purposes.

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## WHY SOME MEN ARE "BORN TIRED."

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The man who is "born tired" is a familiar figure. This picturesque way of describing him is also scientifically accurate, according to M. Phillippe Tissie, a French authority. He is suffering from the fatigue of preceding generations—a fatigue that shows itself in nervous debility and morbid states of all kinds. Moreover, a very large proportion of modern men and women are affected, more or less, in this way, owing to the rush and strain of modern life. M. Tissie has sent forth his ideas in a forthcoming work, from whose advance sheets the "Revue Scientifique" (Paris, July 3,) prints a number of extracts. M. Tissie quotes from a work on mesmerism by Angelo Mosso, a passage in which Mosso states that the human race is becoming more and more susceptible to hypnotic influence in each succeeding generation, and that this is a symptom of degeneration, the result

of the use of alcohol, of unnatural craving for excitement, and of the neglect of physical education.

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## ELECTRICITY AND BALKY HORSES.

One of the recent extensions of the use of electricity is in conquering a balky or lazy horse. A Western Pennsylvania gentleman owned a horse which he said was worth $1,000, provided he could cure him of balking. It was suggested that he try electricity. He purchased a three volt storage battery and connected it by wires with the bit and the crupper. The battery was placed in the road cart to which the horse was attached. At first the horse refused to move, but stood with all four feet braced. Then the owner touched the button connected with the battery. When the horse felt the shock, he snorted, jumped and began to move off at a lively pace. Every day for a week he was given the same lesson. His owner, who does not care to sell him, declares that now he never balks, bites or kicks. The West Pennsylvania Humane Society, which investigated the method, came to the conclusion that a small amount of electricity used upon a horse was more humane than a whip. —Exchange.

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## ALCOHOL AND CLIMBING.

The effect of alcohol on mountain climbers is discussed by Dr. Otto Snell in an Austrian Alpine magazine. Last autumn he had a card in the same publication requesting climbers to forward their personal experiences and views to him. He received sixty communications, thirty-seven of which, or 62 per cent., condemn the use of liquors, wine, or beer as an impediment rather than an aid. Twelve are for a moderate use of wine, but pronounce against brandy and beer. Three believe in taking along brandy; to be used, however, not as a stimulant, but in case of need as a medicine, or to mix with glacier water. Only five of the sixty expressed their belief that alcoholic drinks are beneficial or harmless to climbers. The general conclusion drawn by Dr. Snell from these answers is that, while in exceptional cases alcohol may be harmless, or possibly useful, as a rule great moderation is desirable, while the majority of experts are for total abstinence until after the climb is over, and some even strongly urge abstinence, or great moderation, on the day before the expedition. One of the correspondents expressed his conviction that the bottled drinks taken along by climbers benefit no one but the tavern keepers from whom they buy them.

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## IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

The risk that the modern student of bacteriology runs in the pursuit of his investigations are exemplified by the fact that Surgeon-Major Ronald Ross, of the English army, who has been employing three months' leave in investigating the malarial mosquito theory, has contracted the infection upon which he was endeavoring to throw light, says the "British Medical Journal: "Deeming himself fever-proof he had gone to a highly malarious district in order to have abundant material for work. We are glad to hear of his recovery, and also to learn that notwithstanding his recent illness he has made some important and hopeful observations in connection with the theory for which he has done so much. We trust that the devotion which he has shown in the cause of medical science and humanity will have a better reward than a dose of jungle fever, and that every facility will be granted to enable him to bring his disinterested and arduous labors to a satisfactory conclusion and with as little danger to his health and life as possible."

## THE BIRDS' BALANCE OF POWER.

In a recent lecture Prof. Wilmer Stone of Philadelphia, cited many facts to show that birds are nature's great check on the excess of insects, and that they keep the balance between plants and insect life. Ten thousand caterpillars, it has been estimated, could destroy every blade of grass on an acre of cultivated ground. In thirty days from the time it is hatched an ordinary caterpillar increases 10,000 times in bulk, and the food it lives and grows on is vegetable. The insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides was calculated by a prominent entomologist at no less than 12,000,000. The bird population of cultivated country districts has been estimated at from 700 to 1,000 per square mile. This is small compared with the number of insects, yet as each bird consumes hundreds of insects every day the latter are prevented from becoming the scourge they would be but for their feathered enemies.

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## HARVEST OF HUMAN HAIR.

Perhaps there is no staple article about which less is known by the average person than human hair as an article of commerce. It will doubtless surprise many when it is stated that the dealers in human hair goods do not depend on chance clippings here and there, but that there is a regular hair harvest that can always be relied upon. It is estimated that over 12,000,000 pounds of human hair are used annually in the civilized world for adorning the heads of women. In New York city alone over four tons of this class of goods are imported yearly.

"Not a little of the hair used in this country," said a New York dealer to a "Washington Star" writer, "comes from the heads of American women, and is fully as fine in shade and texture as the imported article. We had a big harvest during the craze that the fair sex had not long ago for having their hair cut short. Many thousands of women who then had their locks sheared have since bitterly regretted it, as in many instances their hair has grown so slowly that they have been compelled to wear a wig or a switch since the fashion changed. After the majority of women reach the age of 30, the hair seems to partially lose its vigor, and if cut it will not grow long again.

Two-thirds of the ladies nowadays use false hair more or less. The decree of fashion, or the desire to conceal a defect or heighten a charm, is the reason, of course. One woman, for instance, has a high forehead and wishes to reduce it in appearance. Another has worn off the front hair by continued frizzing, and would like to conceal the fact. Both make use of a front or top piece, with a choice of many styles.

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## AIR AND ATHLETICS.

What the man of to-day needs most is not athletics in a gymnasium, but plenty of fresh air in his lungs. Instead of a quantity of violent exercise that leaves him weak for several hours afterwards, he needs to learn to breathe right, stand right and sit right. And if the woman who spends so much time and strength getting out into the air would dress loosely and breathe deeply and so get the air into her, she would have new strength and vigor, and soon be freed from many aches and pains and miseries.—H. L. Hastings, in the Phrenological Journal.

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The Metropolitan Supply Company, of London, has ordered, according to this report, "a lighting-plant using three Westinghouse two-phase generators, of 2,000 horse power capacity, that will be direct-connected to Westinghouse engines."

# PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

## T. D. JONES, ESQ.

By W. C. Jones (Cadle).

The subject of this sketch, Mr. T. D. Jones, of Hazelton, Pa., was born in South Wales on the 28th day of January, 1842. His father, Daniel Jones, was engaged in iron ore mining in his native country. He attended the British schools until he was ten years of age, when he came to the States. On his arrival in this country he further pursued his studies. On leaving school he secured employment around the coal mines of Carbon County, Pa. In 1869, he was appointed assistant superintendent of the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co.'s mines at Lansford and Summit Hill, Pa. After three years of loyal service to the above company he was given the superintendency of another coal company, where he clearly demonstrated his superior abilities in dealing with the intricacies of the coal mines. In 1875 he was made Government Inspector of Mines in the Lehigh region, and remained in the office until 1881, when he resigned it to accept the position of superintendent of the Ebervale Coal Co. After five years of successful service he resigned to ac-

T. D. JONES, Esq.

cept the position of general superintendent for the Mill Creek Coal Co., New Boston, Pa. Subsequently he became financially interested in the company and was elected its vice president. This concern controls three large mines which are among the best property in the anthracite coal field, giving employment to about one thousand men. Their annual output is about half a million tons. Mr. Jones has risen from the ordinary walks of life to his present responsible position, and we may safely say that his elevation is the reward of merit.

"Those best can bear reproof who merit praise."—Pope.

Mr. Jones is a gentleman whose brilliant attainments in his avocation command for him the respect of his confreres in the coal business. He is in truth "un homme d'affaire." He is treasurer of the Hazelton Steam and Heating Company, director of the Hazelton National Bank, the Hazelton Gas Company, and the Edison Illuminating Company. He is also manager of the Roberts Coal Co., Schuylkill County. In politics Mr. Jones is a true Republican. During the last campaign he was chairman of the City Republican Club. He has served in the Select Council and on the School Board, having been president of the last named body. His business interests, however, compelled him to decline re-election. In 1870 he was married to Miss Ruth Beynon of Summit Hill, Pa. Their children number four, of which two have joined the great majority. His son, J. Elmer Jones, a graduate of the Columbia School of Mines of New York city, is assistant superintendent to his father, and is a bright, pleasant and unassuming young man. The other member of the family is Gwladys Jones, and is about eight years of age. Our subject and his family live in their palatial home on Church and Tamarack streets. He is one of the most friendly and agreeable of men. Pride has not built its cold, repulsive walls around his genial personality, and the least conventional of men can approach him with perfect ease. Mr. Jones is a self-made man, and will serve as an excellent example for our young Welsh-Americans to follow, not only in mental attainments, but as a Christian gentleman possessing a character worthy of emulation in all its aspects.

Long may he live, self-tutored son of Wales,
Whose life reflects the beauty of her vales.

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Mafonwy, the Welsh "crowned" bard, had a severe attack of toothache recently. Maybe it is attributable to the "crown." Crowns never were comfortable head-gear. Kings' crowns cause heartaches; poets' crowns, toothaches.

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The veteran eisteddfodwr and bard, Llew Llwyfo, who for some time past has been lying seriously ill at Llanrug, near Carnarvon, is now said to be progressing favorably.

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If names go for anything, then surely Mr. Sidney Jones, the composer of the "Geisha," and other light operas, must be a Welshman.

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The disgracefully bad Welsh which disfigures Mr. Kenyon's election addresses is all the more inexcusable because close at hand, belonging to his own party, there resides one of the best Welsh scholars in the country, the Rev. J. Fisher, curate of Ruthin, who is now engaged in editing the Cefn Coch MSS., which Mr. Foulkes of Liverpool, will shortly publish.

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Mr. Charles Ashton has just completed the first volume of the Welsh Bibliography upon which he has been actively engaged for some years past. The copy will be sent to the printers forthwith.

Welsh singers are getting known on the Continent. The success of Mr. Ben Davies, whose sixth Continental tour will start at Vienna next January, has induced Mr. Ernest Cavour to take over Mr. D. Ffrangcon-Davies, who will make his debut shortly in Berlin.

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In reply to a pressing invitation from the family of the late Dr. Herber Evans, the Rev. D. S. Jones, Congregational minister, Chwilog, North Wales, has undertaken to write the biography of that prince of Welsh preachers. Any persons having letters or other documents from Herber will do well to send them to Chwilog.

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At the recent examination in connection with the London College of Music held at Aberdare, the following young ladies were successful: First-class intermediate, Miss Polly Morgan, Aberdare; first-class elementary, Miss Gwladys Lloyd, Aberdare, and Miss Bessie Clee, Treharris.

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Very few of the Welsh people, except those in close touch with matters musical, are aware that the accepted leading tenor in American oratorio is a Welshman, Mr. H. Evan Williams, who took the tenor parts at both of Mr. Walter Damrosch s last season's concerts, in the "Messiah" and "Elijah," and was the soloist at the recent Worcester festival. The "New York Herald," in its recent report of the "Messiah' concert, says: "Mr. H. Evan Williams is undoubtedly the best tenor in oratorio that we have on this side of the water to-day."

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The Rev. John Williams of Swansea, lately gave expression to a grand thought. "It is not the man that pays his grocer's bill that sings the Amen at church."

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When "Hwfa Mon" was on a preaching tour through the Welsh colonies of America some years ago, the length of his sermons diminished the collections which are taken at the close of the service to "help the stranger through the country," for the weary Yankees had ample time to steal away during the last prayer. At last "Hwfa" arranged to take his collections before the sermon, and thus he was able to preach on without anxiety as regards time or tithe.

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Richard Richards, aged 78 years, died at his home in Remsen, at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, after an illness of about three weeks. Mr. Richards was the son of William S. and Mary Richards, who came to this country from Carnarvonshire, North Wales, in 1828, when the deceased was nine years of age, and settled in this town. In April, 1851, he married Gwen, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Lewis of Turin. They went at once on a farm about two miles south of Alder Creek, near Silas Kent's place, when at the end of two years they purchased a farm about one mile north of Alder Creek and moved there. Here they resided until January, 1866, at which time Mr. Richards bought the Douglass place in Remsen, where he has since resided. There was born to them one child, Lizzie, who is the wife of Rev. E. C. Evans, who with her aged mother, is left to mourn the loss of a kind, devoted husband and parent. Mr. Richards was a Republican in politics and filled the office of Assessor for eight successive terms of three years, which office he filled conscientiously and well. He experienced religion in early life, and identified himself with the Welsh Calvinistic denomination, in which he continued to be a faithful and devoted member until his death. Mr. Richards was some years ago unanimously elected elder of the church, but declined to accept on account of declining years. He was a man of very excellent traits of character, honest, kind, benevolent, accommodating; conscientious to his convic-

tions and sense of duty, his whole being being pervaded with a high sense and touch of Christian love. He will be missed in his family, in his church and denomination, in his party, and among many warm personal friends in this and other places.

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It is stated that Mr. J. Spinther James, M. A., of Llandudno, the Welsh Baptist historian, who has retired from the ministry in order to devote himself to literature, has made some interesting discoveries regarding the history of the life and times of John Perry, the Welsh martyr, of Cefnbrith, and that he will soon make public these discoveries.

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In memory of Percy, child-son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jones (Cadle) Scranton, Pa.:

A TEARDROP.

A visitor just for a day,
Then unexpected passed away:
A bright-eyed child, a jovial boy,
A father's pride, a mother's joy.

An angel-gift come with a smile
Their earthly troubles to beguile;
A little sunbeam from above
To grace the home with jocund love.

Now dead and buried in our breasts;
Within our memories he rests;
Within our loving hearts will last
A charming echo of the past

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The Parson was the adjudicator of the recent Welsh Eisteddfod at Granville, N. Y., the 140th time he has acted in such a capacity at the musical competitions of American Welsh festivals. That the Parson administered exact justice can be learned from this compliment from the "Sentinel:" Prof. Parson Price, as musical adjudicator, is believed to have treated all competitors fair. He is numbered among the most noted and best musicians, and is known to all the Welsh citizens from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and is a very popular adjudicator. While a large number of people do not like his plain style of rendering his decisions, yet they all agree it is for the benefit of those who compete, and they should heed the instruction and points given them for future appearance on the stage and abide by his decisions.

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One of the most diligent of present day students of Welsh history is M. Paul Emile Barbier, son of Professor Barbier, Cardiff. M. Barbier, who was bracketed first in the chief essay competition at this year's National Eisteddfod, has graduated with honors at the London University, and is also a Bachelor es Lettres of France. If he pursues in his present studies Wales will some day owe him a debt of gratitude.

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Mr. J. Gwenogfryn Evans, M. A., having completed the work of copying all the earliest known manuscripts of the Mabinogion and Arthurian Romances, is now engaged in preparing for publication a complete edition of these tales, with a full glossary and notes, to meet the requirements of the Welsh classes in the University Colleges and the Intermediate Schools of Wales.

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Was not Islwyn really unfortunate in not having a good, practical, critical, sympathetic friend or foe to edit his papers, pick out his beauties, which certainly are many, enough to fill a fair volume, for publication, and throw the other stuff in a heap and burn? What a misfortune and a mistake it was to publish all promiscuously and miscellaneously, bad and good, exquisitely beautiful things and ignominiously imperfect thoughts in one pile! There are many passages in his published works which are neither poetry nor prose; and probably they were not serious performances, but merely playthings which the poet some time amused himself with, and forgot to destroy before he died.

Radnorshire Welshmen have for a century been Englishmen. This isn't altogether an Irish bull. A mile or so out of Llandrindod there is a celebrated farm-house known in Welsh records, and still spelt Dol-llyn-hir (the Meadow of the Long Lake). But if you want to get there you must ask, not for Dol-llyn-hir, but for Dyloona, which is the nearest approach to Welsh Radnorshire Welshmen are now capable of .

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The "Bardd Newydd" in Wales is daily becoming more aggressive. It is now announced that three of the Welsh bards of the new school viz., the Revs. Rhys J. Huws, R. Gwylfa Roberts, and J. Jenkins (Gwili), are arranging for the joint publication of a volume in which they propose to explain themselves. The work will contain, in addition to replies to some of the criticisms which have appeared of late upon their writings, about a dozen pryddestau and a number of poetical compositions in the alliterative measures.

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Coming to the Newport Eisteddfod itself, it was, from the point of view of the competitors, most unsatisfactory. In no single instance was a detailed adjudication given, and one can not help wondering what the Eisteddfod Committee could be dreaming of when they, at the cost of some hundreds of pounds, engaged men simply to say that "No. 2 is better than No. 3." We have had too much of this cavalier treatment of the competitors of late years, and it is high time to protest against it. Whether it be the great choral or the juvenile pianoforte solo contest, we have a right to expect a full and detailed adjudication.

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It is stated that Sir George Osborne Morgan has left a voluminous and interesting correspondence, which will be made the basis of a biography. He said many good things. "Scotland a nation!" he exclaimed on one occasion. "Why Scotland has not even a language of its own. It has only an accent." Another story he was fond of telling is often attributed to Sir Wilfrid Lawson. When the late Sir John Holker was Solicitor-General the phrase "populous places" had to be defined in a Licensing Bill. "Well," observed Sir John, "the lobby into which the Hon. Baronet (Sir Wilfrid Lawson) will lead his followers is hardly likely to be a 'populous one.'" "Ah!" replied Sir George Osborne Morgan, "in deciding what is a populous place you must always take into account the density of the population."

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When the Queen was at Balmoral recently the capabilities of Miss May Griffiths, superintendent of her Majesty's dairy, were put to the test. Ornamental butter in various designs was sent to the royal table. It was made up into flowers of many kinds, and tastefully arranged in prettily designed baskets, also made of butter. There were hampers of vegetables, including

cabbage, peas, carrots, broccoli, and other garden produce—all in butter, and on her Majesty's birthday Miss Griffiths modelled two swans, on the sides of which were the letters "VR," and the figures "1897." These were surrounded by moss made of butter, and they pleased the Queen to such an extent that before the departure of the Court her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Christian, drove to the dairy and personally thanked and presented to Miss Griffiths an authograph picture in handsome gilt frame. Naturally, the dairy was a center of attraction to the many noble visitors at the castle.

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It appears that the four Welsh counties, Montgomery, Anglesey, Cardigan, and Radnor show a decrease in their population since 1831. But the loss in these counties appears as gain in the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth, where the increase in population during the last sixty years has been phenomenal. Sixty years ago the population of Glamorgan was only 132,161, whereas it is now 693,072. The population of Monmouth numbered in 1837 only 68,-639; while it is now as much as 275,-242. The United States of America have drained Ireland of its population, and Irish emigrants have had to find new homes in a strange land and among strange people. Happily where the exigencies of existence have driven our peasantry from among the hills of Anglesey and Cardigan, they have not been forced to go beyond the bounds of their fatherland. Their emigration has been in the direction of the great coal fields of Glamorgan and Gwent, and here they have breathed the same atmosphere of national sentiment. They have been able to worship in the same old tongue, and in the same Zions and Bethels.

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Is it not evidence of the decadence of religion in Wales when a preacher is no longer attractive because he is an evangelist, but because he is a bard? says a Welsh newspaper: "Rev. Ben Davies, the crowned and the chaired bard, will preach in Sharon next Sunday. It will give our people the opportunity of hearing one of our greatest bards." When people go to church to hear a bard and not a preacher, it is time to purify the pulpit. This is merely bom-barding religion.

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It seems from a correspondence in the "Seren" that there is a plethora of preachers in some parts of Wales. A secretary of the church wrote recently: "We will thank applicants for supplies if they will enclose postal cards or stamped envelopes, because, otherwise, it will be impossible for us to answer the dozens of letters we receive."

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A writer in the "Llan" ridicules the idea of a minister of Christ hankering after a fad like a D. D. A title, an honor, a glory which can be bought is certainly cheap. A divinity doctorship which is exchanged for cash is undoubtedly contemptible. Ministers suffer so much, like others, from competition that they have to use all kinds of means to keep abreast or rather ahead of the times. He says that some have been foolish enough to send cash for which they received no equivalent!

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Old-fashioned Christians in Wales, also nowadays complain because people are no longer "saved," but only "rescued." Sinners are no longer brought to Christ; they are only taken away from the devil, metaphorically. They have been persuaded to "scold" the devil, but they in fact hold on to his views and practices. What we ought to have in view should be not to save the world to please itself, but to be really an honor to God. This self-complacent salvation is only perdition disguised.

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The most contemptible official on this

green earth is the little church "gaffer," as he is called in Wales; a self-constituted pope, who runs God's work from his office. The minister ministers and the "gaffer" officiates.

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It is reported that a Welsh weekly newspaper for the use of Welsh-speaking Roman Catholics will soon be issued. A Welsh Catholic newspaper would be news.

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"Does the milk or the water come out first?" asked a five-year-old Londoner, on a visit to Carmarthen, when watching a cow being milked in the fields.

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The rainfall in Breconshire recently has been quite phenomenal. Such times suggested to the Welsn bard the popular hymn:

Ni gawsom rai defnynau 'lawr,
Beth am yr awr yr awn i'r mor?

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A writer in the "British Weekly," controverting the oft-repeated statement that Cardinal Vaughan's scheme for the conversion of the Cymry to the Catholic faith is being crowned with success, points out that "there is not a single Roman Catholic chapel in the Principality with a service in the Welsh language, and there are in the whole of Wales not more than fifty Welsh people who are Roman Catholics."

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Recently a well-known Welsh Methodist preacher was asking a number of children in a Sunday school class, not far from Bridgend, "What do you mean by the minor prophets?" "Please sir," said a bashful lad, "one that do prophesy about the sliding-scale.

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It is announced that the Jesuit Order of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics are about to move from their present abode at St. David's College, near Mold, Flintshire, in order to go to Lyons, in the south of France, which is regarded as being more central for their purpose of training French priests.

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Up to the present Abergwili, Carmarthenshire, has had six public houses for 327 inhabitants, or one for every 55 persons. Including the Bishop's palace and the curate's and minister's residences, there are only 99 houses in the whole village, so that one in every 16½ was licensed. One of the licenses was allowed to lapse on Saturday. This is a good record for the Episcopal village.

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Certain archaeologists are worrying themselves over the signature of the new Bishop of St. Davids. They beg of him to sign "John Menevensis," not "John St. David's." Why not be a staunch Welshman, and sign himself "John Davies.

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A Welsh paper says there is a man in New York who has undertaken to gather Welsh fictitious names, as if they were cockle-shells or cigar-stumps! Vanity of vanities!

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We have heard of Welsh bards who have written "englynion" while seasick, while drunk, with the toothache, when dreaming, and while generally out of their wits, &c. Wouldn't we enjoy an "englyn" by a sound-minded, able-bodied, robust natured Welsh poet!

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In an interview the "Pall Mall Gazette" brings out this: "It don't make much difference, my friend," said Mr. Miggs, "how the Welsh vote, seeing as how they always vote Radical. And nobody pays any attention to them. For why? Because of their artfulness; you can't trust them. They don't want the Church, you say, and I can well believe it. But they want the meeting-house. For why? Because they can do what they like in the meeting-house."

We wouldn't object to the above if

"heartfulness" had been used for "artfulness," and "bust" for "trust."

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In which part of Wales is the best Welsh spoken? is a question which often excites controversy. Professor Rhys and Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans maintain that the purest Welsh is found in Cardiganshire. Every county in Wales believes it has the best Welsh.

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Pembrokeshire has been noted for its long pastorates. Several of the ministers have celebrated their jubilee as pastors of one and the same church. "Tywysydd y Plant" for October, opens with a portrait and sketch of the Rev. D. Jones, Ford, who spent 40 years of his life as pastor of the Congregational Church. Like many of his brethren, he kept a farm, and so engaged in material as well as spiritual husbandry.

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Colleges which train young men for the ministry should add "St." to each one's ability as a prefix.

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Mr. O. M. Edwards writes peevishly now and again. This: "Criticism is a mean department of literature at best; Wales, fortunately or unfortunately, is almost without it." Criticism is just what Welsh literature needs. It is certainly mean to those operated upon, but it is nevertheless necessary. There are bardic trees among us which should have been cut down long ago. Tooth-pulling is not very pleasant, but sometimes it is a benefit even to the patient. Without criticism literature grows to weeds.

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In one of the years when the National Eisteddfod was in North Wales, the Bishop of Bangor started his presidential address just as a donkey outside began braying vigorously. "Mynyddog," incomparable conductor, came forward and announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, a duet between the Bishop of Bangor and the Vicar of Bray."

The Welsh Congregationalists of Brynmawr are in difficulties. The advocates of the "Ingis Cos" are asserting themselves; so, at least, one would infer from a dialogue which appears in the "Tyst." The writer makes the following remarks: "Mai y rhieni yw'u bod nhw'n Seison. Nhw ddylsin fod wedi dysgu Cymrag i'r plant gartra, ac ie fuasa'r plant yn Gymry net weti'n. 'Nawr, ma'n rei iddi nhw gael suffro. W i wedi clywad hefyd ta Sisnag sydd ar yr aelwyd gartra. Dyna beth yw prancs a chome up, os wyt ti'n dewish. Sisnag yn y ty ag isha Cymrag yn y capal."

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Radical speakers in East Denbigh are getting somewhat mixed up in their views. Referring to Sir George Osborne Morgan's efforts to pass the Married Women's Property act, one perfervid orator, with his arm working like a pump-handle, cried out, "Many a widowed wife to-day thanks heaven and Sir George for protecting the widows' married property;" and when the people laughed he corrected himself by saying, 'I mean, of course, the married widow's property, or the act which makes a widow's property a married man's"—and then he sat down.

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Who would have imagined that one of the worst modern scourges—the influenza plague—owes its origin largely to the substitution of flannelette for the home-spun Welsh flannel? This view is seriously put forward by a correspondent of the "Draper's Record," and though medical authorities may hesitate to accept it until further evidence is forthcoming, flannel manufacturers in Montgomeryshire, and in the Vale of Clwyd and the Conway Valley, will no doubt hear of the suggestion with some pleasure; for although the reputation of Welsh flannel, made from pure wool, is as high as ever, its sale has of late years been seriously affected by the flannelette trade.

# CURRENT EVENTS.

## THE LATE NEAL DOW.

Gen. Neal Dow, familiarly called the "Father of Prohibition," because of his activity in procuring or rather maturing the first enactment of prohibitory legislation in the State of Maine, died October 2, at Portland, in the ninety-fourth year of his age. His prominence in the cause of temperance in this country, in Canada, and in England, together with his active political career, makes his life and death the subject of interesting comment from various points of view. He was the Prohibition candidate for President in 1880. His ninetieth birthday, in June, 1894, was celebrated by memorial meetings in many parts of the world.

While not the father of the Prohibition idea, he became its chief apostle in the days of his early manhood, and by untiring energy gave his native State the high distinction of being the first commonwealth to place a prohibitory law upon its statute-books. The victories of peace which he saw in connection with the temperance reform, and in which he played so conspicuous a part, are but little less marked and marvelous than those which characterized the crusade for human freedom. He has seen the number of total abstainers increase from a few hundreds to many millions, and the principle of Prohibition cut a wide swath in the field of discussion, and in some form, local or general, become a recognized fact in many communities in his own and other lands, as it is the acknowledged ideal settlement for the liquor problem in the estimation of a large portion of Christendom.

Neal Dow's strength and success as a reformer were largely due to the fact that his zeal was tempered and controlled by a rare common sense, and his labor was characterized by a sweetness of character which made his conscience void of offense toward God and man, no matter how outwardly bitter the conflict. The Prohibition reform has been blest with a multitude of consecrated champions, but none of them in the manner and spirit of their work furnished so helpful an example as did Neal Dow.

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## STEEL ROADS ARE COMING.

The steel country roads, with which the United States Department of Agriculture is now experimenting, according to the "Engineering News," will practically be constructed as follows: The design calls for an inverted trough-shaped steel rail with an eight-inch tread and seven-sixteenths of an inch thick. These rails are to be bedded in gravel laid in well drained trenches, and the rails are to be tied together at the ends and at the middle. On grades the rails will be indented to prevent the horses from slipping. The advantage claimed for these steel roads is the reduction in traction from forty pounds per ton on macadam road to eight pounds on the steel rails.

The material for the heavier type of steel roads of this design will cost

about $3,500 in small quantities. The amount of material required is less than 100 tons per mile, and the lines can probably be built for $2,000 per mile. The lighter types only cost about $1,000 per mile, but this does not include laying or grading of road-bed.

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## AN ABOLITION SOCIETY.

About twenty-five men and women in Boston are trying to establish a branch of the English Legitimation League. The object of the league is practically to abolish the marriage ceremony and substitute for it a contract dissoluble at will, by which the man and the woman shall agree to live together as husband and wife and to recognize as legitimate any children that may be born of the union. As the success of the folly depended entirely on the supply of idiots to be found in the vicinity of Boston, we have no idea that it ever will reduce the number of old-fashioned marriages in Massachusetts. Although Boston always is willing to extend a helping hand to fads of all kinds, we have no idea that it will be able to give any prominence to the attempt to "abolish marriage." Wait and see.

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## CHARLES A. DANA.

Charles A. Dana, who died October 17, was the best known and ablest newspaper editor in this or any country. It is fifty years since he commenced his career as a journalist, and none have been more successful. In 1847 he joined the staff of the New York Tribune, and, though Horace Greeley's name is best known in connection with that paper, it was Mr. Dana's work, judgment and personality which from then till the beginning of the war, helped to establish that journal on a firm literary and financial foundation. Secretary Stanton recognized his ability and utilized it during the war times. Mr. Dana was the friend and defender of Grant because he believed in him. After Lee's surrender, Mr. Dana was for a time in Chicago, but in 1867 returned to New York. He organized a company and began the publication of the Sun, which, under his personal direction, soon became one of the great newspapers of the country and probably more quoted than any other.

Mr. Dana's talents were diversified. He wrote books, studied languages, was an expert in lines which to him were interesting and to some might seem unimportant, but was known to the world as the editor of the Sun, and that of itself is sufficient distinction for any man. So thoroughly did his influence permeate all the literary departments, and to such an extent did he impress his identity upon his associates and subordinates that Mr. Dana was the Sun, and the Sun was Mr. Dana.

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## A CAUSE CELEBRE.

Governor Atkinson of West Virginia, is not yet brought to the point where he must sign her pardon to keep his wife out of prison. The jury disagreed and the case must be tried again unless the prosecution can be induced to discontinue further proceedings. It is never easy to convict a woman, and it would seem to be useless to do so in a case where the woman's husband has power to render the verdict void. Mrs. Atkinson has been quoted as saying she would not accept a pardon even if her husband offered it. This shows a high spirit, but one which it would be difficult to maintain at the prison door. It is a remarkable case, and West Virginia trembles with the excitement it has occasioned. Opinion is divided as to innocence of Mrs. Atkinson, and inasmuch as the trial was inconclusive, the case must continue to be the leading theme for discussion in the community where the principals are prominent. The stage itself affords few more stirring dramas.

## SHOTGUN QUARANTINE.

The most picturesque and most damaging feature of the epidemic is the "shotgun quarantine," so called because the shotgun is its enforcement. Most frequently the "shotgun quarantine" is not a matter of law. It is the result of individual dread. Those who enforce it are farmers and dwellers in towns too small to be incorporated. News comes that the yellow death has invaded New Orleans. Next day's papers confirm the intelligence. Somewhere below them a man sickens and dies. It may be cholera morbus, but to all purposes it is yellow fever. Then the patrol is out. On every country road the sentinel with his shotgun walks up and down. He halts all vehicles and foot passengers who come from the south. They are turned back. No explanations or denials will serve. The northward journey ends right there. Sometimes the wayfarer refuses to obey orders. Then the earthly journey ends. The slayer is justified by the community. That is all he cares for.

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## WELSH COLONY IN CANADA.

Canada is not exactly a Klondike, but it opens up opportunities of which Welshmen are taking advantage rapidly. Mr. William L. Griffith, Canadian Government Agent in Wales, recently said that the country he represented was capable of maintaining 30,000,000 people, and up to that time only 5,000,000 lived in that part of the Queen's dominions. Mr. Griffith further stated that the Hon. Clifton Sifton had made an arrangement whereby a thousand men from Wales could get employment on a new railway which was being constructed between Lethbridge, Alberta, and the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. The Canadian government also offered employment to farmers or farm hands on the new railroad at 6s. 3d. a day, out of which they will have to pay 16s. 6d. a week for board and lodging. The government guarantees them work for at least twelve months, and they can remain longer if they choose. Such work would give them an opportunity of looking round and at the end of one year they would have a grant of 160 acres of land at rates varying from nothing up to £3 per acre. One lot of emigrants went out in the second week of August, and another contingent left on the 2d of September.

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## MISS CISNEROS' RECEPTION.

The reception tendered to Miss Evangeline Cisneros in New York Saturday evening, October 16, was a great demonstration and will be variously regarded by different persons. Some will pronounce it reckless folly to make such a fuss over the escape of a girl from prison, one who does not even speak the American language, when there are thousands of our own country women in need of sympathy that they are denied. We take it, however, that the great gathering of people at the Cisneros reception was not so much inspired by a desire to honor the young girl as to protest against the barbarism of Spanish rule in Cuba. The occasion merely furnished an opportunity for them to show by their assembling that their sympathy is with the insurgents struggling for the freedom of their native land, and not with the tyrant oppressors. The cheers uttered for the rescued girl were really cheers for Cuba. They voiced a protest against Weylerism, against Spanish methods in Cuba, against all efforts to longer retain the island under Spanish rule. Such a crowd would never have assembled to greet Miss Cisneros, were it not that the people are heart and soul in favor of Cuba's freedom. The young girl, fresh from the dungeon where Weyler caused her to be confined, represented to the multitude a cause—the

cause of human freedom as it is typified in the efforts of the Cubans to free themselves from bondage to Spain.

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The steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which broke the westward record from Southampton on her maiden trip, on her return passage made the distance from New York to Plymouth, Eng., in five days, fifteen hours and ten minutes. As there is a distance of six hours between the course from New York to Plymouth and that from New York to Southampton, this is equivalent to making the distance to Southampton in five days, twenty-one hours and ten minutes, reducing the Southampton record about thirteen hours and four minutes. The average speed throughout the voyage was 21.91 knots per hour, and the daily runs were as follows: 367, 504, 500, 507, 510, 519, 55.

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Henry Savage Landor, the well-known artist, traveler and writer, has recently returned to India after a most terrible experience during an exploring tour in Thibet. He was endeavoring to reach the capital city, the residence of the grand llama, and having been abandoned by all the members of his party except two, was arrested by the Thibetans, sentenced to death, tortured with hot irons, and carried to the execution grounds. At almost the last moment the execution was stopped and the grand llama, who commuted the sentence to torture by the "stretching log," a species of rack, which greatly injured Mr. Landor's spine and limbs. After being chained for eight days he was released. He has no fewer than twenty-two wounds as the result of his torture. Mr. Landor is a grandson of Walter Savage Landor. He has for several years occupied a leading position among Asiatic and African travelers and has traversed many parts of Australia and the South American continent. He has written many works on travel in Japan, China, South America and other countries.

Most Manchester readers will know Trafford Park, but few, we think, have any idea of the magnificent kennels there. Sir Humphrey de Trafford built these kennels in a very elaborate style, surpassing in their general structure, completeness, comfort, and sanitary arrangements any erected elsewhere. They are a lasting proof of how great a love Sir Humphrey has for his canine friends, and show how zealous he is for their welfare. Built up close to the kennels is the kennelman's house. With kindly thoughtfulness for his servants, Sir Humphrey has fitted up this house with a sort of telephone arrangement, connecting it with each kennel; by means of this the kennelman can, in case the dogs are noisy at night, speak to them without leaving his room.

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The recall of General Weyler from Cuba opens a new, and, it is to be hoped, a more cheerful chapter in the history of that unfortunate island. Weyler does not go back to Spain in disgrace; but it is nevertheless true that he would not be recalled were his administration a success. General Blanco, who succeeds him, is said to be the softest-hearted soldier in Spain, and his appointment may presage a much more conciliatory policy by the new Minister of Spain, Sagasta. It is certainly time. According to a Sun correspondent, General Weyler asserts that 200,000 of the Spanish soldiers have been killed or disabled by war or disease, since the insurrection began, and that the effective army now numbers but 80,000. In addition to these 200,000 soldiers (if the figures are correct, which is doubtful), the war has cost Spain, according to estimates, about $275,000,000. This added to the debt of Cuba at the beginning of the war ($168,500,000) makes a debt now of $443,500,000—all of it the outgrowth of the last 30 years or so! Spanish pride and Spanish tyranny are a mighty costly luxury.

# Original and Selected Miscellany.

## OLIVE'S CHOICE.

A comely lass was Olive White,
And sprightly as could be,
And so she had, as well she might,
Fond lovers, two or three.

'Twas hard for her to choose between
Two men of some renown;
The name of one was Peter Green,
The other Moses Brown.

Now Olive had a level head,
And she was very keen,
She saw if Peter she should wed
She would be Olive Green.

And, weighing matters in her head,
It almost made her frown
To think if Moses she should wed
She would be Olive Brown.

One Simon Branch then came along,
A poet rich and smart,
Who wooed the maid in lofty song,
And soon he won her heart.

The wedding o'er, he took his bride
Home to his distant ranch,
Where now the happy pair reside,
And she is Olive Branch.

Utica, N. Y. J. D. Morgan.

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## MARRIAGE.

It is high time that the mothers and daughters of the Anglo-Saxon race should unite in a league in defense of marriage, banding themselves together in a solemn covenant to fight to the death the pernicious influences that are corrupting our literature and through our literature the minds and conduct of our generation. Regard for the order of society, regard for the children of the fireside, regard for the common weal above personal interest and the mere selfisn gratification of the moment, call in clarion tones to all lovers of their kind to rally in defense of the abused and attacked institution of marriage.—Zion's Herald.

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## WOMAN'S FITNESS TO GOVERN.

Ask not whether woman is fit to participate in the government, for that was answered 1,000 years ago. The answer is preserved in the archives of every house in every empire and republic since the world began. The world is governed by man, and man is governed by woman. In Rome woman abolished the crown and established the republic. She abolished the decemvirate and restored the consular government. She wrought the constitutional change which gave the plebeian the right to hold the highest office in the world's government. When the master mind of the world's literature sought to solve the proolem which had baffled the wisest man, he called a woman to the bench, and in the character of Portia we have a second Daniel come to judgment. Unfit to govern? The contradiction comes from hosts of women who stand to-day in the front rank of the professions, who have acquired property by their individual efforts, who have waged a thousand battles and won a thousand victories in the cause of charity, morality and humanity.—James Francis Burke.

## WILL THE "NEW WOMAN" HAVE A BEARD?

According to Dr. A. Brandt, in "The Revue Scientifique," she may hope to possess one in the course of some thousands, possibly hundreds of years. "Many women have beards already," says "Natural Science," alluding to Dr. Brandt's article. "Some take a pride in them, and utilize them as a source of income; others keep them in check by the use of depilatories, of forceps, or even a razor. As for moustaches, they are so common as to pass without remark, and a tender shade upon the upper lip of a brunette may even be regarded as an added beauty. Still, at the present period in the evolution of our race, it is for the most part in old age that the beard comes to woman. The beard does not appear in man before puberty, and increases in strength with age, often compensating for a loss of hair on the head. Dr. Brandt regards the beard not as an ancestral, but as in part a second and in part a senile character. Like other characters that first appear late in the life of individuals, it is likely to be accelerated in its development. In other words, hair will appear on the face at an earlier and earlier age, as time goes on, both in men and women. 'Perhaps a day will dawn when we shall think a moustache in a woman less ugly than a bust deformed by the corset.'"

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## JINGOISM.

Speaking at Toronto recently before a mixed audience of British, Canadians and Americans, Professor James Bryce, scholar, statesman and philosopher, whose study of "The American Commonwealth" attests his broad understanding of American ideas and ideals, took up the subject of the mutual relationship of the three great branches of the English-speaking race. What he said and the way he said it both deserve our notice. We quote the pivotal thought:

"There are in all countries persons whom we in England call by the name of jingoes. There are jingoes in England, and there are jingoes in the United States. What is jingoism? It is a travesty of patriotism which has gone on fermenting until it has become sour. It bears the same relation to true patriotism that vinegar does to wine. These jingoes in all countries are fond of making mischief. Some of them do it in mere recklessness of heart. Some of them, I am afraid, do it from less creditable motives, in the belief that they can make some petty political capital out of it. But beyond all these noisy, querulous and quarrelsome voices there stands in Great Britain—there stands, I am no less sure, in the United States also—the great, solid, sensible mass of the nation which desires peace and tranquillity, which desires to attend to its business and desires not to have it disturbed or shaken by rumors of wars; the great mass, which desires to fear God and honor the sovereign, whether the soverign be called a queen or president. And I trust that in all three countries this great, solid and weighty mass of responsible national opinion will prevent these noisy voices from ever provoking real danger between these kindred peoples."

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Very little is heard nowadays of John Ruskin, but the venerable sage is still living in retirement at Brantwood. He is dreaming away the last days of his life peacefully planning always for more work to be done "to-morrow." His twilight time is passed by a wide window looking out from his library across the English landscape, so beautiful always in his sight. He receives no visitors excepting a few old friends, and these come but rarely. His hair and long beard are white, but his features scarcely show his great age.

## SERIO-COMIC.

The fact that the Cubans shoot and shoot and hit some one only at rare intervals is explained by the ineradicable tendency of the Latin American to look the other way when he pulls the trigger. He is much more anxious to see how those around him regard his pose than to bag his man. Thus when a seldom Spaniard is struck it is difficult to say which is the more astonished, the shooter or the shootee. In all the years of the present war in Cuba there has not been a pitched battle, nor has the loss on either side been large enough to raise the affair above the dignity of a slight skirmish, judged by the American standard. It seems strange, too, that with all of the reported atrocities perpetrated by Weyler, the murder of men, the braining of infants, the torture of male prisoners and the ravishment of females, there has not been found one Cuban brave enough to drive a dagger to the heart of the tyrant, even though death, with the back to a white wall and twelve carbines in front, would have been the penalty paid next day. This is the more strange, as the Cuban is personally a courageous man. Supposing him to be as black as he is painted, Weyler would not have pursued his career of crime in any part of the United States for more than one day.

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## A CLEVER HUNTER.

Mr. William H. Hammond of Eldred, N. Y., has one of the finest kennels of dogs in this part of the State, and he knows pretty much all about dogs and other animals. Last winter he thought he would catch some rabbits for market and he became deeply interested in the sport.

Soon he hit on an ingenious scheme. He built a large bonfire in the woods one very dark night when the snow was six inches deep. The bunnies for miles around were attracted by the light and ran to the spot. There they sat and talked with each other, warmed their paws, became drowsy, curled up, and went to sleep to dream of a land that was always warm and comfortable and abounding in food. The snow about the fire melted, the fire died out, the snow water froze, and when the rabbits awoke in the gray dawn they were frozen fast. In fact, they did not wake up at all, because they were frozen to death.

Then the wily William came around with his hatchet, chopped out 150 of the rabbits, and sent them to the New York market.

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Some curious stories are told of the way of Russian jurymen. Thus, the foreman of one jury declared that he would not send a poor fellow to prison because it happened to be his (the juryman's) birthday. Another jury had agreed upon a verdict of guilty when the church bells began to ring. Thereupon they revised their verdict because a holiday had begun. A burglar was allowed to go free because the man whom he had robbed had refused to lend him money. This, in the opinion of the jury, was an incentive to crime.

The Boston woman is unquestionably in earnest, says a New York paper. The recent manifesto of Mrs. Charlotte Smith against a bachelor politician was the subject of considerable attention from the Woman's Rescue League of Boston. Resolutions were adopted setting forth that "the American bachelor politician shirks his duty to the human family when he fails to provide a home for some good woman before he engages in the profession of politics; therefore he is not to be trusted when he has entered a political arena in which temptations surround him on all sides; and that unfortunately, modern society has heretofore given the political bachelor too much latitude by ignoring his private life."

## CURIOUS STATUTES.

Fairs.—The king commandeth that from henceforth neither fairs nor markets be kept in churchyards, for the honour of the church.—Edward I.

Fast Days.—Whosoever shall, by preaching, teaching, writing, or open speech, notify that eating fish, or forbearing of flesh, is of any necessity for saving the soul of man shall be punished, as spreaders of false news are and ought to be.—Elizabeth.

Ale.—If any ale-house keeper shall sell less than a full quart of ale for a penny, or of the small ale two quarts for one penny, he shall forfeit for every such offense the sum of twenty shillings. —James I.

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In the September "Scribner's," Walter Wyckoff tells in his narrative, "The Workers," what one of them thought of Shakespeare: "When I go to the theater, I go to laugh. I want to see pretty girls and lots of them, and I want to see them dance. I want songs as I can understand the words of, and lots of jokes and horse-play. You don't get me to the theater to see no show got up by Shakespeare, nor any of them fellows as lived two thousand years ago. What did they know about us fellows as is living now? Pete, you mind that Tim Healy in the union, him that's full of wind in the meetings? Onct he give me a book to read, and he says it's a theater piece wrote by Shakespeare, and the best there was. I read more'n an hour on that piece, and I'm damned if there was a joke into it, nor any sense neither."

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American and English tourists who recently visited a watering place in Upper Austria were astonished and amused to notice the following on a sign board over the door of one of the hostelries of the place: "To the gentlemans, Englanders and Americaners, here you become asses." Upon inquiry it was learned that the purport of the singular sign was that the proprietor of the place had donkeys to let which were used for excursions into the neighboring mountains. A much traveled cobbler who professed to be able to master the English language, was responsible for the unique wording of the sign. He had translated the German sentence: "An die Herren Englander und Amerikaner, hier bekommt ihr Esel," the latter four words meaning, "here you can hire asses."

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Woman's sphere has extended to every field of human effort except the field of battle. No States can lay claim to better right to extend this prerogative to the sex than Georgia and Tennessee. Nearly every foot of soil in these two commonwealths has known the fury of shell and fire. In the absence of any constitutional prohibition Atkinson, of Georgia, and Governor Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, have seen fit to appoint ladies on their staffs, with the commissions of Colonel. Those martial qualities and those soldierly instincts which Joan d'Arc developed on the field are not looked for nor expected from these young women. They are not asked to buckle on armour and go forth seeking whom they may devour. Their commissions are a graceful recognition of the fact that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

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"Papa, what is a 'doubtful State!'" asked little Freddy, who had been looking over the political news ."Marriage is a doubtful state, my son," answered B. with a humorous twinkle in his eye, as he looked at Mrs. B. Don't you think so, Mrs. B.?" "No, I don't think it's a State at all," she answered. "To me it always seemed like a Terrortory." B. was silent.

# THE CAMBRIAN.

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## THE LATE REV. JOHN EVANS, (EGLWYSBACH).

Leader of Welsh Wesleyanism.

Mr. Evans arrived in Liverpool on Saturday, October 23, to fulfill a preaching engagement next day. He was accompanied by Mrs. Evans, who was announced to lecture on Monday. Having had a heavy week's work, and not feeling very well on Friday, Mr. Evans retired to rest at 9 o'clock. On Saturday they were the guests of a friend in the city. Shortly after he told Mrs. Evans that he felt ill, and though a doctor was summoned at once he expired in a few minutes.

THE LATE REV. JOHN EVANS, (EGLWYSBACH).

Eglwysbach will be long and sorely missed. In his death Welsh Wesleyanism is deprived of one of its most distinguished ornaments, and Wales loses a most gifted and powerful of preachers. By common

consent he stood in the very forefront of the princes of the Welsh pulpit. In his native tongue his eloquence was matchless, and like a skillful musician he could play at will upon the very heartstrings of the multitudes that thronged to hear him. Nature had endowed him with rare gifts, which, wedded to a dogged perseverance and a determination that could not be balked, helped him in spite of lack of early education to attain an honored place among religious leaders of his people.

The deceased was born at Eglwysbach, and it was as John Evans of Eglwysbach that he first became known to his fellow countrymen. The name of the obscure little hamlet beyond the slopes of the Conway Valley, not far from Llanrwst, has ever since been associated with him, and it was as Eglwysbach that he was known and loved by his fellow-countrymen all the world over. His father, David Evans, of Tydu, was a farmer, and the deceased—born on the 28th day of September, 1840, was the second of six children. His parents were members of the Welsh Wesleyan Church in the village, and the children were very early brought under religious influences. The father however, considered that the ordinances of the State Church should be respected, and hence it came about that the future leader of Welsh Wesleyanism was baptized in the parish church and at the age of 14 was duly confirmed by the bishop of the diocese at the church at Llanrwst. Referring to this incident in his autobiography, portions of which have been published, the deceased explains that many other Nonconformist boys were confirmed at the same time, but he adds, "No harm was done, as they continued to follow in the footsteps of their fathers." He had the advantage of five or six years' education at the national schools of the district, and this it would appear was the only training he ever enjoyed. In 1854, while in his 14th year, he had the misfortune to be deprived by death of his mother, a godly woman, whose loss greatly affected the boy. Soon afterwards he himself joined the "class" in the little chapel, and in the course of time began to take a prominent part in religious exercise. Possessed of talent far above his fellows, he was induced to look forward to a pulpit career, and he delivered his first sermon in Garmon Wesleyan Chapel, Llanrwst, on a Sunday afternoon when in his 17th year, and the reverend gentleman was often heard to say in later life that he had walked many miles during the early hours of that morning to attend the services, and that in his nervousness he so rushed through his sermon that it took only 13 minutes to deliver it. In his subsequent studies he was generously helped by the Rev. David Owen, rector of Eglwysbach, and so great was the advance he made that he successfully passed the probationer's examination during the meetings of the district at Llanfyllin in 1860. He was accepted as a student at one of the English col-

leges of the connexion, but unhappily a long and serious illness deprived him of the inestimable benefits that would have accrued to him from this training. He was a diligent student and daily spent many hours with his books at home in the early mornings, his desire for knowledge being insatiate.

He entered upon ministerial life at Amlwch, Anglesey, and afterward was removed to Mold, and during this period, notwithstanding his numerous disadvantages, he passed creditably through each of the annual examinations imposed by the connexion upon its probationers. It was in 1865 that he was ordained to the full work of the ministry. This was at the Birmingham Conference, and on that occasion the Rev. Dr. Osborn, one of the examiners, presented the young minister with a copy of the works of John Howe as an expression of his appreciation with his work in the conference examination. His next circuit was Liverpool, then Bethesda, and then back again to Liverpool, spending in each place the stipulated triennial period. For years he suffered very poor health, induced too often by his close application to work. On the advice of his medical attendant he traveled widely, visiting Scotland and Ireland, and on one occasion undertook an extensive tour through the United States and beyond the Rockies to California. His fame as a preacher soon spread, and he had not been many years in the ministry before his name became literally a household word in the Principality. For the first few years his sermons were of a distinctively sensational type. Endowed with a quick imagination, his oratory teemed with homely but telling illustrations, and he became without apparent effort a perfect master of his congregation. He had a strong musical voice and a dramatic and eloquent delivery. As a lecturer also he soon made his mark, and his addresses upon such topics as "The Force of Custom," "Butler and Wesley," "The World Before Adam," and "Science and the Bible" were in demand all over Wales.

During his 33 years in the ministry he spent 11 years in Liverpool, a similar number in London, and he had charge of the circuits also at Bangor, Rhyl, and Oswestry. In the metropolis he was in charge of City-road Chapel, and during his term of three years there he erected a new chapel, and was invited to remain there for a further term of three years. It was after ministering for three years at Islington, London, that he went to Pontypridd to take charge of the new Welsh Mission. This was in 1893. He had promised to go to Gravel-street, Manchester, when the invitation from conference came to him to undertake the work at Pontypridd.

Eglwysbach opened his work, which has since been attended with marvelous success, at Ferndale on the first Sunday in September of 1893, and the next Sunday in Siloh

Chapel, Merthyr. On the morning of the third Sunday he preached in the English Wesleyan Chapel at Pontypridd, and in the evening at the New Town Hall, where the Welsh Mission services have since been continued every Sunday. Only six joined the mission at the initial meeting, but the reverend gentleman and his gifted wife worked with such untiring zeal and energy that their efforts were soon rewarded, and hundreds of people have since joined the mission. Many of these were allowed to attach themselves to other denominations, for as Eglwysbach always said, his work in the populous district was not to proselytize, but simply to "save souls." It is impossible to exaggerate the good work which the mission accomplished in Pontypridd and the Rhondda Valleys. The work attached to the mission was a great tax upon Eglwysbach, and his friends had frequent cause for alarm, as they feared his health would break down under the strain. He, however, continued to throw a vigor into his work that quite astonished those who were closely associated with him, and it was surprising that he was able for so long to journey up and down the country, frequently over long distances, preaching and lecturing in behalf of the mission.

Eglwysbach held important offices in connection with the denomination, and had for 17 years been a member of the Legal Hundred of the British Conference, whilst since his advent to Pontypridd he had filled the office of chairman of the South Wales (Welsh) District, and by virtue of his office he was chairman of various committees. He was a splendid organizer, and the only thing that prevented him carrying out more than one scheme which he had in view was the severe tax upon his time. As a preacher and lecturer his services were very much in demand, and his discourses in Welsh and English were always acceptable. About two years ago he published and edited a monthly magazine called "Y Fwyell" ("The Battle-ax"), in connection with the Mission, and a most interesting and edifying feature each month was the editor's reminiscences of life. Upon his return from the Holy Land he was reluctantly compelled to abandon all literary work, and the periodical has since been defunct. The reverend gentleman was twice married, his first wife being a daughter of Mr. Pritchard, a well-known Liverpool contractor and prominent Wesleyan, whilst his second wife, whom he married in 1886, is a daughter of Dr. Richardson, of London. The reverend gentleman attended the funeral of Dean Vaughan lately, and the same day he was elected a member of the council of University College, Cardiff, an appointment of which he was very proud. His sudden death, in the midst of a life of great usefulness, will be greatly deplored throughout Wales generally, and much sympathy is expressed with Mrs. Evans and her fatherless children in their sad and sudden sorrow.

## FALL.

By T. Chalmers Davies.

A weird and mystic presence broods
Over the woodland solitudes;
The feathered minstrels' songs are dumb,
No more we hear the wild bee's hum.
Around the leaves a spirit flings
Light robes of varied colorings;
Bright butterflies of Summer fair,
No longer sail o'er fields of air;
No longer they on pictured wings
Pursue their airy journeyings.
The stranger spirit lured them on
Till they have faded and are gone;
Like hours of youth, have passed away
With the sweet dreams of yesterday.

The lonesome winds are sadly calling,
In wailing tones the forest grieves:—
Are not the snow-flakes, softly falling,
White ghosts of the departed leaves?

Idlewood, Pa.

## HAWARDEN CASTLE.

By Morgan P. Jones.

Among the many noted ruins of North Wales none has had a longer or more eventful history than Hawarden Castle, on the Welsh border, not far from Chester. Several antiquarians are inclined to believe that the ancient Britons, even before the Roman invasion, had a stronghold at this point, and the imperial legions drove them from it only to let it fall back into their hands again on their departure. But during the Saxon invasion they were again forced to abandon it, and it became one of the chief rallying points of their enemies. Of its history during the Saxon period nothing is known; but we may justly infer that the Britons made many a fruitless effort to regain possession of it. In the next invasion, however, the Norman found it too advantageous a position to leave unmolested. It was in possession of the gallant

Edwin, Earl of Mercia, at the time, and was probably one of his residences. But that made no difference with the conquerer, as the stronghold was included in the grant he made Hugh Lupus. Nor was this wolfish favorite unwilling to take what was another's, and it is more than likely that he immediately supplanted the Saxon fortress with one of his own. It was as stewards of the earls of Chester that the barons of Mold afterward made their residence here; but upon the extinction of the Palatinate it passed with the other castles and manors into the possession of the crown, and became the scene of more than one memorable event and bloody encounter.

In 1264, two remarkable personages had a conference in this castle. One was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the other Llewelyn, Prince of Wales. Simon was a native of France, and was given the earldom of Leicester upon his arrival in England. The royal weakness and incapacity which had made him an earl also filled him with disgust for a king who completely ignored the English nobility in his infatuation for foreign favorites, and being a born leader, he soon found himself at the head of a national baronial party, which forced the most humilating terms upon the king. De Montfort's attempts to insure still greater concessions, however, resulted in the division of the national party and in a speedy recourse to arms on the part of the more radical wing. The victory at Lewes, in which Simon had made both the king and Prince Edward prisoners, brought him into closer sympathy with the Welsh in their efforts to secure their independence, and it was to make a compact with the Prince of Wales that he was now in Hawarden Castle. Llewelyn, on the other hand, had a quarrel on his own account with the king, he having encroached upon his rights as the legitimate head of the Principality, and burdened the people with most oppressive measures. Llewelyn was not Simon's equal in military skill, but in his hatred of tyranny, his loyality to noble principles, and his devotion to the interests of the people he was not a whit his inferior. Welcoming any prospect or project that would aid the cause of liberty in Wales he therefore entered into compact with De Montfort, who the following year compelled the English monarch to grant Hawarden Castle to the Welsh prince and to acknowledge him as the absolute sovereign of Wales, entitled to the homage of all its barons.

It was during Llewelyn's conference with De Montfort that he saw the beautiful Eleanor, the youthful daughter of the potent earl, and it was then that a mutual love sprang up between them that caused them so much anguish and for a time proved so disastrous to the Welsh cause. Perceiving the advantage of an alliance with the Welsh prince Simon not only espoused his daughter to him, but sent her to a convent in France to fit her for her

future position. But he was not destined to see her marriage, as he fell in the battle of Evesham, and the wily Edward having been informed of the espousal instituted a close watch upon Eleanor's whereabouts, which when she, accompanied by her brother, attempted to cross the channel to Wales resulted in her being taken by force to London, where she was for years detained as maid to the queen, in spite of her burning desire to be united to her lover. Following up his advantage both as king of England and the captor of the unfortunate Eleanor, Edward finally induced the love-sick Llewelyn to accept conditions, which, while they put an end to a separation less endurable than death, cast a blot on the otherwise unblemished character of this great prince that time can never remove.

About the time De Montfort promised his daughter in marriage to Prince Llewelyn an incident occurred which gave a hint of the shrewdness which afterward led Edward to detain Eleanor so long. He was, to put it mildly, a compulsory guest at Hawarden Castle, and longing for his freedom he resorted to a stratagem. Going out for a ride in charge of his mounted guards he very innocently proposed that they run a race with each other to see which had the swiftest horse. Apparently much amused he sat in his saddle watching his custodians galloping their horses one against another until they were all tired. Then putting the spurs to his own horse he speedily left the chagrined guards far behind, and was soon at the head of a large army, De Montfort's enemies being among his most loyal supporters. His escape eventually cost the earl his life and compelled Llewelyn to retreat once more to his mountain fastnesses, but not before destroying the castle where he first saw his love.

Not long after this the Hawarden estate was restored to Robert de Montalto, and in spite of the stipulated condition that he was not to rebuild the castle for thirty years he no sooner found himself master of the situation than he put the fortress again in a habitable and defensible condition. In the general uprising of the Welsh, which occurred about this time, however, its strength was tested anew. Taking advantage of a terrible storm that was raging, David, the Lord of Denbigh, having just broken faith with King Edward, and being once more reconciled to his brother, Prince Llewelyn attacked the castle on the evening of Palm Sunday, and putting the garrison to the sword he rushed upon Roger de Clifford, the keeper of the castle, in bed, inflicted upon him a severe wound, and carried him prisoner to Snowdonia. Edward treasured this and other indignities against the fiery and treacherous David, and soon after the death of Llewelyn he was taken to Shrewsbury, where he died as a traitor, being dragged by a horse to the place of execution to avenge his perfidy to the king who had

knighted him, hung for the slaughter of the knights who fell during the storming of the castle, deprived of his bowels, which were burned, because of his sacrilege on Palm Sunday, and quartered, that his head and limbs be hung in different parts of the kingdom, because he had designs upon the king's life.

During the next century of its history the castle's ownership was vested in various persons of distinction after reverting a few times to the crown. In 1495, during the residence of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, here, her son, Henry VII. honored the castle with a protracted visit, ostensibly to amuse himself with stag-hunting, but really to pacify the earl, whose brother his royal highness had executed. It is to be hoped that the earl was not haunted with the fear of losing his own head while the king was killing his game to atone for slaying his brother.

The Old Hawarden Castle.

Like other castles, that of Hawarden figured prominently during the Civil War. Early falling into the hands of Parliament it remained in its possession until the want of provisions conspired with the re-enforced beseigers to compel the garrison to capitulate. During the short siege some curious missives passed between beseigers and besieged, in which much eloquence was wasted. Threats were met with insults, and sputterings with fresh provocations, one side objecting to preaching when surrender was demanded, and the other basing the need of more preaching on their part on their hostile intentions. When this war of words was ended the Roundheads passed out of the castle with one pair of colors flying and the other furled, and the Royalists passed in to surrender in turn to Gen. Mytton, who after the fall of Chester besieged and took the castle. Its dismantling followed the destruction began by order of Parliament, being completed by the owner, Sir William Glynne. The remains, consisting of little more than the keep, stand on a mound near Mr. Gladstone's residence, from which, embosomed though it be in trees, an extensive view may be had. The estate has descended to Mrs. Gladstone through several generations from Sergeant Glynn, and may she and her illustrious husband live to enjoy it for many years longer. No one is better versed in the history of the place than the ex-premier, and last summer during

The New Hawarden Castle.

the visit of a hundred members of the Manufacturer's Club, of Philadelphia, to Hawarden, he took them to the old ruins, and said, among other things: "The Welsh people in one respect very much resembled the Danes, who used to be the most quarrelsome nation in Europe, and now, like the Welsh, are the most peaceful. The criminal statistics of Wales are very low, and this reflects credit upon the people." The peace enjoyed by the Welsh, however, has been dearly bought, and it was not unattended with the remembrance of past oppression.

Kent, O.

## THE NEW WOMAN.

By Gwendolen Cadwaladr.

"Once our superior, now our equal."

The motto of our age seems always to be as at Athens, "Ti Kainoteron"—something new, or the latest; the atmosphere is alive and vocal with it. As one of the signs of our times, the New Woman has naturally made her appearance, but with her appearance there is a nameless sort of a blank, as if the knell of the century itself had rung. It is now a part of the general problem what women are going to make of the world if they get control of the Church and State, as they are discontented with being women or being treated as women, and wish to bring their emotions into all the avocations of life.

The experiment is being tried in Colorado and other Western States, under the most favorable circumstances, where the people are not afraid of a new thing, simply because it is new. The experiment, however, is attended with great moral and social hazards, and we are far from looking for the millenium in politics as a result of the Woman Suffrage movement. It seems that every woman who inhales the spirit of this age must feel that the welfare of the church and the destiny of mankind may hang on the manner in which she demeans herself in this crisis. We are well aware that woman's sphere is disputed territory, and that we are entering one of the great battle-grounds of the age. However, the majority of women—the truest, purest and best of the sex, for the most part, do not wish for the right of suffrage, and that because their unerring sense tells them they would lose more than they would gain by the change, because their common sense and true feeling tell them there is a wiser and better way of exerting their influ-

ence and blessing mankind. Woman's forte lies not in her physical or her intellectual, but in her moral and religious nature. Here, in this highest sphere of being and action, she has been endowed with the rarest and best gifts, here is the sphere of her widest and richest influence. Woman is naturally more conscientious and religious than man. It is easier for her to fear and love God. She may have been the first to apostatize from her Maker, but she is certainly always and everywhere foremost in the work of mediation and reconciliation.

Woman is also naturally more charitable and philanthropic than man, for it is easier for her to love and pity all mankind. Woman is "love," in that she is like God. The proverb says "love is blind;" that is not exactly true, for what is so quick to see and soothe a suffering child as a mother's love? What so swift as charity and philanthropy to discover the wants and woes of man and apply the remedy? Woman is divinely called to that sphere of active life and duty found in the home. Imagine a home without a mother, without that being, full of love, who is ever making our cares and pleasures her own, and our happiness the object of her life. The family is her kingdom, where she reigns supreme; the character, prosperity and happiness, the health and life of the family are chiefly entrusted to her; and since the family is the fountain of the church and the state, she stands at the fountain-head of national as well as individual, public not less than private, spiritual and temporal life. Woman takes the individual, the community, the state, the church; in a word, she takes every person and everything in the germ, and at its forming period moulds and shapes it for good or evil; she is a divinely constituted educator. Is not woman's fitness for exalted duties a sure proof of her superiority to man?

As for the relative superiority or inferiority in native ability of the two sexes, it is useless to argue that question. It is a fundamental principle in proportion in mathematics that there can be no ratio between unlike quantities. Who would discuss the question: Which are the stronger, the golden beams of truth or the silken cords of love? They must be twisted and woven together if we would make a bond of power and influence that is irresistible. Woman's mission is to purify the home and extend her influence, making it as wise in its direction as it is good in its aim; this is to raise men to the same high level as woman. Normally, if not naturally, woman is truer, purer, better than man. This, the New Woman with her advanced ideas concerning woman's proper sphere, does not seem to have seriously considered. In seeking the equality of the sexes, she lowers the standard of morality, forfeits her moral influence, and loses forever her charm. The tendency will be to develop the mascu-

line elements in woman and to obliterate her superior characteristics, thus making her unfit for the duties enjoined by her Creator.

All history and philosophy go to show that woman has been the measure and means of the advancement of mankind; she has done the work of reforming and exalting the human race. She has ever been the atmosphere with which public sentiment rises or sinks like the barometer, and the very element in which morals and manners live, move and have their being. Is all this at an end? Some people always assume, when one thinks that certain places and employments are "womanly," that by excluding a woman from unwomanly spheres he is degrading or enslaving her, or that he is calling into question her ability. If, for example, we object to woman being a butcher or a blacksmith, we are "limiting her sphere" or "doubting her capacity." And no woman cares to be considered inferior to man. Of course, a woman who fully makes up her mind to be a car conductor has a legal right to follow her chosen calling; she may make her living in that way if she chooses to do so. But she will not change public opinion. Her selection will strike the majority of intelligent and liberal-minded people of both sexes as out of taste and against the best interest of society.

This popular sympathy with what seems to be the order of nature is not because of the conviction of woman's inferiority. In literature, in science, in art, she has proved her power. In the universities to which she has been admitted, woman has proved her ability to stand by the side of her brother in every department of research and of attainment and to keep with him in the upward movements. It is not that we doubt woman's worth, or strength, or breadth. We believe in her. We glory in her acquirements. It is in the love we have for her and in her creation as helper, inspirer, guide, priestess and queen that we find the reason for the protest of all refined and cultivated masculine natures against the desecration of her fine powers by the employment of them in the rougher, lower, outer world assigned to men. As each sex is most true to itself, it is of the most value to the opposite sex. Some women may be advantaged temporarily by posessing the masculine traits, but for the highest good of the soul and for the permanent good of society it is well that man be man—manly, and that woman be woman — womanly. Through the universal acceptance of this doctrine both sexes may be expected to improve in mutual respect and affection.

Pueblo, Col.

## SYMPATHY.

Two tender-hearted mothers once
Within a chapel met;
This came her baby to baptize;
That came to mourn her pet.

The mother of the living wept,
To see the lifeless child;
The mourning mother when she saw
The living baby, smiled

## HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

A great thinker once said he would rather discover truth than have it presented to him completely revealed; and any thoughtful mind has often experienced what a source of pleasure it is to hunt after truth. How charming is a mystery, and how flat, stale and unprofitable really is everything that has been desecrated by being made commonly and vulgarly known. The source of the pleasures of youth is mystery and blissful ignorance; life is then beautiful because it is new and unknown; and everything is charming and enjoyable because all is enveloped in mystery enough to excite our curiosity and interest. It is utterly foolish to have all completely understood and known. Once a mystery is revealed, another springs up, and another, like the several scenes on the stage of a playhouse, with this difference, that God's playhouse has an infinite series of scenes. Life deprived of its mysteries would become tasteless and colorless. Oscar Wilde once received an invitation to become a member of a club formed to attack superstitions. He made this characteristic reply: "But I love superstitions," he said, "they are the color element in thought and imagination. They are the opponents of common sense. The aim of your society seems to be dreadful. Leave us some reality—some shred of the poetic. Don't let us be too offensively sane." But there is no danger of our being deprived of romance and mystery as long as we have imagination. We will go from one mystery to another interminably.

It is the bounden duty of the human mind to penetrate mystery after mystery, because progress and civilization really mean a continuous

revelation. The mind, satisfied with its own inactivity or intimidated from inquiry by a superstitious false notion that God's work is too sacred to be investigated, and that the Creator resents every attempt at understanding his work, is depriving itself of a most precious privilege. It is a foolish idea to think that our dullness and ignorance are acceptable to God. The notion that God hates an inquiring mind sprang from the belief that the mystery of life was finite and that a little prying would bring the intellect into the presence of the Creator. The unseen world is infinite and the presence of God is ineffable. A spirit of stagnation always naturally justifies its own intellectual laziness or timorousness by feigning spiritual or religious prohibitions based on false concepts. The mystery of nature has an infinite attraction to a healthy mind. As electricity is generated by friction, so progress is attained through curiosity. A man enveloped in mist cannot see far in advance, but as he moves forward the circle of vision accompanies him. So revelation is gradual. Timid or superstitious minds are prone to conjure up imaginary terrors and horrors beyond the immediate circle of vision, and so they stop for fear they may step over a precipice or into a chasm. But the onward course of human thought has proved that the undiscovered territory is as safe and comfortable as the known, and that the fearful shadows that annoy us disappear at our approach, and that there is no law prohibiting progress except our own weakness and our own distrust.

There is nothing more attractive and interesting than the history of intellectual development, wherein we find the many ways the human mind has struggled to interpret nature, and the means superstition has used to cripple its advancement. The human mind from the dawn of reasoning could not help being attracted by the phenomena of nature, and could not well be prevailed to rest uninterested and unconcerned. All the religions of paganism were attempts of the human mind to understand the mystery and mission of the seen and the unseen, and were nothing more nor less than imperfect revelations. A superstition is the shadow of a coming light—it is a form of twilight; and as soon as the dawn advances the various indistinct forms of credulity disappear, not in consequence of improved logic, but in consequence of more light. Increased knowledge has the same effect on superstition as the light of dawn has on the shadows of night. Superstitions are superannuated beliefs; intellectual relics of former ages; creeds which have outlived the conditions that created them. They are growths of former states of human comprehension. They are the embalmed dead bodies of former ignorances. The foolish creeds of paganism were rational to the dark ages wherein they were born and nurtured.

Our purpose in this article is to give a sketch of the philosophy of the ancients regarding the way the world and the things thereof were created, the means adopted and the method used, and how the Greek and Latin minds studied and interpreted the mysteries that surrounded them. Now that geology has shown how the earth was formed, and the sciences have thrown such light on the evolutionary method of creation, it will entertain the reader to discover how the Greek mind, quick, clever, philosophical, inquisitive, approached the question, by what intellectual guesses and conjectures it managed to satisfy itself as to the meaning and purpose of things.

Plato lived at a period when the Greek mind was at its best, and being acquainted with its best philosophy, he made use of it and moulded it into his own theories, which contain the germs of the best systems of modern times. Plato and Aristoteles represent the best of Greek thought, and they failed not from lack of ability, but from the lack of information. They built their systems considerably with fancies. Philosophy based its theories on conjectures; science builds on knowledge and experience. There was some science in ancient philosophy, as there is some philosophy in modern science; but science seems more and more to detach itself from philosophy, and becomes more and more devoted to the knowledge of facts and truths.

The mission of science is not as is often supposed, to oppose creeds and antagonize religious doctrines; but to interpret nature, although it does and will modify our views and notions of things. Science is not a plot or a conspiracy to rob us of the comforts of religion or subvert old systems of thought; it is a natural and inevitable enlightenment of the human mind, a spontaneous result of providence; and although it must needs correct our views and modify our opinions of things it does it beneficently, not maliciously. It may be appropriately likened to the light of day, which gradually widens our circle of vision, incidentally scattering the shadows, until things appear in their correct relations, and with distinguishable clearness. We cannot say that science is the mere result of reasoning; it is the spontaneous consequence of increased intellectual light. A child as he grows intellectually does not understand by improved logic, but by increased powers of perception and comprehension. Similarly, the human mind with the progress of mental development perceives new relations and wider visions. It is not accomplished by dint of exertion, but by clearer perception. Every new discovery modifies the relation of things, and the ever-widening range of thought shapes and colors our conception of the whole. There is no danger and no cause of annoyance in science as long as it correctly interprets nature, and if it fails in that particular mission it falls short

of its professed aim, and becomes false and unreliable. The relation of man to child shows the relation of science to superstition. The change from childhood to manhood takes place gradually, almost imperceptibly, and it is done without shock or violence. True science acts in the same spirit and in obedience to the same law. Scientific facts themselves are not the direct cause of conflict between school and church, but hasty conclusions, unwarrantable applications and mutual jealousies.

[To be Continued.]

## A CHARTIST STORY.

By David Owen.

III

By the time we had come to the M. C. Church we could hear the bugle of a company of the 14th Regiment of light infantry, from Brecon, under the command of Major Barlow. Most of these men were raw recruits, and the forced march had told fearfully upon them. They had the appearance of greatly worried fellows. Almost the same moment the cavalry with drawn swords were marching up Longbridge street. The presence of so many soldiers in the small town gave it a warlike appearance, as many of the inhabitants had never seen so many red-coats before. That night and Sunday many of the Chartists made good their escape. Sunday morning the old town was all life: the church bells and the soldeirs' bugles summoning the people and the soldiers to church was something unusual. On Monday morning a number of special constables were called to assist the many police who were brought in from the neighboring towns and from London. At an early hour the town was blockaded; the constables and police began to search the houses of the suspected persons for arms; many were taken prisoners, but the principal leaders had left. Some of these were never found.

Wednesday, May the 8th, the prisoners were brought before the magistrates, when they were identified as having taken part in the disturbance, and were committed to stand trial at the next Mongomeryshire Assizes. They were at once dispatched to the county jail. May the 11th, when all fears of a renewal of a breach of the peace had subsided, the cavalry left the town. The officers and

the men expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the hospitality and the kind-hearted manner in which they were treated by the town's people. On the following day the 14th light infantry left for Brecon, and the same afternoon the 12th reached Llanidloes from Cork, Ireland. They had come by the way of Aberystwyth, and numbered 500. After a night's rest they were portioned off for barrack duty at Llanidloes, Newtown, and Welshpool, these towns being headquarters of the disaffected district.

The Montgomeryshire assizes were opened July 15th, before Sir John Patterson, at Welshpool. On Thursday, the 18th, there was a crowded court, this being the day of the Chartist trials. The prisoners numbered thirty-two, and were all included in one indictment, which charged them with having unlawfully and riotously assembled together, and did demolish, pull down, and destroy, the house of David Evans at Llanidloes. The Attorney General, assisted by three learned Queen's counsels, appeared for the prosecution, while Mr. Yarley, instructed by Mr. Hugh Williams, conducted the defense. (Mr. Hugh Williams was brother-in-law of the Hon. Richard Cobden, then one of the leading members of the British Parliament and founder of the Cobden Free Trade Club of London). Upwards of twenty witnesses were examined for the prosecution, and the trial occupied the whole day. All the prisoners, with the exception of two, were identified as having taken part in the riot. Mr. Yarley, in addressing the jury for the prisoners, laid great stress on the fact that they had been led astray under the impulse of the moment, and without any premeditated plans. After the summing up of the learned judge, the jury retired and shortly after returned with a verdict of guilty against all except the two above mentioned.

Justice Patterson then addressed the prisoners, and in so doing, said that if any human life had been sacrificed, all of them might have been indicted for murder. He, however, would make an example of those who had taken the most prominent part in the riot. Abraham Owen and Lewis Humphrey, the two men first arrested by the police before the riot commenced, were sentenced to seven years transportation to Van Dieman's land; and James Morris, who was found guilty of stabbing one of the constables, was sentenced to fifteen years transportation. Two were sentenced for one year with hard labor in the county jail; fifteen, two of whom were women, to six months with hard labor; ten to three months; and two to two months, all with hard labor.

It is worthy of our notice in closing these short sketches of those eventful days, to note a few incidents relative to those days. First, we note that during the trial of these men, not one of them was accused of robbery or stealing of any kind; no other charge was brought against them than the one of un-

lawfully and riotously assemblying together to demolish, pull down, and destroy the house of David Evans. The hotel had formerly been the private residence of General Wythern Jones, of the British army, in the days of King George, a man who had distinguished himself in the American War of Independence. After his death the house was made a grand hotel; the accommodations, furniture and fittings of the house were at that time superior to any in the county.

One of the leaders, for whom a reward of fifty pounds was offered for his arrest, had reached Liverpool on his way to America, and while waiting for a ship he had made the acquaintance of a benevolent Quaker, who was on his way back to the same country. While thus waiting he had the pleasure of perusing a handbill offering a reward of fifty pounds for his arrest. He showed it to the Quaker friend. I have another suit of clothes in my trunk said the friend, put it on thee, and come with me. Thus he managed to escape. When I left my home for America that same man with his family were on a visit to his native home. The last I heard of him was that he had enlisted in the Union army and was fighting the battles of his adopted country. I well remember my brother Richard in one of his letters telling me of meeting Dick Jerman, (as we called him), on a Sunday morning somewhere near Bull Run. James Morris, a strong, energetic and an intelligent young man, soon became a man of note and influence, and one of the most prominent men in the colony. Since I came to Ohio, I have heard that he had become possessed of considerable property, and a well-to-do man. Lewis Humphrey also obtained a ticket of leave, and became well off. All I have heard of Abraham Owen is that he obtained a ticket of leave and went rambling through the country, gold hunting, and was lost to his friends. I know of only two outside myself living to-day in America that were eye witnesses of the doings of those eventful days—my cousin, David Morgan, Saint Clears, Pa., and the renowned bugler many years ago. They went to Pittsburg, Laurel Co., Kentucky, and they opened coal mines, built for themselves a good trade and also a mining village. When the Kentucky pilgrims visited Canton, Ohio last fall, two weeks before the election, there were banners carried in that procession from Baxterville. The old bugler was too feeble from old age to follow, but his heart was in the work, and his soul was marching with the crowd. If I am rightly informed, his tin horn, the Horn of Liberty, is on exhibition in the British Museum, in London. The old bugler, Lewis Baxter, is still living on borrowed time in Kentucky. The tin horn was deemed worthy of the following from the pen of Mr. Hugh Williams:

### THE HORN OF LIBERTY.

Air: "Good humored and merry."

The herald of freedom sounds far in the dale,
Its notes full of rapture sweep aloud on the gale;
Gay prelude of liberty's heart-thrilling voice—
Now's the hour, my sons, to assert your free choice;
Each bosom's inspired to combat the foe,
So great the death struggle with patriot glow.
She comes, lo, she comes, to our blood-reeking land,
She sighs at the wails of her long faithful band:
Her martyrs she cheers, who indignantly scowl.
As despots add insults to injuries foul:
Fair truth and humanity grace her bright train,
While justice rejoicing, thrice blesses her reign.
Lasting honor to those in adversity true,
Who nobly stand foremost demanding our due:
Away with the timid—'tis treason to fear—
To surrender or faulter when danger is near:
For now that our leaders disdain to betray,
'T were base to desert them, or succor delay.
'Tis time that the victims of labor and care
Should reap for reward what is labor's fair share;
'Tis time that their voices in council be heard,
The rather than pay for the law of the sword;
That power is ours with a will of our own,
We conquer united—divided we groan.
Then hail brothers, hail, the shrill sound of the horn,
For ages deep wrongs have been hopelessly borne;
Despair shall no longer our spirits dismay.
Nor wither the arm when upraised for the fray;
The conflict for freedom is gathering nigh,
We live to secure it, or gloriously die.

Sodom, O.

## ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

### Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

### Sixth Paper.

I have in the previous papers endeavored to show the native attributes and fitness of the Welsh mind for self-elevation, the proof of which is demonstrated in the prominent and active participation which the immigrants from Wales took in the days of the Colonies in the founding and establishment of the American government. I will now proceed in the matter of the society's doings.

In 1836 a banquet was given at the North American Hotel. About 175 gentlemen sat down to a dinner furnished by Mr. Bartlett, the pro-

prietor, in a style of luxury and culinary ability. The festival was graced by the presence of the Hon. Cornelius W. Lawrence, Mayor of the city; Hon. James Buchanan, British Consul; the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, of the Welsh Church; Hon. James Ferris, Member of Congress; Hon Thomas S. Brady, Gen. Morton and Col. Morgan L. Smith as invited guests.

Mr. Edgar W. Davies, as presiding officer, was supported by Messrs. Joseph Morgan, John Jenkins, David Jones, G. W. Griffiths, William Miles and R. J. Williams as Vice Presidents, and Messrs. John M. Jones, John Evans, William Lewis, William Thomas, John Morgan and Richard Jones, as stewards. Several distinguished vocalists were also present who contributed to render the occasion worthy of the land "where freedom holds her mountain home."

The President made a very happy and felicitous speech, and proceeded to announce the standard toasts which were duly responded to by the guests present. The vocal part of the entertainment was superb. I will omit, for the want of space, inserting herein the speeches of the guests, which were eloquent and inspiring. I will, however, mention the names of some of the proposers of volunteer toasts, by way of memorizing their presence; also as an acknowledgement of the interest which they took in making the dinner a success. They are as follows: John Evans, of the Bowery, Richard Jones, John H. Jones, John M. Jones, William J. Williams, (Gwilym ab Ioan), Evan Lewis, Thomas Miles, Daniel L. Jones, William Lewis, John Cook, George Morgan, John Morgan and Joseph Morgan. As a substitute for the omission of the speeches of the guests and the officers of the society, I will insert an editorial article on the dinner, taken from the "New York Times," which I think will be equally, if not more, interesting:

"We promised last week to give a further account of the proceedings on St. David's Day, and now append the songs and a sketch of the addresses of the Vice Presidents.

"While on the subject it may not be inappropriate to say a few words in relation to those of our fellow citizens who own Cambria for their birth-place—proverbially among the most honest, industrious and useful that we possess. The Welsh, it is known, enjoy peculiar faculties on their own interesting soil. Considered by the British government among their most trustworthy and approved people, and famed for their virtuous course in peace, and gallant bearing in war, they are favored in every possible degree, and need not leave the paternal hearth to seek the comforts and blessings of humanity, for they find them at home. Ardently attached, however, to virtuous freedom, the institutions of our own blessed land possess a charm which captivates and draws many of them hither, and America finds them among her most deserving people—intelligent, honest, en-

terprising and most ardently devoted to the institutions and the laws of their adopted land. Being principally an agricultural people, they have frequently associated to settle portions of our vast wilderness, which soon yielded to their skill and industry, and bloomed among the beautiful gardens and cultivated portions of the fruitful West. A particular instance of this is the town of Steuben, in this State, settled mostly by Welsh immigrants, and so famed for its superior produce, but particularly its butter and cheese.

"It is a phenomenon to find a native of Wales apply at our almshouse for relief, and still more so to find them arraigned for crime. The latter is caused by the high religious and moral culture of their people, which causes them to love virtue for itself; the former by their industrious and virtuous habits, aided by excellent societies instituted to relieve misfortune and succor distress. Of the latter there are two—the Ancient Britons' Benefit Society and the St. David's Benefit and Benevolent Society. The former is an old society, and possesses considerable funds, which, by its charter, must be devoted to the relief of members only. The St. David's is of more recent formation, and embraces also a benevolent fund, for the support of widows and orphans of deceased members, or of others found deserving.

"Both societies are of the most valuable description. The Ancient Britons' Society is composed of the natives and descendants of natives of Wales. The St. David's Society is composed of natives and descendants of Wales as active, and of others who wish to join, (and whose moral characters are approved of) as honorary members.

"Gen. Morgan Lewis is patron President of the latter society, his father, (Hon. Francis Lewis, a delegate from New York, and one of the signers of Independence) having been a native of Wales. The other officers are among our most respectable citizens, and all, we believe, (with the exception of Mr. E. W. Davies, who is a descendant), natives of the virtuous and celebrated land to whose excellent people we particularly allude. The first Vice President is a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits, and highly esteemed; the Corresponding Secretary is also a young merchant, whose superior qualifications and honorable attainments peculiarly fit him for the task. But it is unnecessary to dilate on the character of the officers of either society. They are all excellent citizens, and entitled to the confidence they receive. The Societies are based and conducted purely in the spirit and letter of benevolence, politics, according to their constitutions, being excluded from forming any portion of their deliberations. We need not say that a people such as our Welsh citizens form so honorable an example of, are valuable and welcome in whatever land they may take up their residence and elect for their home.

"The strongest national trait in

the character of the people of Wales is a passionate love for their language (which has been almost miraculously preserved, pure as when the mother of Constantine the Great left her native Cambrian hills for the then capital of the world), and a desire to retain the simple forms of religion prevalent among their people. The language is bold and extremely comprehensive, as can be seen by its effect when used in the energy of debate or the soft and inspiring tones of song."

[To be Continued.]

## ZEFF'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

By Lewis Leyshon.

The story I am going to relate gives the unique career of a singular character I knew years ago in the State of Ohio. Although he was no greater sinner than a good many others, his life was a series of touching disappointments and unexpected failures. I cannot liken his strange life to anything more appropriate than a green branch torn away from its parent trunk, and floating down the river of life, and which being kept on the edge of the stream is long delayed in its arrested course by being continually side-tracked into corners and angles, eddying and voyaging circuitously, until it eventually starts onward again for a short journey, until its delay is again repeated, to be followed by another fit of progression. To an interested observer it comes very near being carried away by the rushing stream. Then it is thrust aside tantalizingly, as if spurned by the indignant movement of the hastening flood, ultimately to be thrown suddenly ashore beyond the reach of the exhausted waves.

Old Zeff was born in South Wales, in the year of our Lord 1800. He used to boast with seeming self-satisfaction, that he was born on the same day as this age of progress and poverty, and there was no cause why he couldn't grow with the age and enjoy the privileges of the age; but in this he was lacking, for he was born, bred and matured outside the stream and reach of civilization, and seemed always outside the tide of the affairs of men. He never had a day of schooling, and he was thirty years of age before he commenced to read Welsh in a Sunday school class. He lived beside his age, and unfortunately he died before his age, and the nineteenth century has been mourning his tragic death for the last 15 years.

On the animal side, he was a strong, brown, brawny, bony body, hard working and devoted to a life of physical exertion; energetic and

delighting in feats of labor. His exuberance of strength and vitality led him occasionally into over-indulgence in the physical pleasures of pugilism, and collision with his career as a fist-fighter was reckoned disastrous. After his conversion and his enlisting in the ranks of the Church Militant, he was full of the old combative spirit, and often he would refer to his bouts with Satan in pugilistic terms. Many a time he blackened his eye and roasted his sides! Many a time in passing a saloon for prayer meetings he was seen to struggle and wrestle with an invisible combatant, and was observed to let go at him right and left with effective rapidity. The devil was a personality, a reality to him. His pugilistic career cost him dearly. He fell in love with a very pretty young girl, a deacon's daughter, whom he affected greatly, and whom he lost through her father's interference. He would attend Sunday school very regularly for a little time, and then would be led away by his fighting proclivites. As soon as he began to develop and practice his striking abilities, a lasting estrangement sprang up between Zeph and Peggy, which soon proved his first great disappointment in life. In a fit of rage (which his passion worked into dangerous proportions), he became resolved to emigrate, which purpose he very soon carried into execution. He was so thoroughly Welsh that he seemed hardly conscious of the world being anything but Welsh. He was even ignorant of the simplest phrases in English, such as "I won't," or "I don't." All the English he knew were the extreme poles "yes" and "no." This led to his second disappointment, viz, his landing in the city of Boston, Mass., instead of in Philadelphia, Pa. He reached Boston friendless and Englishless. At the port the officials utterly failed to discover his nationality. Late in the evening, while walking along a pavement aimlessly and despairingly, conversing audibly with himself a strange man approached him and talked Welsh, which pleased him immensely. This man lodged him for the night, and arranged to send him to Philadelphia by the next boat, which he reached, having wasted pretty near all his savings. From Philadelphia he went to the Skuylkill region, where he met with some of his countrymen and worked for some time. From there he went to Pittsburg, and thence he drifted to Ohio. Very soon he was converted at a revival meeting and became an active church member, and although rustic and unpolished in his way, he unmistakably showed that he had experienced a thorough change of heart, and impressed every one with his zeal in the cause of practical Christianity. He was hard-working and industrious before, and as soon as he became temperate and saving he soon had a few hundred dollars which he deposited in a neighboring bank.

He had so far forgotten Peggy also that he became enamored of an estimable widow whom he mar-

ried. They lived together for many years, and being childless they had often thought and talked over the matter of adopting an orphan, believing that would be a most acceptable Christian act, as well as to their personal support and comfort in old age. One day Old Zeff and his companion rode 12 miles to the county seat to pick their future son and heir at the Home, and soon agreed upon a healthy, vigorous boy of three or four years, whom they brought home with them after striking a bargain with the authorities. It is hard to say what a child will be; and beneath its innocence and simplicity there may lurk the latent instincts and powers of a very devil, or the beneficent virtues of a saint. It may contain a light to lighten or a gloom to oppress. However they cared for him, fed him, and educated him as if it was their own flesh. They filled the future with fair expectations and painted their old age with the glow of sunset. Jack's bad traits were known to the neighbors before his pseudo-parents suspected him; but with the years his nature was unfolded and his vicious instincts were developed until he blossomed forth in all the glory of his wickedness. They put him to work, thinking work would cure him of his mischievousness, but Jack and work became such enemies that war to the death was declared between them. From a sneak thief he evolved into a burglar: was arrested, convicted and caged, but not before Old Zeff had wasted his little property in his defense. Disappointed, Old Zeff and his worthy wife grieved and sorrowed for years. Fortunately, Jack died in prison. Old Zeff had a constitution and nerve that could bear all this, but the old woman, crushed and robbed of her hopes, wasted and wore away gradually until one cold January afternoon the old man stood over her open grave sorrowing and shivering, wifeless, homeless and hopeless. Although himself a man of 80, he was still hale and vigorous. Penniless, he had to recommence life, and he continued to work with the energy of a young man. He descended the coal shaft every morning, and dug his quota of the black diamond, labored day after day, month after month, for two years, when the old love of home awoke in his heart; the dreams of youth sprang up in his memory; he began to think of his pretty Peggy in far off Wales, still in his imagination a young, sweet girl, perennial and immortal; and oblivious of his 82 winters he began thinking thoughts of love, and commenced entertaining the purpose of returning to that Eden from which he had been driven in his youth.

One morning Old Zeff was missed, and much gossiped about for days and weeks. He disappeared as if Enoch-like he had been picked up into heaven, or had slid Orpheus-like into nades. While the neighbors were swayed to and fro by conjectures, Old Zeff was riding the waves triumphantly on an Atlantic liner He felt young and re-

newed in life. Full of young thoughts he was buoyant in spirit. He was 82 in fact and 24 in fancy. When he reached the old village, disappointments met him fast and thick. Amidst hard and uncompromising facts he was roughly shaken; but he still dreamed on and loved illusion. He met strange forms, he saw strange faces behind window panes, he walked new foot-paths, and passed strange buildings The old chapel where he used to adore the bewitching form of Peggy up in the gallery-choir among rosy-cheeked lassies had disappeared; and her cottage home was no more! Not a soul he knew 58 years since was there! He stepped into the little post-office and inquired of the good old times in 1824, but the post-master knew very little of ancient history, nor cared much for archaeology. Finally he inquired of Peggy Jones, and was delighted to hear that the "sweet girl" was still living with her daughter on the Cnook Farm, half a mile from the "pentref." He soon appeared at the straw-roofed farmhouse, and walking through the yard he met a woman of fifty, which could not be Peggy, because she was young. To his replies the woman replied that her mother was broken greatly, deaf and blind, these years! He stepped inside the little parlor, saw an old, thin, cadaverous blind wreck of girlhood seated in a capacious straw-plaited chair. "Who is there?" asked Peggy. "Only a stranger," said he, and after excusing himself, he turned on his heels, and went back to the village, his heart full of strange, chaotic feelings of sorrow and disappointments. He had seen his Peggy—he had been disillusionized—the charm of life had fled! He was now ready to die. All his hopes had vanished. Disappointment like a partition of cold iron surrounded him. Next morning in his bedroom in the little public house Old Zeff's body was found lifeless. An indescribable expression of resignation and peace rested on his faded features. The man of many woes, the ship of many a storm, had entered the haven.

An inquest was held on his body in the parlor of the little public house, when the aged pilgrim was identified and a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God" was passed. John Jones, the tailor, who served as one of the jury, objected to the verdict, because the fact was, he said, that he died on a visit to his old home; but David Davis, the hardware man, a dealer in tangibles, argued and counseled that the best course would be "to let good enough alone," as the word "God" introduced into the verdict, sounded like a benediction. A few neighbors gathered to show his memory a last token of respect, and he was tenderly laid low until the dawn of the eternal morn. Old Lowry Jones, always a ready mourner, said what a nice thing it was to come home to die and be buried comfortably among old friends and neighbors.

# WINTRY THOUGHTS.

By J. D. Morgan.

When summer's rich verdure has withered away,
And woodlands are faded and drear,
And gardens of beauty have gone to decay,
The reign of stern Winter is near.

The birds that through summer enlivened the scene,
To regions more genial have flown,
Where flourish magnolias and trees ever-green,
And left us the sparrow alone.

But when the enjoyments of summer no more
Enrapture the soul with delight,
Rich Autumn bequeaths unto us of her store,
Then vanishes soon out of sight.

Stern Winter then sits on her gem-spangled throne,
And rules over mountain and plain,
And rivers and lakes soon she hardens like stone,
And no one can question her reign.

But she has her beauty, although in her train,
The storm-winds may roar in their might;
She spreads o'er the landscape throughout her domain
A mantle so spotless and white.

Her crystalline beauties are varied and new—
The light-falling snow-flakes will please;
And Oh, how enchanting and brilliant the view
When icicles hang from the trees.

The young and the rugged her reign may enjoy
In sporting o'er river and lake,
Or swift-gliding cutters they else may employ,
To ride with the girls they may take.

All others in comfort may sit by the fire,
Conversing with kindred and friends,
Or reading some author they greatly admire—
How quickly an evening thus ends.

Each season affords us delights of its own,
Monotony thus is destroyed;
The beauties of summer and winter are shown—
Each one in its turn is enjoyed.

# THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

## NOTES ON THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS FOR DECEMBER.

By Mrs. Jessie N. Lewis.

Sunday, December 5.

Topic—"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Matt .20: 20-28.

This was Christ's mission, and it should be ours. No matter how hurried or tired, he was always ready to be interrupted. Blind Bartimeus brought to a standstill the hurrying throng, for the Master saw his need and stopped to give him sight. Are we so hurried with our own affairs that we let slip these opportunities for ministering? Worldly business is a school of selfishness. In the plans for each day, put odd moments here and there for just these interruptions.

Ministering does not mean the taking or giving of time alone. It means doing, not what is easiest for ourselves, but what is best for another. Often it is much less trouble to do a thing quickly ourselves than to stop and teach ignorant fingers the way. It is much easier to give a few cents than to show a man how he can earn it. This very carelessness is two thirds, to say the least, responsible for the army of tramps to-day. Every evening it is wise to look back over the day and balance up "being ministered to" over against "ministering."

Sunday, December 12.

Topic—One thing I have learned from Paul's life or writings. Acts. 9: 1-22. (A memory meeting suggested.)

The life of Paul stands next to our Savior in point of interest to Bible lovers and Christians. If we had a complete biography of each, they would be the most thrilling histories ever written. There are many "one things" we may learn from Paul. He had perfect self-poise—a born leader. He always controlled himself, and therefore had the power to control others. He was tireless in his work; vacations never seemed to enter into his program.

He had an experience, and he told it. He knew thoroughly that he had been converted, and likewise knew the value of such personality in influencing men.

Shipwreck, imprisonment, chains, Paul turned everything to account in his preaching. Every barrier he used as a pulpit. Bold, brave, aggressive, yet the most humble of the apostles.

Paul could do all things through Christ who strengthened him. We can do tne same, not because we are Pauls, but because Christ is Christ.

"One thing I do," said Paul. After all, there is just one thing to learn from his life, "Serve the Lord with all your might."

Sunday, December 19.

Topic—Our sins, and how to get rid of them. Luke 13: 23-30.

There is such a difference about sins; some are called great, others small; some black, some white; some open, others hidden. Yet adjectives are not nouns—that remains the same—sin. And sin has no part nor lot with Christ or religion. Our conscience tells us we

have them; how are we to get rid of them?

It is wrong to pray for forgiveness of a sin that we still love. Whether great or small, it needs to be removed. Therefore the only way is to pray for and secure a hatred of sin itself, not specifying the particular kind. Again, in the hurry of every-day duties we sometimes forget to search out the little foxes who are gnawing at the vines. We have to stop often and correct our children for a disobedience, so must we keep a watch over ourselves. As in children our imitative faculty is strongly developed. We unconsciously make one day imitate another. We must "take time to be holy." Christ is the pattern. We are not to judge ourselves by others, but by what we ought to be and by what Christ is.

Sunday, December 26.

Topic—What message did Christmas bring to you? Isa. 53: 1-12.

(A Christmas song service suggested.)

What a glad day is Christmas. Here are some messages it brings with it:

A very little thing in a manger—that was the beginning of Christmas. It is the little deeds of love that make Christmas merry and Christendom great.

What makes Christ's birthday noteworthy? Because on that day he gave himself to the world. What will make its anniversaries glorious? His followers giving themselves to the world.

As the original Christmas gift was a person, so the best Christmas gift is always a bit of personality; something for which you have paid a part of yourself, your time, and thought and love.

The good-will that makes Christmas so happy a day is an element that can be carried into every day of the year with no loss to itself.

The shepherds did not keep the angels' message to themselves, but told it at once. We may listen to all the glorious messages of truth that steal into our hearts at this Christmas time, then we ought to set to work immediately with them to brighten the lives of all around us.

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## THE LONELINESS OF THE MISSIONARY.

One of the most valuable chapters in a recent excellent book entitled "The Gist of Japan," is on the private life of the missionary. The author says: "The greatest hardship the missionary has to bear is loneliness and isolation. Separated almost entirely from his own race, he is deprived of all those social joys that are so dear to him. The thought of his kinsmen and friends is ever in his mind, but alas! they are so far away. He must go on year after year living among a people from whom an impassable gulf separates him, leading the same lonely life. For the first year or two he rather enjoys the quiet and privacy, but by-and-by it becomes almost unendurable. Dr. Edward Lawrence has correctly styled the missionary 'an exile.'"

The author suggests that churches and friends can do much toward preventing this and toward brightening the lives of their missionaries, if they will. He mentions an old American gentleman who has spent some forty years in the East and now receives from the home land not more than two or three letters per year, and says, "Let pastors and friends throughout the Church take special pains to write interesting personal letters to the missionary. It will do him good just to be remembered in this way."

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## THE COMFORTING GOD.

One of the most beautiful and precious of life's memories is that of the comfort of our mother's love. When we told her our childish troubles, there was relief in the telling. Her sympathy sweetened all our trials and recompensed

us for our disappointments. When we had gone to bed for the night, she came and stood beside us, lovingly tucked us in and bent over and gave a good-night kiss. It was easy then to go to sleep. There is mother-love in the heart of God. He has said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." There is no love like his, no patience like his, no tenderness equal to his. We are his children. He is the source and fountain of all comfort.—"Christian Advocate."

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## LIVING WORDS.

Nearly two thousand years ago a little man, contemptible in appearance, named Paul, was driven by a guard of soldiers back to his cell, in one of the great prisons of Rome. He belonged to a poor and despised sect, and, because of his faith, he had been scourged and tortured that day before Nero. When he should go out from his cell again, the torture would end in death. He had fought the fight, he had finished the course, he had kept the faith. He thought that he had found a secret for which men of all nations had searched since the world began. It was a word of life—the hope, the promise beyond the grave. But if he had found it, the world about him apparently did not care. His flesh quivered as sorely under the thongs of Nero's lictors, the stones of his prison were as gray and hard, the blue grass-flower in his path smiled as brightly in the sun, as though there were no such momentous unspoken secret. He wrote a letter in his cell to a young man named Timothy, whom he loved, and in these dying words the hope and meaning of his life spoke plainly. A few days later he died in torture. How, nobody even cared to remember. The insignificant little prisoner may have been devoured by wild beasts, or burned slowly to death, a living torch to light Nero's gardens. The same blue-grass flower still lived in the path, smiling up to the sun, and the stones of the prison frowned grey and unchanged. But he was gone. To-day the flower blooms no more inside the prison. The prison had vanished. The great stones are dust, and have passed a thousand times into trees or living flesh. Imperial Rome itself has gone. But the words which the little prisoner wrote that day have lived through the ages, and have quickened countless souls into hope and action. There are things in the world which perish, and there are things which endure.

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## AFFLUENTS OF PULPIT POWER.

The "Nashville Christian Advocate," in a practical and pungent editorial on General Preparation for Preaching, says there "is ground for fearing that some who undertake to proclaim the gospel correspond too closely in their mental characters to the case lawyer and the quack doctor," and strongly presents the importance to a preacher of a richly furnished mind. We quote the following with most hearty approval:

"As a general thing the more a man knows the better he is prepared to be a teacher of religious truth. No native force of intellect can be an adequate offset to the limitations that are imposed by either a voluntary or an involuntary ignorance. Pulpit power is augmented by knowledge of every sort, whether it be literary, historical, scientific or philosophic. From whatever source treasures are gathered they may be laid like the gold, frankincense, and myrrh of the wise men, as a tribute at the feet of Jesus. Broad and accurate scholarship, ranging over all the fields of human investigation, is a thing to be coveted. But nothing is to be compared with a thorough acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. The mere text preacher can never speak with fulness of confidence and authority."

# FIELD OF LETTERS

A Biographical Sketch of the Life of Sion Llwyd, by D. R. Jones: J. F. Streeter, Cambria Wis. This is a versified story of a Welsh character of considerable interest. Story, verse and humor combine to make this little book entertaining reading matter; and the ordinary lover of books can not fail to derive pleasure and instruction from acquaintance with these pages. This story is interspersed with passages of true pathos and humor, and the religious failings and foibles of Welsh characters are felicitously depicted. There is a considerable number of good witicisms and happy thoughts scattered abroad its pages.

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"Wales" for November has the usual number of articles, and the reader will derive pleasure and benefit from its perusal. The editor gives an account of a mediaeval quarrel between the bards and the friars. The contents of the number are as follows "The widow and three sons," by Owen George; "Oxford scheme for the training of secondary teachers," by Ernest Davis, M. A.; "Patriotism," by Lydia A. Hughes, Llanengan; "The house of the twisted sapling," by Owen Rhosycomyl, with minor poems, &c.

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"Heddyw" for November is attractive with several illustrations and a variety of articles and short poems. "What is being done in Mawddwy"; "Wales under the reign of Victoria, 1837-1897;" "Papers by Hugh Parry;" "Llanfachreth Fair" Eisteddfodic criticisms, &c., &c.

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Contents of the "Dysgedydd" for November are as follows: Paul's Epistles, by the Rev. Lewis Jones, Ty'nycoed; Michael Faraday, by Mr. T. Carno Jones; Independence in the parish of Eglwysilian; Pulpit giants of old, by Rhuddenfab; Questions of the day, by O. L.; Biographic Missions, Sunday school lessons, reviews, reports, &c.

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"Cymru'r Plant" for the month of November is of usual interest, and contains several short articles of value to children and young people: Uncle William's Tales; Welsh Triads; The Snowdon Railroad; Llanrug Fancies; South American Stories; The Order of the Harp, &c. &c.

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The November "Chronicle" has a good number of papers on interesting subjects, such as the following: Past and Future Wales, by Principal M. D. Jones of Bala; Herber, the People's Preacher, by Hugh Edwards, Manchester; Paul in the Light of Jesus, by the Rev. T. Lloyd Jones, B. A.; minor pieces, poems, &c.

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"Traethodydd" for November is a substantial number, and has articles of interest: Question of the decrease in the number of saloons in Liverpool, and what it teaches, by A. T. Davies; Ignatius' letters, by Proffessor Anwyl, M. A.; Regeneration, by the Rev. T. H. Lewis; an excellent paper on the late Right Hon. Syr George Osborne Morgan, M. P., by the editor; Literary notices, &c.

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The "Geninen" for October contains a great variety of interesting matter. Among many others are the following:

"Social life in rural districts in Wales." by Mr. T. E. Ellis, M. P.; "Recent views of Bible inspiration," by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A.; "The settlement of the Normans in Wales," by the Rev. J. R. Morgan; "The late Rev. D. Roberts, D. D.," by the Rev. M. O. Evans; "The Celtic languages," by the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones; Religion and Culture," by the Rev. David Adams, B. A., Hawen; and a great number of smaller pieces. This number is truly valuable.

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The November number of the "Drysorfa" is of usual interest. The number contains the following articles and miscellaneous matter: "Christian Duties," by the Rev. William Jones, Porthdinorwig; "Reminiscences of Dr. Lewis Edwards, of Bala, and Dr. John Parry," by the Rev. Benjamin Hughes, St. Asaph; "A short sketch of the Wern family," by John Jones, Esq., J. P., Llanfyllin; "The Sabbath and the way to spend it;" "The story of Peggy Gib;" and several other minor papers, reports, mission news, poetry, &c.

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The interesting series of sketches of the Lives of the Independent Fathers has reached that of the Rev. Griffith Hughes of Groeswen. The biographer, the Rev. T. Thomas, has produced a very entertaining and instructive book, which is sure to please everyone. The book contains a portrait and a facsimile of Hughes' handwriting, which adds to the value of the work.

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"Cymru" for October is a good number and full of interesting reading. The frontispiece is the "Singing Leader," one of a pleasing series. This number contains a portrait of Dr. Roberts of Wrexham, with a sketch of his life, by the Rev. R. Peris Williams, and a portrait of the celebrated John Elias, a prince of the Welsh pulpit, with reminiscenses of his sermons. "Nicander's Grave," by Anthropos, is excellent reading; and the number, all through, is precious.

Ere long, it is to be hoped, a new and complete edition of the poetical works of the famous Davies of Castell Hywel will be given to the public. Several unpublished manuscripts of the poet are in the possession of the Rev. J. Evans, vicar of St. James', Pontypool, and it is understood that he contemplates publishing them in a forthcoming edition of the poet's works. Mr. Evans is a grandson of "Old Davies."

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Mr. W. Glynn Williams, M. A., headmaster of the Friars School, Bangor, has collected and is shortly about to publish the poetical version in the Welsh language of Aesop's Fables by his father, the late Rev. Morris Williams (Nicander.) Most of these contributions of "Nicander" appeared in the earlier numbers of the monthly magazine "Yr Haul," when that periodical was under the editorship of "Brutus."

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Mr. Andrew Lang's opinion of Hall Caine's book, "The Christian": "The book is a noisy, tedious thing of froth, not of fire. It glares with patches of 'local color.' When one knows any thing of the life described, one recognizes the falseness of the pictures, and distrusts the pictures of the life one does not know. If a foreign reader takes up the book, let him not believe, in spite of such applause as it may win, that this is the kind of literature which men of letters in England delight to honor. The moral purpose and the art, like that of a flamboyant 'poster,' may charm the illiterate, and the press may be as complaisant as usual; but literature has no concern with such work as 'The Christian,' nor true religion and undefiled with the hero."

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A work of great interest to Welsh historians is being carried on at the Records Office by Mr. Arthur Roberts, a member of the Cymrodorion Society. Mr. Roberts is now examining all docu-

ments relating to the history of the Principality. A short time ago he came across the Ruthin Rolls, a series of documents which have thrown considerable light on Welsh customs, and which have lately been copied and published in book form by the Cymrodorion.

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Messrs. Hughes & Son have just published two very useful little text books to be used in the teaching of Welsh in schools. One is entitled the "Scholar's Handbook (bilingual) of the English and Welsh Languages," expressly adapted to the requirements of elementary schools in Wales. Its author is Mr. Thomas Bowen, Llanuwchllyn. Its companion volume is intended for the use of Welsh intermediate schools, and consists of pieces for translation in both languages, selected and arranged by Mr. J. M. Edwards, of the County School, Barmouth. Mr. Edwards explains that he has kept in view the requirements of the matriculation examination of the University of Wales, the entrance examinations of the University Colleges, the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations, and the examinations for the Queen's Scholarships.

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There are many new ways of paying old debts. In order to reduce the £800 liability still remaining on his church, the Rev. D. Waters, pastor of the English Congregational Church, Ton Ystrad, in the Rhondda, has hit upon a novel plan. He has compiled an interesting volume of sermons, entitled "Welshmen in English Pulpits," or Sermons by English Congregational Ministers from Wales, and the proceeds of the sale of the book are to be devoted to the chapel fund. The work will include portraits of the thirty eminent preachers who have contributed to the volume, among them being the Revs. J. Ossian Davies, Llewelyn D. Bevan, Ll. B., D. D., Victoria, and Dr. Griffith John, China.

Several valuable donations have recently been made to the Welsh Department of the Library of the University College, at Aberystwyth. Mr. Edward Griffith, J. P. Dolgelley, sent a valuable book, published in Amsterdam, in the year 1654, by Professor Marc Suernis Boxhorn. It contains an able essay on the origin of the Celts and a Welsh-Latin dictionary. Mr. Griffith sent also several autograph letters of Rev. Thomas Phillips, D. D., Hereford, Rev. John Mills, London, and of several others; also an autograph poem in memoriam of "Dafydd Ionawr," by "Gutyn Peris." The Rev. Owen Jones, B. A., Llansantffraid, sent an autograph outline of a sermon of the late Rev. David Rowlands, "Dafydd Rolant," Llidiardau, near Bala, also a poem by the late Robert Thomas ("Robet Tomos"), of the same place. Miss Fry, Bristol, sent a complete copy of the Welsh Bible, published in 1630, small 8vo., and a copy of the Old Testament alone, published in 1630. Two copies of the Book of Homilies, published in 1606, and two copies of the Welsh Common Prayer Book, published in 1700. Mrs. Williams, Bronheulog, Aberystwyth, presented several volumes of useful Welsh books

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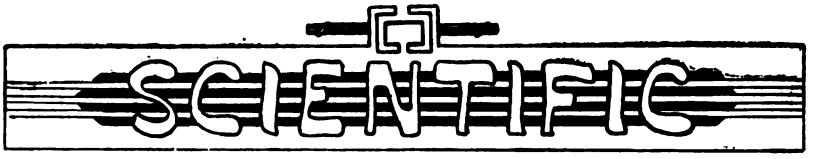
Amidst his other literary labors old "Iolo Morganwg" found time to write his own epitaph. Here it is, as discovered by the bard "Tegeingl" in the old antiquary's own writing. viz.: "In memory of Edward Williams, of this parish, mason, whose building lies here in complete ruin. Yet shall the materials be collected together again, and replaced by the Great Master Builder, forming a structure of very superior workmanship, founded on the Rock of Ages, never more to fall, never more to experience the least decay, whatever storms or floods may beat against it." Poor old "Iolo." That touching epitaph has never been chiseled on his tomb.




## A LAND SHIP.

The "ship of the desert" enjoys the reputation among many people of going at a rapid gait and of covering great distances in a short time. "Chasse et Peche" (quoted by the "Revue Scientifique") remarks that this is a great mistake. The camel, which, according to tradition, carried Mahomet in four bounds from Jerusalem to Mecca, has evidently left no successor worthy of it, since the truth is that the present camels do not make more than about seven miles an hour, and furthermore, do not keep up this gait for more than two hours at a time. Camel drivers claim that the animals do not do any better than this without danger, since, if they were forced, they might "rupture their hearts" and die at once. The camel, when forced or overdriven, kneels, and will not budge under any consideration.

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## SEA-SICKNESS.

The following remedy for sea-sickness is recommended by Dr. Stocker of Glasgow, Scotland, according to an article on the subject in "The Hospital," September 18. It says: "All slightly experienced sailors know that the most trying moment on shipboard is that of the descent of the vessel in her pitch or roll, at which time the sensations of the novice would lead him to believe that the foundation of the abdominal viscera had been suddenly abstracted, and that they were about to fall en masse into an abyss. This sensation is naturally attended by the closure of the glottis and suspended inspiration, and Dr. Stocker says that the remedy for the discomfort which it entails is to be found in a volitional control of this closure, by means of a full inspiration taken deliberately and rhythmically with each descent. The necessary effort would also, we imagine, have the beneficial effect of occupying the attention, and thus of withdrawing it from sensations which are all the more apt to become overwhelming the more they are dwelt upon as harbingers of what is to follow them."

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Onions are really sweeteners of the breath, after the local effects have passed away, says one learned doctor. They correct stomach disorders and carry off the accumulated poisons of the system. They provide a blood purifier that all may freely use. As a vermifuge the onion cannot be surpassed, and eaten raw will often check a violent cold in the head. One small onion eaten every night before retiring is this well-known doctor's prescription for numerous affections of the head, and is highly recommended for sleeplessness, It acts on the nerves in a soothing way, without the injurious effects of the drugs often applied.

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## HARNESSES THAT FIT.

Whenever a working horse is sold the harness it has been accustomed to work in, if at all a fit, should be sold with it. This is especially true of the collar, against which the pull mostly comes. If there are inequalities in the collar there are probably calluses to correspond on the horse's shoulder and neck. A new harness, though it may seem to fit all right, may bear harder on places

not properly toughened by contact with the collar. In a stable each horse should have its own collar, for by use each animal has become adapted to the one he has been most accustomed to wear.—Ex.

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## THE FUNCTION OF WICKEDNESS.

It is curious, indeed, that wickedness and weakness force themselves to the front as the protagonists of almost every drama. Great literature is the biography of criminals and fools. Average morality and average intelligence are not the stuff out of which to create characters that will interest. Evil, indeed, seems to be the energetic force of the universe, and the cause of the obstacles and collisions from which events spring. Every great creative poet is a Manichean. In spite of himself, Milton was forced to make the devil his hero; and Richardson was shocked to discover that his Lovelace was a most attractive monster. The populace are willing to pay for crime. Nothing sells a newspaper like a murder. Even in the natural world, those lurid villains of nature's melodrama, the lightning and the storm, get infinitely more spectators than the milder and beneficent agencies of sunlight and dew. Goethe said that he had learned from Polygnotus that our business on this earth was to enact hell. Except Poe and Hawthorne, no American writer has ever had any suspicion of this fact. Ever since that adventure in Boston harbor, there has been a flavor of tea in all New England's literature.—Popular Science.

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## WHY WE BELIEVE.

The physiological conditions of belief, then, are, in a word, stimulation—excitement. There are also, as we agreed, mental conditions of belief. These are as follows from the volitional nature of the function, such as conduce to a heightened state of all the mental activities, but especially the imagination and the affections.

Repetition or pondering over a matter helps us to believe it. We accept many a thing by its familiarity. Many of our creeds are believed in this way. The mental condition of acquiescence is brought about by frequent repetition just as memory is made firm by the same means. Pondering over things, themselves imaginary, makes them real to us. Prophets come to believe in themselves and their mission, not so much by reasoning about it, but by steadfastly fixing the goal of their desire in the mind until, out of fancy, it grows to a clear conception, and from a conception becomes, for them at least, a reality.—P. S. Monthly.

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## TOBACCO IN INSOMNIA.

A man who has long been the victim of sleeplessness and at last cured himself tells how the remedy was effected. He was very fond of smoking and was accustomed to smoke freely after dinner. Naturally the last thing before going to bed would be a smoke, which put him in a tranquil state of mind and nerves. This tranquility, however, proved delusive. He would either lie awake for a long time or go to sleep immediately and wake up in half an hour and stay awake. Suspecting that the excessive use of tobacco might be responsible for these symptoms, he moderated his smoking and with the most happy results. He now has his smoke after dinner and then indulges no more. The temptation to do so is sometimes very great, but he counts the luxury of a full night's rest, with the enhanced power for work next day, more desirable than the extra pipe or two, and he gets along without the tobacco and sleeps soundly when he retires. Smoking after eating has less effect on the nerves than at other

times, and the subsequent period of abstinence from the weed before going to bed gives the nerves a chance to regain their normal composure.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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## SUGAR AND MUSCULAR EXERTION.

It is a fact well known to Alpine tourists that on difficult climbing excursions an increased desire is felt for the consumption of sweets and sweetened foods, and many who never touch such things at home devour large quantities of them on these tours. It is also frequently remarked how eagerly the guides appropriate any sugar that may be left over, and consume it en route. At the instigation of the Prussian War Office, investigations have recently been made by means of a special apparatus into the question whether the consumption of small quantities of sugar rendered the tired muscles capable of renewed exertion. In order to obtain a practical result, the person who was made the subject of the experiment was kept ignorant of the object of tne experimenters. On one day a sweet liquid was administered containing thirty grammes of sugar, on the next day a similar liquid, containing a sufficient amount of saccharin to render it indistinguishable from the other as regarded taste. When a very large amount of muscular work had been performed, it was found that a greater quantity of work could be got through on the days when the sugar was given than on the days when saccharin was given. The system had become very poor in sugar, in consequence of the severe muscular effort which had previously been gone through, and hence the administration of a comparatively small quantity of sugar had the effect of producing an increased capability for work.—English Mechanic.

## WHAT INVENTION HAS DONE.

What is it that enables an operative to-day to produce so much more in a less number of hours than he could thirty or forty years ago? It is simply invention, as embodied in the improved machines, tools, processes and appliances that American inventors are constantly furnishing to American manufacturers.

Near Baltimore there was recently erected one of the largest plants in the world for the manufacture of Bessemer steel in all its forms; and, as recently stated by its superintendent, by means of the inventions and improved appliances they have adopted, they are enabled to produce a ton of steel with but one-third of the manual labor required at their other establishment, built twenty or twenty-five years before.

In 1866 steel rails cost $165 per ton. In 1884 they had dropped to $34, in 1893 they were $21 to $24 per ton, and in 1897 even less. See how that has expedited the building of railroads, which now cover the country like a network, and without which modern enterprise could not be carried on. And the same is true of steel in all its forms. So that to-day we build steel bridges, steel vessels, steel cannon, steel frames for our buildings and for farm implements, and use steel nails.

Inventions and improvements have so reduced the cost of steel rails that already, during the year 1897, the United States have sold 100,000 tons to Europe.

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What species of animal lives to the greatest age is a question that has not been satisfactorily answered, but a writer in the "Spectator" asserts that a giant tortoise, recently brought from Mauritius to the London Zoological Gardens, is probably the oldest living creature whose age is positively known. This tortoise, which weighs a quarter of a ton, has lived at least 150 years, as historic documents prove.

# PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

By the death of Dean Vaughan of Llandaff, Wales has lost an illustrious son, a prince of teachers and the Chrysostom of her pulpit. Born in August, 1816, he lived a long and useful life and passed away to his eternal rest in the full assurance of peace for evermore. His career has been a unique one, having declined the bishopric of Rochester in 1860, that of Durham in 1861, and that of St. Albans in 1889. Since 1869 he held the honorable office of Master of the Temple, and in declining a Bishopric remarked with a smile that there were many bishops, but only one master of the temple. The many incidents of his life are so well known to Welshmen in general that a recapitulation would be superfluous. The appreciation of his work was attested by the enormous throng which attended his funeral. Never, probably, in the history of Llandaff, far back as it dates in the annals of the Christian church—has such a grand and impressive scene been enacted as that which attended the burial of the dean. Certainly never in the history of that church has one of its dignitaries been laid to rest with greater evidence of the esteem, respect and love of his fellow workers and of those amongst whom his long and useful life had been spent. Out of the 400 students who received tuition under him, nearly half that number were present, many, at personal inconvenience, traveling from remote parts of the country to give the last possible honor to one to whom, above most others, honor was assuredly due. Up to mid-day the city bore a calm and peaceful aspect, but shortly afterwards there was an incursion of clergy holding all the positions in the church except the solitary one of archbishop, and hailing from many distant towns and villages in England and Wales.

Among the mass of wreaths was one sent by the queen, composed of white immortelles as a basis, cypress leaves at the back, and above the immortelles rose cuchain, arum and other lilies in beautiful and graceful profusion, while a nodding grass of the immortelle species fringed the sides, giving a lightness to the wreath. The card accompanying the wreath bore the words. "A mark of sincere regard from Victoria R. I."

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In speaking of the late Dean Vaughan of Llandaff, "The World" of London says: "Mrs. Vaughan is probably the only person now living who could disclose the number of Bishoprics which her husband refused btween 1855 and 1863. Lord Palmerston is said to have at one time offered Dr. Vaughan every see which became vacant, and the Queen and the Prince consort were most anxious that he should accept a Bishopric, and so also were divines of such very different church views as Archbishops Sumner, Longley and Tait, Bishops Wilberforce, Lonsdale and Hamilton, and Deans Milman, Wellesley and Stanley.

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A distressing accident took place at Philadelphia, Pa., November 12, whereby Charles Elvey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Jones, was instantaneously killed, in his 15th year. The family lives in a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia, where the postoffice is at the railway station. Young Elvey went for

mail, and after waiting for a passing train, hastened immediately to cross, when he was caught by another fast train and thrown up forty feet. The whole neighborhood was shocked at the sad death of such a promising youth. Funeral services were held at the Susquehanna Ave. Presbyterian Church. Tuesday morning, the 16th inst. The remains were taken to Scranton, Pa., where they were laid to rest amidst indications of great sorrow. The Rev. Thomas de Gruchy officiated.

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A Lampeter farmer who had been intently watching a reporter taking down the bishop's speech nudged his vicar and asked, "Is that one of them shorthorn fellows, sir?"

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Those who think that everybody in Wales understands English will be interested to know that when "Idriswyn" was a boy in school at Dolgelley he and his companions used to go to the cricket field simply in order to hear the students talk in English.

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The new Welsh judge—his Honor Judge W. Evans, of the Mid-Wales Circuit—is, declares the "Law Times," the author of the best English text-book on the law of principal and agent—a work of singular merit as a clear and accurate exposition of legal principle. His Honor, like most of his countrymen, is a writer of excellent verse.

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The Rev. T. C. Edwards of Kingston, Pa., informs us of the death of the affable William G. Lewis of Catasauque, who had been ailing for a year. He passed away peaceably Thanksgiving morning. His funeral took place the 29th ult., and his remains were laid to rest in the Fairview Cemetery.

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It will be most difficult, thinks the "Methodist Recorder," to fill the place of the late Eglwysbach, "either in the Pontypridd Mission or in the chair of the South Wales district. This wholly unexpected catastrophe will impose upon the President of the Conference one of those peculiar pastoral responsibilities which invest the office he holds with so much solemnity."

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Rev. J. A. Thomas, (Ioan Arma), Friendship, Wis., possesses remarkable musical talents. He was engaged during a portion of his summer vacation as first tenor in the popular Chiney Male Quartette, and he also sang at the reunion meetings of the Grand Army Post of four counties. He also gives musical instructions to many in Adams County, Wis. Mr. Thomas is a disciple of the old musical star, Caradog.—Cor.

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Dr. Mackenzie's adjudication on the choral singing at the National Eisteddfod, Newport:

Undoubtedly, men,
You tenor and bass,
Your singing was jolly—
More power than grace!
I felt somewhat funny
To hear it thunder!
Why didn't shoe sing it
Finer, I wonder?

You girls, the soprano
And alto—well, real-
Ly, you can warble!
You made me just feel
Right heartily, truly,
The spirit of song!
But why did shoe bring all
Your best dresses along?

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Mr. T. H. Thomas. (Arlunydd), Penygarn, represented the Welsh National Eisteddfod at the Highland Mod at Inverness last month. Mr. Thomas was struck by the use made of the small Celtic harp, and advocates its re-introduction into Wales.

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Miss Frances Rees, the conductress of the London Kymric Ladies' Choir, has

been invited by one of the leading music halls to give a series of matinee performances, but the invitation has not yet been accepted.

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Although Dean Vaughan of Llandaff, had published sermons preached at Harrow, it was during his incumbency at Doncaster that Dean Vaughan gained his great fame as a sermon writer. This was largely due to Mr. Strahan, the distinguished publisher of "Good Words." He was, it is said, accustomed to pay Dr. Vaughan £50 for a single sermon, a price, perhaps, never received by anyone before or since.

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Dean Vaughan's funeral was attended by at least 200 clergymen whom he himself had trained for the ministry. A portion of Dr. Vaughan's will was read at a meeting of the Dean's men afterwards, in which "he charges" his executors to discourage and prevent, if possible, any memoir or life being published. "I prefer," said he, "to live in the kindly thoughts of those who have known me." He desires no other memorial. Probably, however, a church will be built by the "doves" and by others who knew and loved the man.

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Mr. William Evans has been appointed judge of the Mid-Wales County Court Circuit, rendered vacant by the death of the late Judge David Lewis. The new judge is an old Merthyr boy, the son of a late proprietor of the Boot hotel, and a nephew of the late Mr. D. Tudor Evans of Cardiff, though the family hailed originally from Pembrokeshire. The appointment is likely to prove popular, as Mr. Evans, like most old Merthyr and Llandovery men, is a Welshman with a good knowledge of the language, and is otherwise eminently qualified for the post.

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The "Tyst" affirms, with much reason, that the sermons of the late Dr. Roberts of Wrexham, published in Welsh and in English, "rank amongst the most popular in England and Wales." In support of this our contemporary makes the startling statement—"It is rumored that they are oftenest heard now in the pulpits of other denominations and in the State Church, and great is the value set upon them by the congregation—especially in the latter."

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The special number of the programme of a concert held at Bellevue, Scranton, Pa., recently, was the rendition of "Bendigedig Walia," composed by John H. Powell, and arranged by T. J. Davies, Mus. Bac. Both of these gentlemen are West Scranton residents, and many prominent musical critics were present to hear the initial presentation of this song. The method of giving it was novel in itself. Philip Thomas, baritone, sang the first, third and fifth stanzas, and Miss Margaret Jones, soprano, sang the second and fourth stanzas. A double quartet composed of the Misses Margaret Jones, Alda Davis, Mrs. Brundage and Mrs. Lewis, and Messrs. Johns, Jones, Thomas and Jones, sang the chorus parts. The audience had caught the spirit of the piece, and after the last stanza they joined in singing the chorus. Mr. Powell and Prof. Davies, who were present, were the recipients of many congratulations at the conclusion of the entertainment.

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According to the "Methodist Recorder" "misguided ministers have assumed the title of Ph. D. and M. A." in consideration of the sums of £18 5s. 8d. paid to the English agent of someone calling himself "Chancellor of the National University of Chicago." Dissenting ministers are the chief prey of the vender of bogus degrees.

Every bishopric and deanery in Wales is now filled by St. David's clergy. The diocese of Llandaff must be very poorly off in men suitable for the higher dignitaries.

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St. Asaph is ecclesiastically fitted out as follows: Archdeacon Wynne Jones, Canon Wynne Jones, Canon Owen Jones, Canon Buckley Jones, Canon David Jones and Canon Griffith Jones. Every time the Bishop throws out his net he catches a Jones.

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It is proposed to give a performance of the oratorio "Dewi Sant" in St. David's Cathedral shortly. This, in a sense, is a compliment to Nonconformity, as the composer of the work, Mr. David Jenkins, is not a Churchman.

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The Welsh counties and Welsh societies in England contributed last year the handsome total of £7,754 2s. 11d. to the funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society.. Carnarvonshire heads the list with £1,102, while Glamorgan makes a good second with £1,009.

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It is the opinion of the "Cymro" (Liverpool) that the financial failure of the Newport Eisteddfod is attributable in part to lack of judicious advertising—a fault which, we are further told, is more or less common to South Wales Eisteddfodau. "The result was," declares the "Cymro," "that there were but few people from the North at Newport, and, so far as I could see, there were only two present from Liverpool, when there should have been at least 500." The best way to make a success of the National Eisteddfods is to "whoop 'em up" instead of "Hoova Mon!"

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A new Eisteddfod competition is about to be introduced. We have heard of washing competitions connected with these gatherings, but at a forthcoming Eisteddfod at Ynyshir two prizes are offered for the best loaf of bread and pint of pea soup. This novel competition is confined to those attending the Rhondda Vach cookery classes. Why couldn't we have an Eisteddfod with a foot-race or a foot-ball game.

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The St. Teilo's Catholic Historical Society of Wales, the object of which is to propagate the Catholic faith in Wales, is now devoting special attention to two points—the establishment of closer communication between Wales and Brittany, and the preparation for publication of a Welsh Prayer Book, with collects, epistles and gospels.

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They gamble with pigs in the Rhondda. A man bearing the remarkable name of Uriah Rhapps went before Judge Gwilym Williams recently to sue a collier for the value of a pig. "We were bowling for a pig at the skittle-alley, and I won," said the plaintiff, "but I haven't had the pig or its value in money." The Judge: "Is'nt that

gambling?" "Yes, sir." "Then you can't recover." And the unthinking laughed hugely and called it funny.

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The poor man who was killed at the Llwynypia football field accident was a member of a local Baptist church. The footballers are talking of getting up a benefit match for the sake of his widow and family. We await with some interest to hear what his religious friends purpose doing.

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How to distinguish
A man from the chap
Called "Poet," if both wear
The same style of cap;
If both wear a collar
With black tie to boot—
If both walk around in
A ten dollar suit?

I tell thee, inquirer:
To strike at the root
Of this quid—the poet
Is known by his fruit;
There's naught in the clothing,
The style and all that—
The only distinction 's
Right "under" the hat!

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It is rumored in Eisteddfodic circles that the National Eisteddfod of 1898, which will be held at Festiniog, will be graced by the presence of Royalty. Lord Carrington has expressed his willingness to entertain the Prince of Wales and his party at Gwydr Castle, and to do all he can to secure the success of next year's Eisteddfod.

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The Vicar Apostolic of Wales, (the Right Rev. Dr. Mostyn), in a letter to his clergy asking for their assistance and co-operation, says: "The vicariate has many great and pressing needs, none greater or more pressing than that of making provision for good and zealous priests to maintain and spread our holy faith in Wales. The light of that faith died down and was all but extinguished in the Principality for lack of priests: it can be re-kindled only by the hands of those specially called by God to be the channel of His grace to their fellow-men."

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The vines at Castell Coch were planted in 1875, and the first attempt to manufacture wine from the grapes grown was made in 1877; but it was not until 1881 that a really good crop was obtained, when the whole of the vintage, with the exception of a few dozens kept for use at the castle, was sold at 60s. per dozen, a large proportion of it being subsequently resold by public auction at 115s. per dozen. The wine is described by connoisseurs as resembling a first-class still champagne.

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I may add, side by side with these facts, that poets, musicians, and painters spring mostly in Britain from the Celtic or semi-Celtic north and west, while they are rarer in the Teutonic or Teutonized south and east. Vocalists, in particular, are very frequently Welsh. Even in London, that vast congeries of mingled races, it is not without reason that nonconformity is led by Cambrians like the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and that song is dispensed for us by Mr. Hirwen Jones and Mr. Ben Davies.—Grant Allen in Cornhill Magazine.

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Grant Allen writes further of Canon Isaac Taylor, who says that the dolichocephalic (long-headed) Teutonic race is Protestant; the brachycephalic Celto-Slavic race is either Roman Catholic or Greek Orthodox. The Teutonic people are averse to sacerdotalism, and have shaken off priestly guidance and developed individualism. Of one apparent British exception, the Canon says, "The Welsh and the Cornishmen, who became Protestants by political accident, have transformed Protestanism into an emotional religion, which has inner affinities with the emotional faith of

Ireland and Italy. That theory is all right as a plaything, but how to account for the Welsh nation being unanimously Protestant, while the Teutons are divided? Is it not strange that a "political accident" has made the Welsh more thoroughly Protestant than the long-headedness of the Teutons?

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So far, the best Dean Vaughan story is told by the "Lady's Pictorial." The dean had been preparing some colored clergymen for mission work, and asked them to dine with him in the Temple. On that day Mrs. Vaughan waited an hour in the drawing-room for her guests, but none came. At last she mentioned to the butler that it was very odd. "Yes ma'am," he replied, "and what's odder still, I've done nothing all the evening but turn Christy Minstrels away from the door."

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D. Emlyn Evans in the November number of "Cerddor" complains that the Welsh press is infested with musical critics who have no knowledge of what they write about, but who can spin interminable nonsense. So true, he says, is the old saying, "Critics all are made." Shavings are in some sense intentionally but not purposely made; but ain't it a beautiful fact that all weeds grow unaided and untaught?

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It is evident that the orchestral sentiment is gaining ground in Wales. Several churches have already furnished room for orchestras. This is a wonderful advance in thought among the Welsh. We can fancy the old characters who lived 100 years ago, though, squirming in their graves. We hope with musical instruments, that the old Welsh congregational tunes will be operated on and thoroughly cured of their melancholia.

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The Welsh newspapers (remarks "Musical Opinion") have lately been full of criticisms in Welsh choral singing, its enthusiasm and its mannerisms, especially in connection with the recent National Eisteddfod and Sir Alexander Mackenzie's adjudication thereat. When once asked in what particular he regarded Welsh singing as unrivalled, the late Sir Joseph Barnby said that whereas Yorkshire choirs were magnificent in volume and breadth of general effect, they lacked the soulfulness and intensity of dramatic feeling introduced by Welsh choirs. "The Welsh always seem to me," said the distinguished musician, "to sing as if each one felt that he or she had a special mission in life and that that mission was singing."

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Mr. Ernest Rhys, the well-known Celtic scholar, has been on a pilgrimage in North Wales. In Llanfihangel-y-Pennant he saw the cottage in which lived Mary Jones (or "Mari Jacob"), the young Welsh maiden whose history is indissolubly entwined with that of the British and Foreign Bible Society. All Welshmen know the story of how little Mary Jones, having carefully saved her coppers, tramped fifty miles over the mountain to Bala to purchase a Bible of Thomas Charles, and how that good man, realizing the terrible scarcity of Welsh Bibles, had his zeal so fired by the incident that he proceeded straight away to London, and there helped to establish a society to supply cheap Bibles not only to Wales, but to the world at large. This was the origin of the Bible Society. Mary Jones' cottage, so Mr. Ernest Rhys writes, is in a pitiful state of delapidation. A small sum, £100 or so, would, he suggests, put the cottage in a condition in which it could be preserved as a monument of Mary Jones and her historic journey. Who will take the matter up?

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There is great argument in South Wales as to who first preached the gospel in a place called "Groeswen." Both

Methodists and Independents claim priority. Another Independent minister claims that he preached first of all in Senghenydd, although others came a few weeks later on the field of battle and proclaimed Christ with more show and noise! Paul seemed to know all about these people, because he says: "What then? notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretense, or in truth, Christ is preached."

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The magical powers of religious ceremonies are certainly disappearing. A Baptist paper, the "Seren," assures its readers that the Rev. Dr. Roberts, a late Independent minister, is safely landed in heaven in spite of his not being a Baptist. "Immersion is not therefore essentially necessary," adds an Independent organ.

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In the "Geninen" for October there is an article on the interesting question, "Is the Welsh language dying?" and the writer does not seem to mourn over the fact. She dies from a complicated trouble. His reasons for believing that her ailment is fatal are certainly peculiar. There are so many languages that the Welsh language should die to make room for the others. Another reason is that she is actually dying. His other and last reason is that she is awfully corrupt, the way "she is spoke." At the close of the article the editor steps up and apologizes for the irreverent manner in which this Richard John Davis poses in print.

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There are some Welsh hymns which are not only heretical but also nonsensical. This for example:

Fe dd'wedodd Anghrediniaeth,
  Do, wrthyf, lawer gwaith,
Am beidio blino'r Athraw,
  Mai ofer fyddai'r gwaith;
Af ato unwaith eto,
  Er dyfned yw fy mriw,
Pwy wyr na chaf drugaredd?
  Un rhyfedd iawn yw Duw.

The author describes how skepticism had tried in times past to dissuade him from approaching the throne of grace; but now, finally, he becomes resolved to try again in spite of his deep wound (which should have been his reason for making the supplication,) "because," he says, in his own quaint way, "God may pardon me, for He is very odd." The whole thing is disjointed, inconsistent, and teaches, evidently, that God's grace is accidental, fortuitous, fitful.

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Wales will have bitter reason to remember the year 1897. Its death roll teems with the names of leaders in the domain of religion, arts, education and politics. With the expiring hours of the old year passed away the great spirit of Herber, and scarcely a month has passed since but that one or other of Wales' foremost sons has fallen by the way. Bishop Basil Jones, Archdeacon Griffiths, Dr. Roberts (of Wrexham), the Dean of St. David's, Milo Griffith, Dean Vaughan, Nora, Lady Aberdare, Osborne Morgan, Gwalchmai, Judge David Lewis, have all been gathered to their fathers, and now in Eglwysbach the Welsh pulpit is deprived of one of its few remaining stalwarts of the pre-collegiate days. Originally a shepherd tending his father's flock on the hills of Denbighshire, he rose by sheer force of genius to be one of the most popular of Welsh divines whose appearance in the humblest hamlet meant that its largest place of worship would be filled to overflowing. What an aching void is left behind!

# CURRENT EVENTS.

## THE MONUMENT TO ELIJAH LOVEJOY.

On November 7, 1837, Elijah P. Lovejoy was murdered at Alton, Ill., while defending his newspaper office from the attack of a mob of Missourians, who were infuriated because he dared to denounce the evils of slavery. On Monday, November 8, the sixtieth anniversary of his martyrdom, was celebrated by the dedication of a noble monument to his memory on the spot where he fell. It is a column ninety feet high, surmounted by a large figure, typifying victory and guarded by two sentinel columns capped by eagles in bronze. It is difficult to believe at this hour that those who murdered him had active sympathizers and defenders even in New York and New England. But perhaps it is quite as strange that Alton itself, where this monument has been dedicated, is just now agitated by an effort to exclude colored children from the public schools of the city, and compel them to go to separate schools. Were Lovejoy now the editor of a paper in that city, he would be using strong language in its editorials.

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The discovery of coal at Buluwayo, Africa, is followed by the announcement that Cecil Rhodes has determined to push his railroad through Rhodesia on to the Zambesi. It is thought that the deposits which have been discovered are the mere fringe of vast coal fields, extending north to the Zambesi river. The importance of the discovery cannot be overestimated. It will have a vast influence on the industrial development of South Africa. At the banquet at Buluwayo on the occasion of the opening of the railroad Bishop Hartzell and Henry M. Stanley were among the speakers.

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## MICHAEL WINS AGAIN.

Jimmy Michael, the little Welshman, for the third time this year, defeated Frank Starbuck of Philadelphia Thanksgiving Day. These two middle distance racers met in a twenty-five mile contest over a carefully prepared board track in Madison Square Garden, and the "rarebit" made a runaway race of it after the second mile. He won in the good time of 50 minutes, 29 1-5 seconds, thus beating his own Chicago in-door record of 52-34 2-5, by 2: 05 1-5. At the finish Starbuck was thirty laps behind, and as the track measured nine laps to the mile the Quaker city man was left three and one third miles behind.

More than 16,000 persons passed into the building through the turnstiles, and half as many more were left outside, as the hosue was not able to accommodate them. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

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## THE DEATH OF HENRY GEORGE.

The sudden death of Henry George, October 29, only four days before the

election, brought the element of tragedy into the mayoralty contest of Greater New York. The death was due to an attack of apoplexy brought on by the strain of the campaign. Something of the kind was feared, it seems, by his family when Mr. George accepted the nomination, and expressions by him, in his speech of acceptance and afterward, indicate that he also had in mind the possibility of such an event.

Despite the heat of the campaign, and the vigor with which Mr. George himself had assailed, personally, the campaign managers of the Repubican and Democratic parties, threatening them with the penitentiary if he were elected, his death occasions hardly anything but laudatory comment in the press. The effect of his death upon the election formed the subject of much speculation, which is now, of course, of no interest. His son, Henry George, aged thirty-five, took the father's place on the Jeffersonian ticket.

## THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

The result of the election in Greater New York was a complete victory for Tammany, city, borough and county tickets. Robert A. Van Wyck, the head of the city ticket, was elected mayor of the Greater New York by a plurality of 87,308. Each of the five boroughs contributed to the total.

Seth Low, the Citizens' Union candidate for mayor, carried several assembly districts and polled a large vote, but all the boroughs returned pluralities for the Tammany forces. Mr. Low was well ahead of General Tracy, the Republican nominee, who was third in the race. Low polled 146.412 votes, Tracy 101,012.

Henry George polled 20,422 votes, and the combined votes cast for Gleason, Wardwell, Saniel and Cruikshank, the candidates of the Prohibition, Socialist Labor and United Democracy parties, polled less than 5,000.

The indications are that with the exception possibly of 6 of the 21 asemblymen in Brooklyn and 9 of the 35 in New York, all the Tammany candidates are elected. In Queens, four of the Assemblymen are Democrats. The Citizens' Union elected two assemblymen in New York County.

An exceptionally large vote was polled, despite the inclement weather, the figures now at hand indicating that 530,000 ballots were cast out of a total registration of 567,608, There were comparatively few split tickets, a vast majority of the voters voting their party tickets straight.

## THE BEECHER SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the installation of Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church of Brooklyn was an event calculated to recall to the minds of the people in nearly all lands, regardless of denominational predilection, the fact that when his lips were sealed in death there passed from earth the world's greatest preacher.

It was eminently fitting that the congregation of the church whose walls resounded with his matchless eloquence should revive memories of his great service to the cause of freedom, of religion and of humanity. He lived and moved in stirring times. It was a time prolific in opportunity for men of genius and of power. It was a time for great leaders who could mold the sentiment of the masses and send their sympathies into channels that made for the final defeat of slavery and the triumph of the union cause. His life of intense and unceasing intellectual activity shows how he arose to the great emergencies of the hour. He towered above men a mental and moral Colossus.

Having aroused the north with his impassioned philippics against slavery, he electrified England with his elo-

quent appeals for the union cause. He faced the great audiences of confederate sympathizers and turned the tide of British sentiment toward the flag that finally triumphed at Appomatox.

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## LIGHTING NIAGARA.

An experiment in lighting the gorge of the Niagara River, which was tried lately in connection with the convention of electricians. is likely to bear important results, and has furnished a spectacle of extraordinary magnificence. The illumination was arranged under the personal direction of Luther Stieringer, the man who designed and operated the illuminations and electric fountains at the World's Fair. On the platform car, between two open cars, he took six monster electric searchlights and a number of colored gelatine screens. At 10 o'clock in the evening the start was made down the gorge road. The searchlights took their electricity from the trolley wire, and when they were directed upon the shores and tumbling river, and the lights in the open cars were turned, the scene was rarely beautiful. It looked as though such (moon) "light as never was, on land or sea," had transformed the scene. But as the cars moved on, and Mr. Stieringer changed the screens, far more magical, wonderful and startling effects were secured.

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## SANTA CLAUS MUST STAY.

A New York paper says that the Presbyterians of that city have decided to banish the patron saint of young childhood, Santa Claus. Several clergymen who have been interviewed on the subject, declare that Santa Claus must go, because he detracts from the religious observance of Christmas. It is proposed to offer as a substitute a "symbolical manger and child" and give a religious significance to the Christmas Eve exercises.

Without the slightest objection to any form of religious observance at Christmastide, we protest against the banishment of old Santa Claus. He belongs to childhood, as an intregal part of those misty days of golden hopes and roseate promises which are known only to youth.

In this high-pressure age, characterized by the greatest mental and physical activities, the children of the present day are reared in a hothouse atmosphere, which destroys he illusions and dreams of youth and makes precocity the rule instead of an exception. A child should have a childhood. If by a forcing process he is driven into premature age, he loses something which after years never can restore.

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## LESE MAJESTE.

More sympathy is felt for Liebknecht, the Socialist leader, who, after having fought his case through all the courts, has just been convicted of lese majeste. The Emperor had referred to the Socialists as people who, because they repudiate patriotism, "are unworthy to be called Germans." Liebknecht answered in his speech at the Breslau Congress that by such remarks "Socialism is insulted under protection of the highest power in the state." "With the help of the state power the gauntlet is thrown to us for a battle of life and death," he added; "very well! As regards the insult to our party, we need not mind that. We stand too high to be reached by any dirt, whoever may throw it." This was regarded as an indirect incentive to revolt and as an insult to the Emperor. Liebknecht was sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

# Original and Selected Miscellany:

The Arkansas valley has been selected by Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army as the place where hundreds of families from the cities of the United States will be located on farms of their own and become self-supporting. Adjutant M. J. Ferrie, attorney and general counsel for the army, says: "I think the country something grand—the veritable paradise of America. I think we will need in all for our first colonization project about six thousand acres, and we expect to locate about six hundred families upon it."

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Mrs Tweedle says in her book, "Through Finland in Carts": "In the matter of education Finland is more advanced than in anything else, and women have absolutely equal rights with men in the field of learning. The university is open to both sexes, and there is none of that mean jealousy on the part of the men which has been so noticeable of late in England as to the education of women and the equality of right at the universities."

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Osman Digna, who for years has been giving the British trouble on the Upper Nile, is, according to the "Pall Mall Gazette," really a Scotchman named George Nisbet. He was born in Rouen, of a Glasgow father, who, in 1848, emigrated to Egypt, where he died. His widow married a Turk named Osman, who adopted her son and made him heir to his slave business. George Nisbet took the name of Osman Ali, and after being educated at the military academy, where he was the intimate friend of the late Arabi Pasha, became a slave trader. The harm done to his business by the English and French interference in Egypt, and the fall of Arabi Pasha, turned him against his former countrymen. He must be over 60 years of age now.

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## FROM BAD TO WORSE.

An English gentleman was walking with a friend in Unter den Linden, in Berlin, and in the course of a discussion on the Kaiser's conduct committed a grievous error of Majestats-Beleidigung.

"The Emperor's a —— fool!" he exclaimed, whereupon an English-speaking police officer tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"You must come mid me to ze police station."

"What for?" asked the Englishman.

"Mein herr did call ze Kaiser a —— fool," replied the man.

"No, no," urged the cute Briton; "it was the Russian Emperor I was speaking about."

"Dat vill not vash," went on the constable; "dere is no Emperor a —— fool except the German Emperor."

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## THIS IS WHAT HE DOES.

An Indian was asked by a neighbor what the Lord Jesus had done for him to make him praise him every day. Taking a handful of leaves, he placed a little worm in the center and set fire to them. When the flames had almost

reached the worm he reached out his hand, picked the worm up, and laid it on a rock. Then he said, "This is what Jesus has done for me." Dear little friends, this is what Jesus wants to do for you. Will you let him?—Sunday Hour.

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## CARDINAL MANNING'S BUMP OF CONSCIENCE.

Although ascetic in his personal habits, the late Cardinal Manning was far from being austere, and among his intimate friends he relished telling or hearing amusing things. A story he never shrank from telling of was a sculptor who had once attempted his bust in Rome. During one of the sittings he was discoursing on phrenology, Manning made him point out on the head he was modeling the supposed seat of various organs and qualities. At last, Manning had asked him where was the seat of conscience, upon which the sculptor had stalked across the room, and touching a certain part of the sitter's cranium, remarked, "That's where it ought to be."—Household Words.

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## A FEMININE FIDGET.

American women, lovely, graceful and altogether winsome, are, despite all their concentrated charm, sadly lacking in one attribute which enhances feminine witchery and emphasizes the attractiveness that the weaker sex has for its stronger opposite. This attribute so woefully missing is repose. The average American woman is a feminine fidget, a beautiful bundle of nerves, ever on the qui vive, restless, impatient, wearisome. Look at her in the cars, the theater, the church, the home. How rarely is she quiet. Hands that should rest are ever in constant action. Hair has to be arranged or the folds of a gown adjusted, and if such services are not needed there is the tremulous tattoo that indicates the mental turbulence that prompts it.

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## EXCLUSION DOES NOT EXCLUDE.

But it takes the wily and astute Chinaman to break laws gracefully and successfully. In spite of the fact that none save merchants, students, doctors and tourists are permitted to enter this country, and only then when armed with a certificate of identification, issued by the imperial Chinese representative and countersigned by the American Consul at the port of departure, in spite of the law and precaution, 500 Chinamen, representing the outcast class, have managed since the month of May to enter the port of San Francisco unlawfully in the guise of merchants.

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## PAT'S SCORE ON THE PARSON.

A good-natured Anglican parson was riding one day in a jaunting car near the Lakes of Killarney, whose famous echoes sometimes repeat a sound as many as eight times. Wishing to "take a rise out of the driver," the clergyman said:

"Do you know, Pat, that there are none but Protestant echoes here?"

"No, sir, I niver h'ard it, and I don't believe it, aither," was the reply.

"Well, you shall hear it very soon," said the Anglican. Arriving at a favorable spot he called out softly, raising his voice to a loud pitch on the last word: "Do you believe in Pio Nono?" and the echo replied:

"No, no ! No, no! No, no!"

Pat was delighted at the joke, and, rubbing his hands gleefully, said:

"Bedad, whin I drive one of the "raal" clargy here won't I have the sport out of him?" And the parson rather doubted the success of his ruse.

## WELLINGTON'S QUICK WIT.

An Austrian princess once asked the Duke of Wellington: "How is it that we in Vienna speak French so much better than you English?" To which the duke replied: "Well, princess, if Napoleon had twice visited London with his armies, as he has Vienna, I have no doubt we should be much more familiar with the French language."

Louise Philippe of France introduced to the Duke of Wellington one of the French marshals whom he had beaten in the peninsula. The marshal partly turned his back to the duke, which greatly displeased Louis Philippe, who apologized to the duke for his marshal's rudeness. "Forgive him, sire," said the duke, "I taught him to do that in the peninsula."

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## THUMBS UP!

A delicious story is told at the expense of an ingenue. She was at a dinner party. It was her first, and she was bravely hiding the fact that she was nervous. With the ices small cakes covered with pink sugar were served. The maiden surveyed the plate when it was pasesd to her and saw a solitary cake on the further side covered with chocolate. "I will take this," she gurgled sweetly, and essayed to take it up. It remained, however, firmly fastened to the dish. A flutter of attention spread through the company. All eyes were fastened on her, and hers in turn upon the chocolate cake. The sable waiter rolled his eyes and grinned. "Beg pardon, miss," he murmered, "but that's mine." Then he shifted his thumb.

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An English Court of Appeal has recently decided an interesting case growing out of a sudden conversion to Mohammedism of an Englishman in the government service of Ceylon, who, although married to an English woman at the time, promptly asserted the polygamic privileges of the Mohammedan population, and took a second wife, an English girl, who also embraced the Moslem religion. The first wife sued for divorce, and the defendant pleaded that as a Moslem he had a right to two or to four wives. The decision above referred to was that his status is that of an Englishman and entitled him to but one wife at a time, whatever his religious faith or profession. This decision will go a long way toward preventing trouble in the future.

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## SHALL CURFEW BELL RING.

This is one of the questions of the hour, and one of no little importance, because it relates to the betterment of the habits, morals and health of the boy and girl residents of city and town.

Curfew is to a town or community what taps is to a military camp. It was introduced by William the Conqueror, and applied to elders as well as children, and any person found abroad after curfew rang was subject to arrest. The word signifies darkening of the hearthstone by covering the fire. And that was precisely what was required where curfew was in vogue. Upon the ringing of the bell an hour after sunset, or at any stipulated time, lights were put out and homes became dark and quiet.

In later times curfew rules were modified so as to apply only to children below a given age. This is the style of curfew that was long continued in New England, the restoration of which is now being agitated.

There seems to be a demand for something of the sort in villages and towns as well as cities.

The proper thing would be for parents to see to it that their children are at home when night falls instead of racing the streets or engaging in mischievous pranks or criminal conduct.

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THE

# Cambrian

FOR 1898.

THE CAMBRIAN being the only monthly of the kind published for the benefit of Welsh-Americans in the States, it is reasonable that we should expect increased support and patronage during 1898.

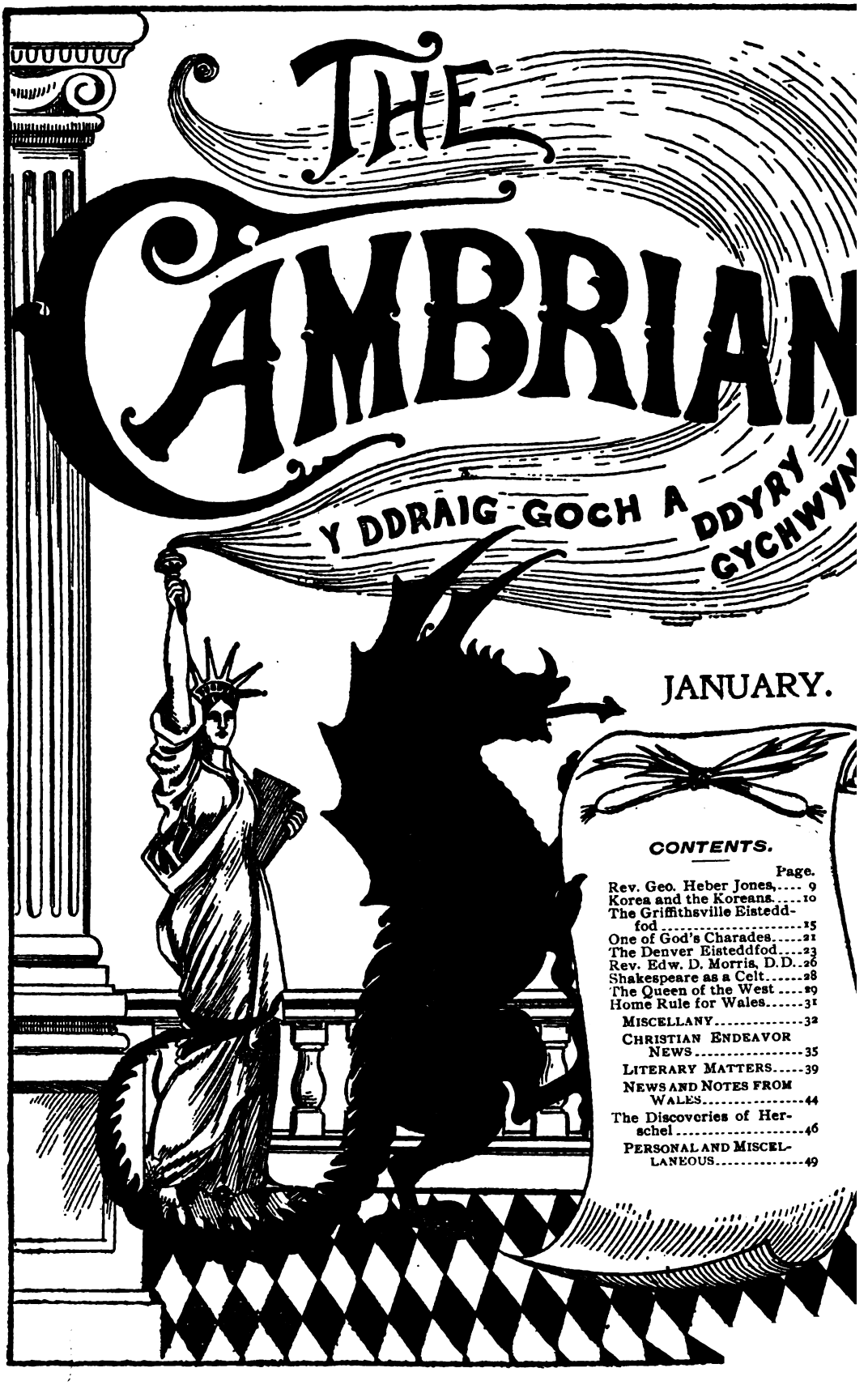
NOW that 1897 is drawing to a close we wish to draw the attention of our readers to our PROSPECTUS for 1898.

## WHAT WE WILL DO!

ON our part we take the opportunity of informing our subscribers and readers that the CAMBRIAN will have a more agreeable appearance for the coming year, and also will be better equipped and will contain more interesting reading during 1898.

IT will contain articles on History, Philosophy, Science, Literature, Art, Music, Poetry, Etc., a select miscellany of Welsh news and information, short stories, etc-, etc., with notices of current events and Fresh Papers by Live writers.

1898

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WITH this issue, **THE CAMBRIAN** begins its seventeenth year. The Magazine occupies a field peculiar to itself; the reading it contains, from month to month, is of a character, and deals with subjects, hardly touched upon by any other magazine in the United States. Its past volumes are its best testimonials. The publisher is determined to spare no effort to improve the publication in the future. It is eminently a magazine devoted to the interests of the Welsh people in the United States, and articles will be published from time to time by the most eminent Welsh-Americans.

Particular attention will be given to Welsh movements in the mother land; and the readers will be kept in touch with the new national life that presents such a fascinating field of observation to the student of the development of the political, educational and industrial progress in our native land. Great care will be taken in the selection of healthy and elevating miscellany for family reading. The wants of the young people will be watched, and the best suitable literature obtainable will be provided for them. The features of the magazine that have been most prized will be retained, and new features will be added, whenever it is thought they will improve **THE CAMBRIAN,** and are warranted by its circulation and success. Matters pertaining to the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor will receive special attention, and helpful hints on the topics given each month, prepared by competent writers.

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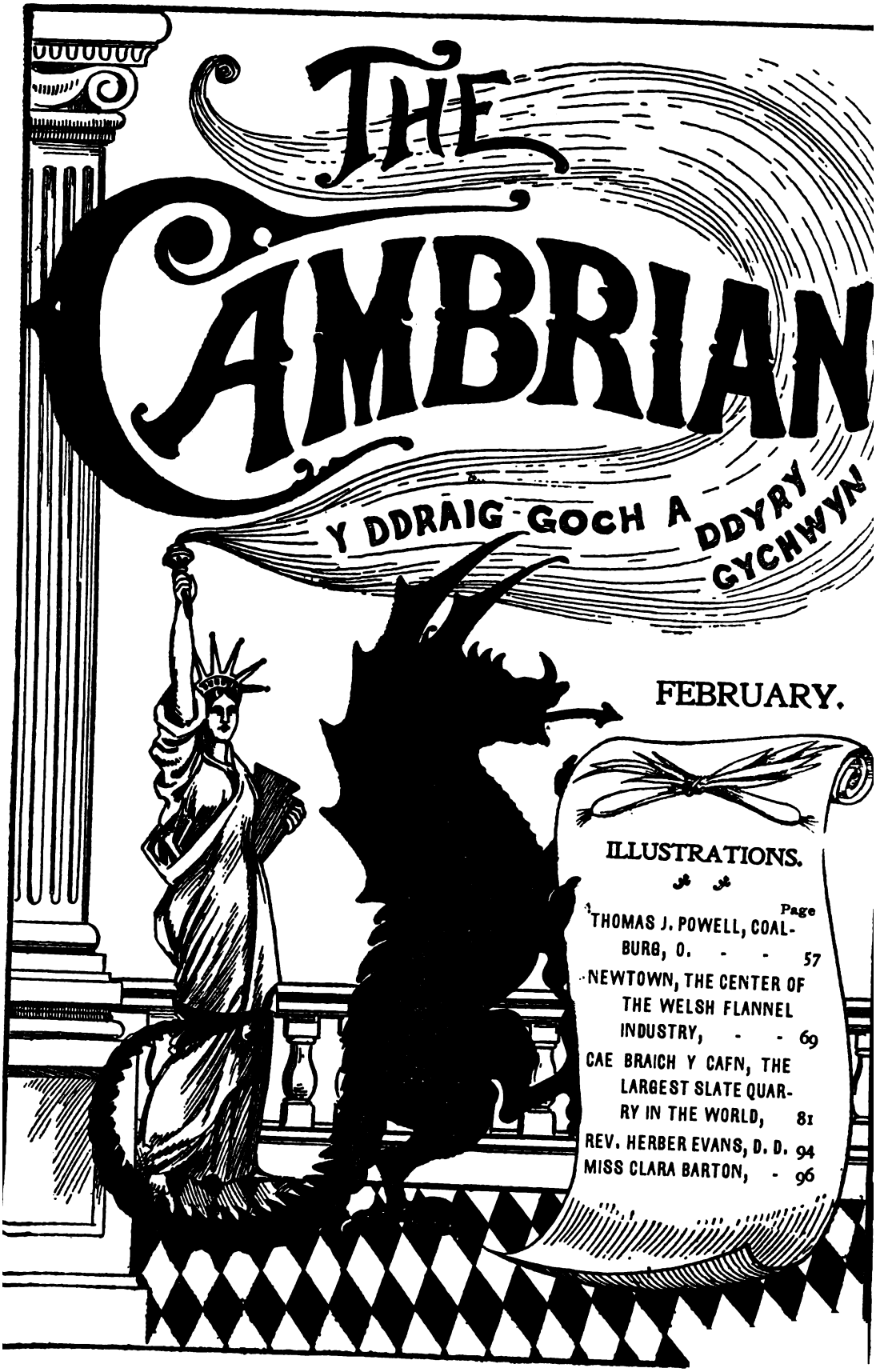


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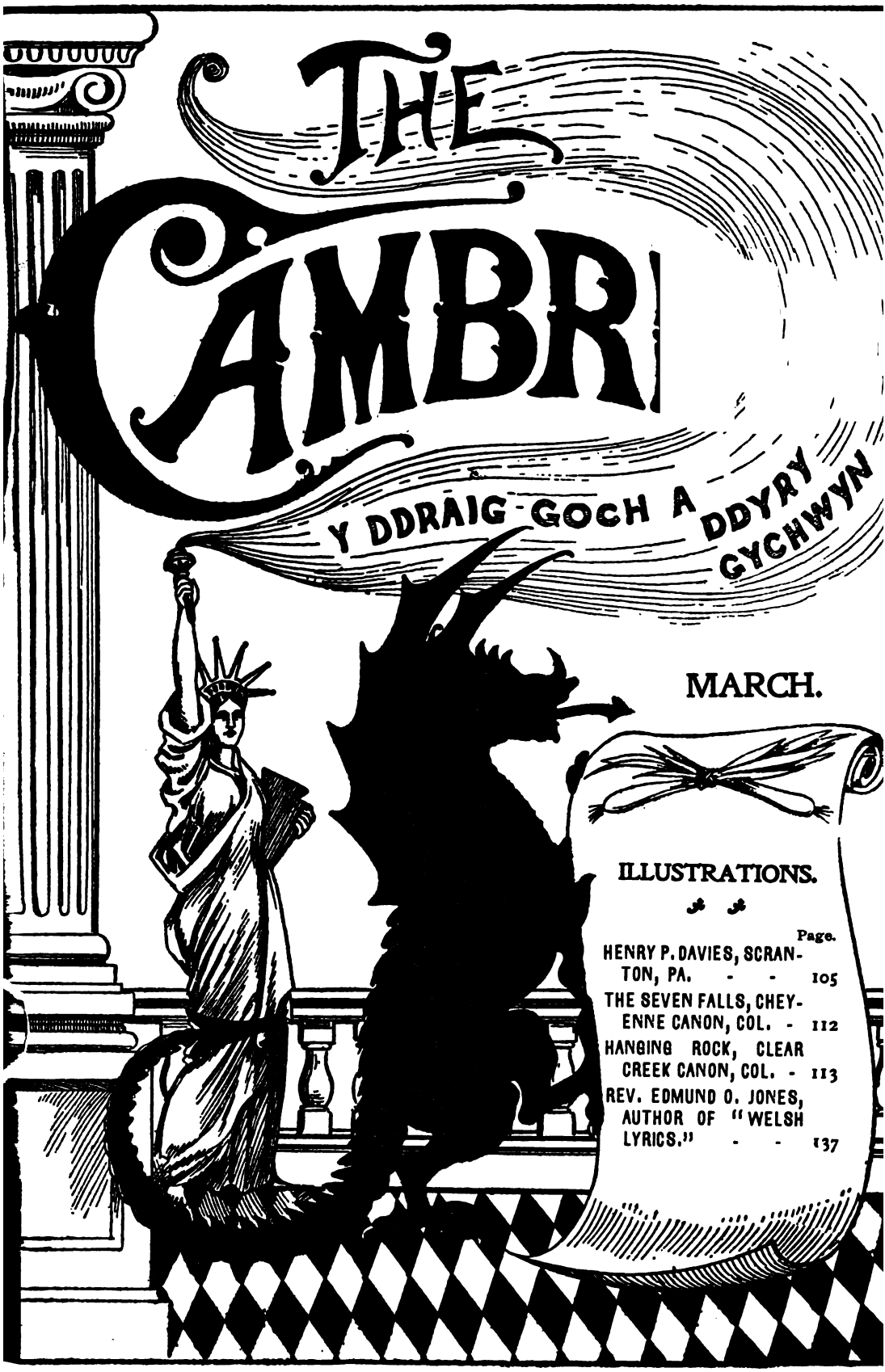


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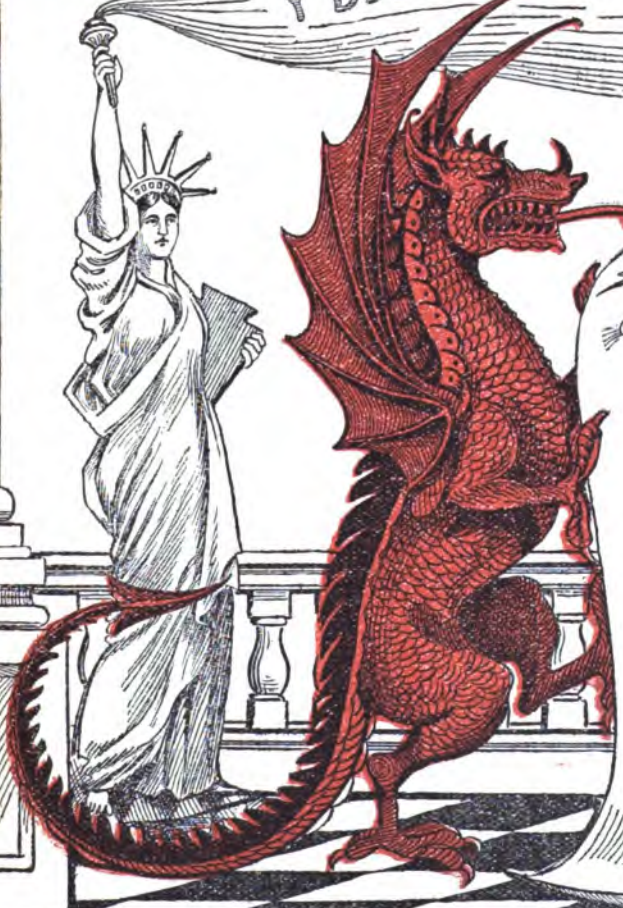

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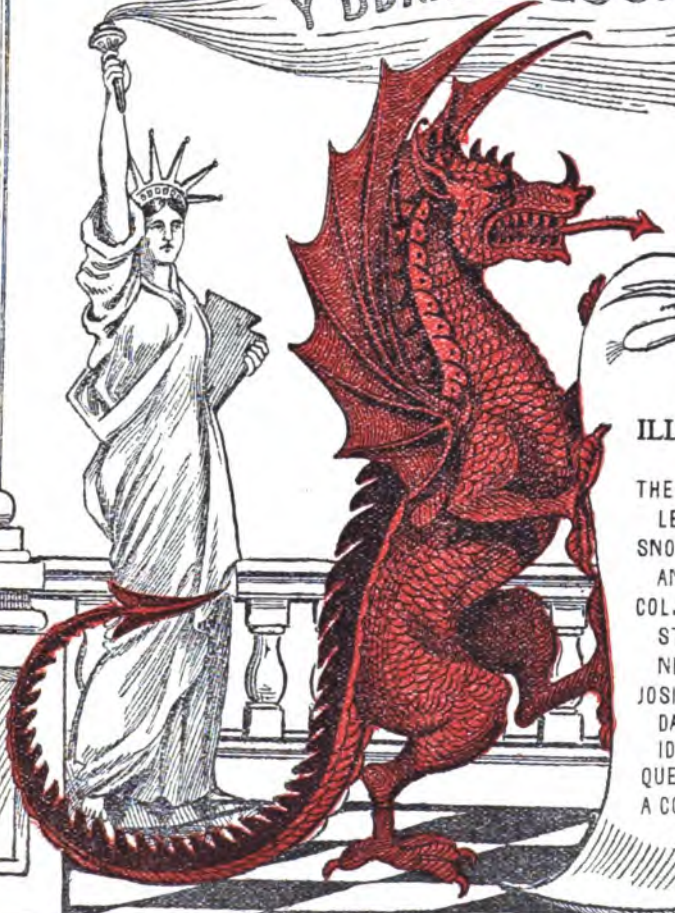

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QUEEN VICTORIA.
A COTTAGE IN WALES.

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AUGUST.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. HENRY G. WILLIAMS (GIEDDWYSON).

THE N. D. DE LA GARDE INCLINE.

LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE, MARSEILLES.

CYNONFARDD ON HORSE-BACK.

VIEW AT FOOT OF ALPS, LOOKING TOWARDS AUSTRIA.

REV. D. T. PHILLIPS.

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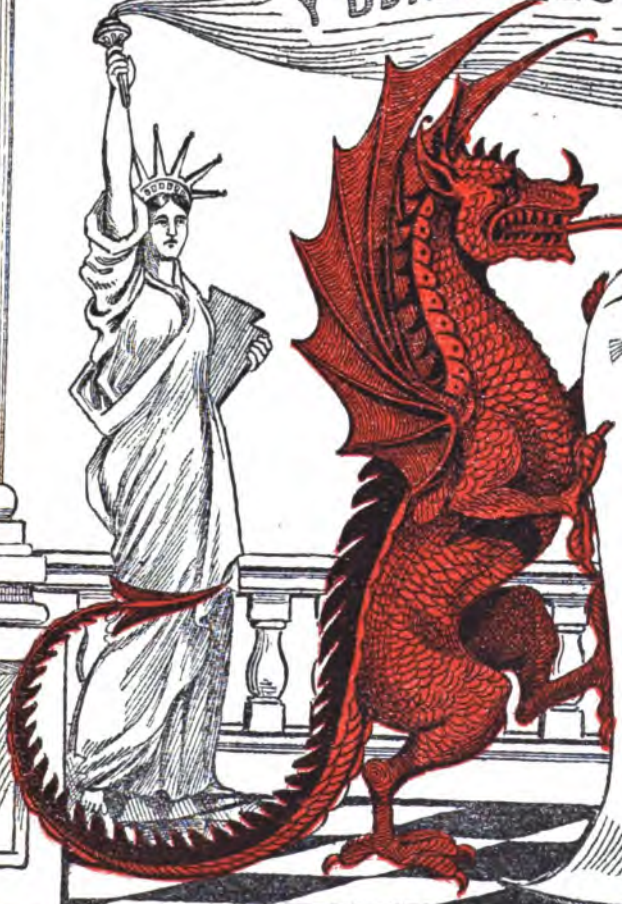

ILLUSTRATIONS.

REV. ERASMUS W. JONES.

DOLBADARN CASTLE,

FROM LAKES, LLANBERIS.

LLANBERIS, SNOWDON AND THE PASS.

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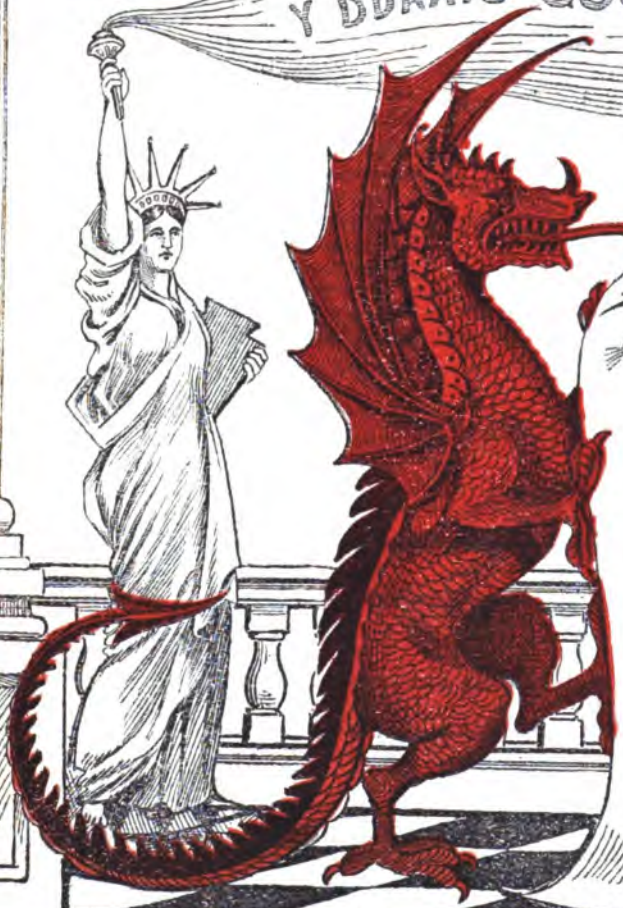

DECEMBER.

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THE OLD HAWARDEN CASTLE.
THE NEW HAWARDEN CASTLE.

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